THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

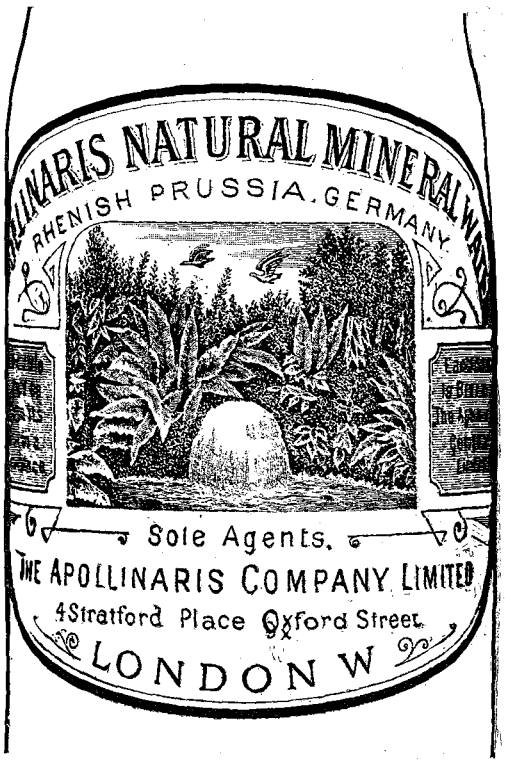
Probably not fifty people know that the drawing by Mr. Du Maurier which has been the most widely circulated is the only one that does not bear his signature. It is one that millions of people have seen and are still seeing every day without ever suspecting whose the drawing is, and it has been seen by millions of people who never even heard of Mr. Du Maurier's name. The drawing in question is the picture of the bubbling spring which decorates the label of every bottle of Apollinaris water.

❀

Of those who are aware of the authorship of this widely circulated design, probably not more than half a dozen know how Mr. Du Maurier came to make it. The principal stockholder of the Apollinaris Company is Mr. George Smith, the English publisher, who is an old and intimate friend of the author of *Trilby*. When the mineral-water was first put upon the market, Mr. Smith was in doubt as to a design for the label, and having happened to mention the matter to Mr. Du Maurier, the artist at once volunteered to draw something, and his offer was gladly accepted. The original design was signed by him, and is now in the possession of the Apollinaris Company; but the signature was omitted in the printed reproduction. An intimate friend once asked Mr. Du Maurier how on earth he happened to do such a thing, and received the reply, "I would do anything for George Smith." Our revelation of the source of the label will scarcely enhance Mr. Du Maurier's artistic reputation, but it will certainly prove the simplicity and loyalty of his friendship.

❀

Besides owning the Apollinaris water, Mr. Smith is also the proprietor of the much-advertised Aylesbury Dairy and of the *Cornhill Magazine*. This dual interest once suggested an amusingly ironical quotation to Canon Ainger. When Mr. James Payn succeeded Leslie Stephen as



MR. DU MAURIER'S BEST-KNOWN DRAWING.

the editor of the *Cornhill*, there was a great falling off in the literary quality of that publication. The change was, in fact, so great as to rouse the Canon to wrath, and he at once sat down and penned the following note to Mr. Smith:

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"To George Smith, Esq., of the Aylesbury Dairy and the *Cornhill Magazine*:

"Dear Mr. Smith:

"'The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third, she joined the other two!'

"Faithfully yours,
"ALFRED AINGER."

❀

Here is an interesting story about the title of a book, showing how authors get in each other's way and tangle each other up without intending any harm. Some two years ago Mr. Brander Matthews was at work upon a novel which has just appeared, and which is reviewed on another page of THE BOOKMAN. At that time Mr. Matthews had just evolved as its title *The Son of his Father*. It was just the title that he wanted—an ideal title; in fact, nothing else in the world could possibly be the title. At this very moment, and while he was rolling the title as a sweet morsel under his tongue, he opened a copy of *Harper's Weekly*, and lo! there was a story by Rudyard Kipling under the heading *The Son of his Father!* It was too bad. So Mr. Matthews sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. Kipling, mildly reviling him to the text of *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*. Mr. Kipling, with an urbanity for which some people do not give him credit, at once wrote back apologising for not being a mind-reader, and promising that when his sketch appeared in book form it should do so under the title *Adam*.

❀

Mr. Matthews felt relieved, and went on with his novel. When it was finished, the manuscript was sent off to the Harpers, and pretty soon came a letter from them stating that their reader had reminded them that some years before they had published a novel by Mrs. Oliphant entitled *The Son of his Father*. Mr. Matthews made some remarks not intended for publication, and of necessity sat down and changed the title of his book to *His Father's Son*. Under this name it was published as a serial in *Harper's Weekly*. After the first few numbers had appeared, Mr. Edgar Fawcett, who is a sensitive soul, sent in a letter calling attention to the fact that fifteen years ago he had published in the *Galaxy* a story with the title *His Father's Son!* However, it was too late to do anything about it, and this is the title which Mr. Matthews has retained.

❀

On the sixth page of Mr. Matthews's novel there is a sentence about which we must venture to make some remarks. A Wall Street broker's clerk says to the old book-keeper, "I guess it's the first time he ever chipped up for the heathen." Now, we do not profess to be learned in English as spoken on the Street, but we have a dim sort of impression that a man cannot properly be said to chip *up*. He may, we think, whack up or pony up, but unless we are mistaken he usually chips *in*; or, to put it scientifically, the operation of chipping connotes inwardness rather than upwardness. But, as we remarked above, we are not an authority on this particular department of the American language, and it may be that our remarks are only foolishness.

❀

Miss Beatrice Harraden arrived in England none the worse for her ocean trip, and the latest advices from her bring a good report of her health. She expects to finish the novel she is working upon during the winter, and it will probably be ready for publication in the spring. It will not be issued, however, until the autumn, when Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish it in this country. Nothing that Miss Harraden has written since *Ships that Pass in the Night* will have been issued in book form prior to the appearance of her new novel.

❀

There are evidences of a revival of interest in the famous sea stories of Captain Marryat, and Messrs. Little, Brown and Company intend to take the tide at the flood with an entirely new and uniform Library Edition of his novels. This will be done in conjunction with the Messrs. Dent, whose name is a sufficient guarantee of elegant and tasteful book-making. Mr. Reginald Brimley Johnson, who edited the edition of Jane Austen for the Dent house, will also be responsible for the literary and critical outfit of Captain Marryat's novels. The edition is to be limited, and will be issued only by subscription.

❀

The Joseph Knight Company are bringing out an illustrated edition of

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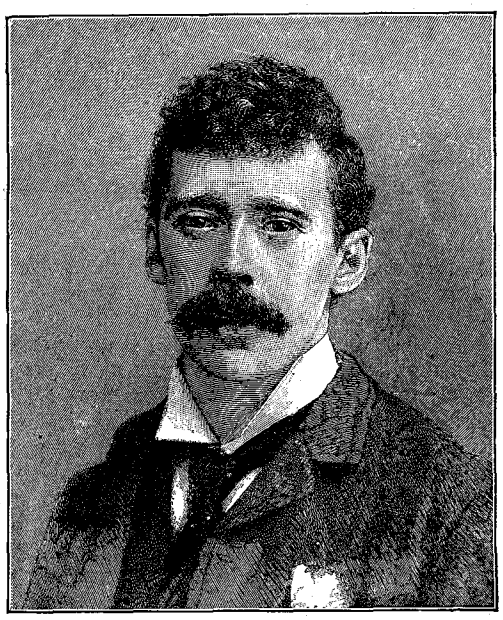
Mr. Barrie's *My Lady Nicotine*, which they are confident will give this fun-making book of his a fitter introduction to a wider and more appreciative audience than it has yet gained in this country. There are nearly one hundred illustrations, suggested by the humour and quaint fancy of the sketches, and the drawings which we have seen are certainly very bright and clever. The artist is a young Englishman, M. B. Prendergast by name, who studied in Paris and arrived in Boston about a year ago unknown and friendless. He had some colour work with him, which he offered to sell at a low price to keep the soul in his body; but his misfortune, we are glad to relate, was not taken advantage of. He got some work to do as an introduction, and has steadily been making his way in Boston during the past year. One of the aforesaid paintings, which he offered to sell for $10, was exhibited later, and was bought for $75!

❀

The lack of anything like popular enthusiasm over Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's work in America is a sore puzzle to many English critics. In a letter to the writer the other day Mr. Barrie laments this. "I always wonder," he says, "why some of you don't get more enthusiastic over 'Q.'s' work. He seems to me to catch the magic, the tragic human voice of the sea beyond any of his contemporaries." Mr. Barrie's estimate is well borne out by "Q.'s" recent contribution, "The Roll-call of the Reef," to the Tales of our Coast Series appearing in the *Idler*, and will be further strengthened by two new books of his, one of which, *Wandering Heath*, a volume of eight short sea stories, has just been published by the Messrs. Scribner. *Ia*, a story of love and life by the sea, will be issued shortly by the same firm.

❀

Mr. Quiller-Couch made his reputation by *Dead Man's Rock*, published in 1887. His other books are *A Tale of Troy Town*, *The Splendid Spur*, *Noughts and Crosses*, *I Saw Three Ships*, and *The Blue Pavilions*. He is a writer of great possibilities, his power being shown in his romantic tales, of which *The Splendid Spur* is the best, but even more in his short articles in the *Speaker*, republished in *Noughts and Crosses*. He is an excellent critic, and no inconsiderable poet. He agrees with W. D. Howells in disliking anonymous criticism. Of his own books, *Noughts and Crosses* is his favourite. He has carefully studied the poor, and thinks them much more interesting than the lower middle class, who are, he says, in a transition stage of culture. Mr. Quiller-Couch dislikes London, and spends most of his time in Cornwall. In the *Speaker* he once wrote that in walking westwards along the park side of Piccadilly on a dark evening, he could always bring himself within sound of Cornish seas. Most of his sketches are from life, and are founded on what he has seen in Cornwall.



A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

The late Professor Minto, whose posthumous work, *The Literature of the Georgian Era*, was recently published by the Harpers, once gave a lecture to the Aberdeen University Literary Society on "Three new story-tellers—K., B., and Q." Mr. Quiller-Couch Professor Minto regarded as in some respects the most powerful artist of the three (Kipling, Barrie, and Quiller-Couch), though he admitted that his view of subject and sentiment was not so widely interesting. In richness of invention, in rapid, graphic portraiture of place and person, in originality of motive and depth of feeling, Professor

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Minto held that Mr. Quiller-Couch was at least the equal of his remarkable compeers, and that he was master of a most telling style, strong and full of subtle suggestion. A volume of poems by "Q.," published just before Professor Minto's death, was, we believe, the last book read to him.

❀

Referring to the work put into *The Little Minister*, Professor Minto observed in this lecture that the author had been eighteen months on it, and when one considered the intricacy of the plot and the immense strain which the mode of telling it must have put upon his invention, one could not but wonder at it. It was the triumph of Mr. Barrie's skilful art and happy genius that everything went smoothly and naturally, and that we were tided over a good many probabilities without the least jolt or jar. One of the warmest and keenest appreciations of *The Little Minister* on its publication came from Professor Minto's hand.

❀

One significant and delicate observation made by Professor Minto on this occasion was, we remember, that both Mr. Barrie and Mr. Kipling, working independently, had given the world two sympathetically-drawn specimens of the evangelical clergy. What made this all the more curious was that in doing so they had made a departure from what might be called the classic conditions of fiction, which had been to treat the evangelical clergy either as whining hypocrites or as unlovable, unbending iron fanatics.

❀

Mr. J. M. Barrie's new story, *Sentimental Tommy*, the title of which was first announced in THE BOOKMAN, will commence in *Scribner's Magazine* for January. We understand that the Messrs. Scribner have refused an offer of five thousand dollars from an English magazine for the right of simultaneous publication. Although the story commences in the East End of London, Mr. Barrie will be found treading as firmly as ever on his favourite ground at "Thrums."

❀

The evolution of a typographical error is very seldom traceable. One came under our experience the other day showing singular ignorance of Marie Corelli and the Bible. We had dictated something with reference to the motto on the title-page of Marie Corelli's masterpiece: "Now Barabbas was a robber." The type-writer got it that "Barabbas was a ratter"! which went into the compositor's hands and came forth, "*Barabbas* was a rotter"!!

❀

Mr. William Watson has completed a new volume of poems. It is entitled *The Father of the Forest and Other Poems*, including his "Hymn to the Sea" and the poem written for the Burns Centennial, both of which have been alluded to in these columns. Messrs. Stone and Kimball will publish the volume in this country.

❀

Mr. E. F. Benson, the author of *Dodo*, has written a new story, which will, we understand, bear the title of *Limitations*. Touching upon many questions of the day, its main interest centres in its treatment of art study and art life. It is no secret that Mr. Benson has spent several winters in Greece and Egypt as a "travelling bachelor" of Cambridge University, so that he has sought his inspiration at the fountain head. It will appear first as a serial.

❀

Taquisara is the title of Mr. F. Marion Crawford's new story, which gives a very dramatic picture of Italian life and character. The story will run serially in the London *Queen*, and be published next autumn by Messrs. Macmillan and Company in two-volume form.

❀

Mrs. Humphry Ward is at work on another short story.

❀

A biographical and critical notice of Robert H. Sherard and his writings appears in the current number of the *Revue de Paris*. It has been written by M. Hugues Rebell, a highly esteemed poet and *prosateur*, who has recently translated into French certain of Mr. Sherard's short stories.

❀

Mr. W. B. Yeats, whose collected poems have just been published in a book of exquisite beauty by Messrs. Copeland and Day, is one of the younger men among the English minor poets to whose career one looks with keen hope

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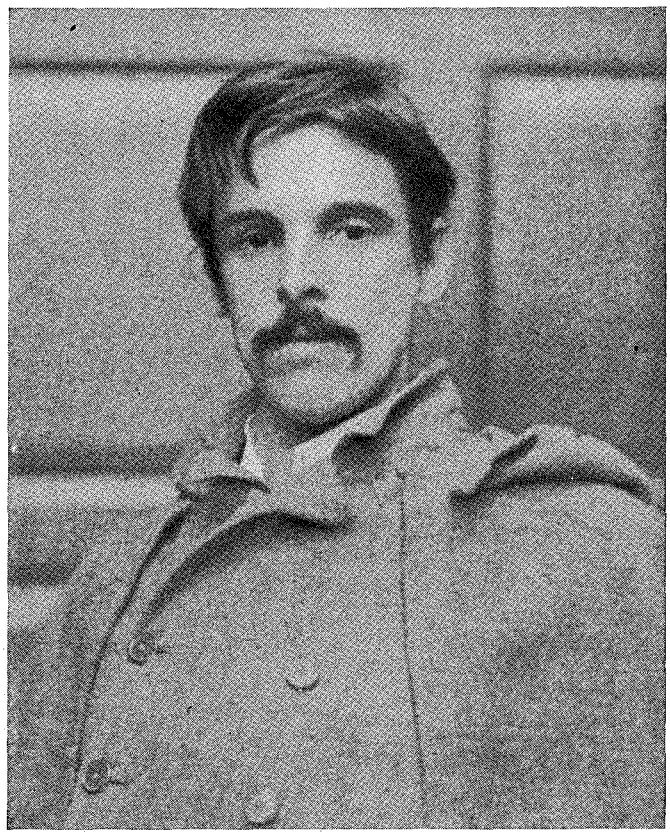
and faith. With all his dreamy temperament, which can be discerned in the accompanying portrait of him, he has a sure gift of energy and perseverance. Ever since he became a writer he has been full of literary activity and plans, many of which have been fulfilled, as witness his poetic leaves, which are scattered among the publishers of London. "I first saw him in 1885," says Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson, "when he was twenty, and wore a dark, slight beard. He was then contributing poems to the short-lived *Dublin University Review*. He had written the 'Island of Statues' and 'Mosada,' which I still think one of his most beautiful achievements. After that introduction he was my frequent visitor—coming on Sunday afternoons in winter, striding his five Irish miles in the snow and back again when the moon was up and the hills stood like ghosts in the silver light. As for his love of poetry, it is so great that he will ask nothing better than to read it hour after hour; and Heaven help his unwilling audience of prosaic, amiable people, unless some one comes by and shuts the book and replaces it on its shelf.

❀

"I believe that it was in 1888 that the Yeats family moved to London; but the young poet had already learned the most valuable lesson: to be Irish was his *raison d'être*. Ever since he has been working out his development on these lines. *The Wanderings of Usheen* was his first fruits, and was published in 1889. Since then Mr. Yeats has veered between London and Dublin. Fortunately for his art, the best part of him is not content with London life. On the one hand, he has a rather surprising appetite for the literary circles, but he passes out of them lonely, and hears in the street the laughing of waters around Inisfree calling him. He follows the voice, else it would be bad for our faith in him, who believe in his future."

❀

William Butler Yeats was born at his grandfather's residence, Sandymount Castle, near Dublin, on June 13th, 1865.



WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

His father is an artist, and his mother is a member of a Cornish family long settled in Ireland. Much of Mr. Yeats's childhood and boyhood were spent in Sligo. It was in that lovely country of clouds and sunshine that the poet learned that feeling for the supernatural and earth-born to which his work owes much. After a short time spent at an English school at Hammersmith he came back to Dublin, and entered a High School there. While at school he was remarkable for his absent-mindedness and strange, singsong manner of reading, which he still retains;

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and these things excited the grins of the boys, but he won their sympathy by his love of natural history and the interesting specimens of strange and evil-smelling animals which he used to carry about in his pocket. Mr. Yeats soon became a member of that group of young people who formed a little Renaissance of Irish feeling and art in the later eighties. Mr. Yeats has always stood outside of practical politics, but delights to meet such people and stir up their hearts with lectures on dead heroes, or patriots, or poets who have done so much to keep the sacred fire burning in Erin's isle.

ELLA D'ARCY.

Ella D'Arcy, it appears, is not a *nom de guerre* after all, notwithstanding the rather romantic sound of the name. We have already spoken favourably of her work in *The Yellow Book* and her remarkable volume of stories in the Keynotes Series, entitled *Monochromes*. Miss D'Arcy's story is briefly told. Her original ambition was to become a painter. She studied at the Slade School of Art, and was proposing to go to Paris when her eyesight failed her for a time and turned her thoughts from an artistic career to literature. She wrote short stories and kept sending them out, at first with tedious and futile results. On one occasion the discriminating editor of *Temple Bar* arrested one of her tales on its travels, as did also the editor of *Blackwood* at another time. "The Elegie," included in her volume of stories, appeared in the latter magazine. In the mean time, while the public was slow to show appreciation, she filled the intervals of patient waiting by reviewing other people's books. By a mere chance she happened to notice a preliminary announcement of *The Yellow Book*, and sent in the story entitled "Irremediable" to the editor, and this step led to better fortune. Mr. Henry Harland was delighted with his happy discovery of a new writer, and at once wrote to her for another story. Since then her place among the ranks of rising young writers in London has been assured, and for whatever work she has yet in store she has earned an appreciative welcome.

❀

Of 165 new books published in one week during the month of October, only 40 were taken into stock by a large and representative uptown bookseller in New York, leaving 125 books untouched.

❀

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have just published a second series of Miss Barlow's delightful Irish idylls, under the title, *Strangers at Lisconnel*. Miss Jane Barlow is of German and Norman descent, a mingling of nationalities which is sometimes supposed to be conducive to cosmopolitan rather than — Tennyson's definition notwithstanding—patriotic sentiment. But her literary work is much more powerfully influenced by the circumstance that her family has been for many generations practically Irish, and that she has lived all her life in Ireland, though the breadth of the isle lies between her home in the county Dublin and the western Connemarese districts which are the scenes of *Bogland Studies* and *Irish Idylls*. The author of *Irish Idylls* has perhaps inherited some title to meddle in the making of books, as her father, Professor Barlow, of Dublin University, is a writer of historical and philosophical works, and her great-great-grandfather, Brabazon Disney, was responsible for a commentary on the Psalms which attained to considerable repute, aided, doubtless, by his official status as head of the Dublin University Divinity School. *Irish Idylls* has

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been pronounced an Irish classic ; and, indeed, no book that has been published for a long time affords a truer insight into Irish peasant character and ways of life and thought. At the time of its publication, nearly three years ago, it was received with enthusiasm, and revived fresh faith and hope in the future of Irish literature. One cannot read such work as Miss Barlow's without, as the *Spectator* says, "laughing lips and a sobbing breast."

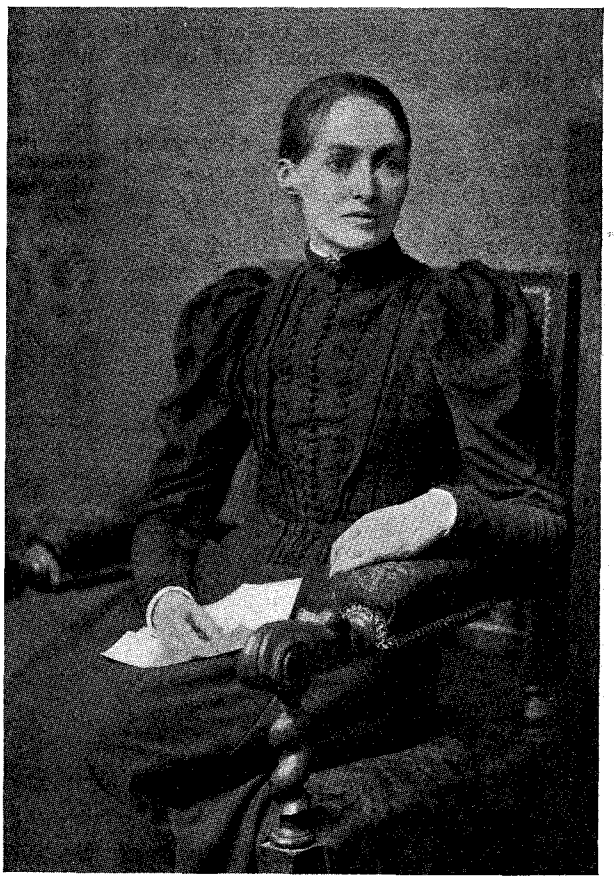
❀

Miss Barlow lives in an Old World village (Raheny, county Dublin) which is like to become the Irish "Thrums" or "Drumtochty," within sight and sound of the sea, and with the distant hills—unforgettable hills, surely, to the Irish patriot—looming up rose and gray in the evening light, when Miss Barlow dreams poems of them which have not always found utterance. A sonnet of hers on "The Dublin Mountains," written when she was about seventeen, has escaped the cremation which, she says, was the common lot of all her early writing, and which we are able to give to our readers :

"Fair-fronted hills that look with frownless brows
Towards yon blue bay, how softly stoop and rise
Your outlines clear against the pale, smooth skies.
Softly as e'er the crested barley bows
Its ears submissive when southern breezes drowse ;
Yea, or the heights that swell as ocean sighs
Remorse beneath the stars' reproachful eyes
When passionate storms hath ceased their wild carouse.
Ye rear aloft no lonely peak to dwell
In circling clouds and age-long snows arrayed,
As one who fain from our low world would cease ;
Yet Heaven, at such calm patience pleased well,
Has of its own free will upon you laid
A shadow of its pure, eternal peace."

❀

Miss Barlow confesses that she is shamefully remiss about reading new books. Her favourites in poetry are Christina Rossetti, Jean Ingelow, Mrs. Meynell, whose poems she thinks are exquisite, and the William Morris, not of *The Earthly Paradise*, but of *The Defence of Guinivere*. "I have taken very little pleasure," she says, "in any fiction later than George Eliot, whom I consider the greatest novelist we have had.



Yours very truly
Jane Barlow

Kipling and Barrie are great within their limits, but they seem too straitly drawn to allow them to be *very* great absolutely. Mr. Hardy's style is admirable ; but I am heretic enough to hate his *Tess*. I have been reading Maarten Maartens ; at present my impression is that he will never do his best work in English." Miss Barlow is a staunch admirer of her fellow-countryman, Mr. Standish O'Grady. She finds the cult of Ibsen wholly incomprehensible. In these

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things she shows a wholesome judgment; notwithstanding, these opinions of hers are formed, like all her work, with an extreme shyness and modesty, but without a trace of self-consciousness, and in a quietness almost solitary. She writes "pessimist" after her name, but "optimist" were the truer title, seeing that her work, however melancholy it may be, does not depress, but uplifts and stirs the blood.

❀

Mr. Unwin's new review, *Cosmopolis: An International Review*, is to be issued on January 1st. The title gives some indication of its character. Arrangements are now completed for publishing centres in Berlin, Paris, and London. It will also be issued at New York, practically simultaneously. It is understood that the total number of pages will be 300, and the literary matter will be equally divided between the three languages. There will be no translations—100 pages will be printed in English, 100 in French, and 100 in German. The central publishing office will be Paternoster Square. Mr. Unwin controls the work entirely. The editor is Monsieur F. Ortmans, a gentleman who has been identified with the London correspondence of *Le Temps*. He has a position of distinction, and has taken high honours at the Sorbonne and the Collège de France. The literary staff in the three countries comprises some of the most distinguished men and writers in France, Germany, and England.

❀

We have had shown us an interesting little find—a manuscript of Thomas Campbell's "Beech Tree's Petition," and "Caroline," in the handwriting of the poet himself. It came into the present owner's hands from the papers of a gentleman who had lived with Campbell in the same lodgings when they were young men, and used to speak of having seen probably the *Pleasures*, and certainly *Gertrude*, in manuscript many years before they were published. He used to relate, also, how at this time Campbell showed his manuscripts to a lad in the East country, and was advised to throw them in the fire, as they were quite without talent, and to descend from his hobby to find a humbler walk in which to make his daily bread. The find is interesting because this is the earliest draft, or, at any rate, a very early one, of "Caroline," which is generally supposed to have been highly revised before publication. The first verse of the second stanza runs:

> "There all his wood-wild scents to bring,"

and the fourth stanza of the poem as we have it is omitted. Otherwise there is no difference between the two manuscripts. In the case of the "Beech Tree's Petition," the changes are very slight. The lines,

> "Though long and lonely I have stood
> In bloomless, fruitless solitude,"

now found in the second part, originally stood as the third and fourth lines of the poem.

❀

The death of Mr. Eugene Field has been received with far more than the somewhat formal regret that usually accompanies the removal of a man of letters. In the tributes that have been called forth by his loss, there is a note of personal sorrow that testifies to the unique place that he occupied in the affections of his readers. His exquisitely tender poems of childhood endeared him to many who never read more pretentious verse; and Mr. De Koven's musical setting of some of his *Lullabys* added to their

Dear sir: I should like to write something about Prof. Swing, for I loved him very much. I am in no sense a reviewer, and I don't believe I ever write a criticism of a book or a play. But I should really like to say a few words in favour of my dead friend's greatness and sweetness. It happens, however, that I am about to go South and if you the books will not be ready before I get away. Very sincerely yours,

Eugene Field

Chicago, Jany 14, 1895.

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beauty and to their popularity. One of them, "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," has already become a children's classic, and deserves a place beside the single lullaby that Tennyson wrote some years ago for *St. Nicholas*. The book by which Mr. Field will perhaps be longest known is, however, his inimitable *Echoes from a Sabine Farm*, where the irreverence of American wit and the vagaries of the American language are blended with a very subtle appreciation of the esoteric beauty of the most human and the most modern of all the poets of ancient Rome. The portrait here given is considered the best likeness of Mr. Field that has ever been made, and is from a recent photograph. The fac-simile of a note also given which we received from him in response to a request to review Professor Swing's *Old Pictures of Life*, last January, is highly characteristic of him in several ways.

EUGENE FIELD.

❀

A good deal of comment has been caused by the variety of portraits of the late Professor Boyesen that have been published in connection with the notices of his death. It therefore gives us great pleasure to inform our readers that the one published in the last number of THE BOOKMAN was from a photograph taken only a few months before his death, and is by far the most truthful likeness of him that we have ever seen.

❀

THE BOOKMAN, of course, has nothing to do with politics; but if President Cleveland keeps on splitting his infinitives we shall have to oppose him on a purely literary issue in case he should be a candidate for a third term. A state paper from his hand is almost certain to display this literary crudity, the last two instances being found in his general order on the retirement of General Schofield, and in his Thanksgiving proclamation. What a bad example for the young—the head of the nation wantonly rending apart an innocent infinitive, and cruelly jamming an adverb between its *disiecta membra!*

❀

Mr. George I. Putnam's story, *The Case of the Guard House Lawyer*, published by the Messrs. Scribner, has been dramatised by Mr. Arthur Hornblow,

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and will be produced at one of the New York theatres during the present season.

❀

"Why is it," asked Mr. Mabie in the course of his Recognition Day oration at Chautauqua, "that our novelists are so wonderfully clever, that they touch our life sometimes with so much skill, so much literary tact, so much wit, so much keenness of characterisation, and yet somehow they do not get to the bottom of it? I can think of only two American novels that seem to me to have really dropped the plummet down to the bottom: *The Scarlet Letter* and later *Pembroke*. And yet we turn to the great English novels and the great Scotch novels, and we say as we read the books, 'Ah, here is the very sound of life itself; here is something greater than observation, here is something deeper than culture, here is something finer than analysis, here is the mysterious thing which we call life.'

❀

"Why is it," continued Mr. Mabie, "that these writers have it and that so few of our writers seem to have compassed it? Is it not that somehow George Eliot and the rest of them have dropped their plummets into the very depths of life? You read an American novel—I do not wish to disparage my own literature—I am not—I am judging it only by the very highest standards—you read an American novel, and how clever it seems and how bright it is and how witty it is! But when you take *Adam Bede*, or *The Mill on the Floss*, or some of those later Scotch stories, do you not hear the lowing of the kine, do you not smell the soil, do you not get the breath from the mountains, do you not enter in through the lowly doors into lowly human lives and possess yourselves of them? We have got to get below the intellect; we have got to get into the heart of things; we have got to live down with the people before the people live up through us into the eternal beauty of the great works of art."

❀

The same thought ran like an undercurrent which occasionally rose to the surface through the speeches at the Hall Caine dinner, held under the auspices of the Aldine Club on the evening of the first of November. The question why the great American novel has not yet been written seemed to prompt the unanimous response that as a nation we have not yet reached that happy state of refinement and leisure which Ruskin holds to be essential to the production of any great work in literature. Goethe's watchword, "Unhasting, Unresting," could scarcely find an abiding home in a land which conceived the audacious idea of formulating a "syndicate of writers" to seek fresh fields and pastures new in a proposed world tour, from which to reap a harvest of literary material for descriptive stories and romances. This was actually considered about two years ago; as to its practical results we have no knowledge.

❀

This project is in keeping with the large and varied resources that have continually given rise to ideas which have during our brief history not infrequently shaken the world; but in no other land possibly could this proposed innovation have arrived at serious consideration. The only novelist we can recall who has borrowed local colour from various parts of the world with great success is Mr. Marion Crawford. He has written with equal dexterity and truth of India, Hungary, Italy, Germany, England, and America. To him and his imitators, his fellow-craftsmen are more indebted than is readily believed. But it does not take much discrimination to discern that between Marion Crawford, as a successful novelist of the day, and the masters of fiction there is a wide gulf fixed. We are willing to pit the chances of Mr. Barrie's work, to take a recent writer, with its enduring qualities against the remarkable but fleeting fascination of Mr. Crawford's pages. After all, the conditions of writing such books as the world will not willingly let die are unalterable, because they are fundamental and are subject to natural law. The strength of all genuine art lies in waiting and in silence, not "in running to and fro on the earth and walking up and down." The rambling, travelling, widespread, insatiate, hasty spirit misses of art's greatest aim (so named by Wordsworth) —tranquillity. When one considers that the little Isle of Man has been the theatre of Mr. Hall Caine's powerful novels, and that within these prescribed limits he has concentrated the passion

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of love and life and drawn from them the deepest notes of human joy and sorrow, we can see that the conditions for producing great work are not bounded by geographical limits so much as by the mental laws that govern the genius of the artist.

❀

At the time we went to press, it was believed in well-informed circles that the appointment of Mr. Alfred Austin to the Poet Laureateship had been decided upon.

❀

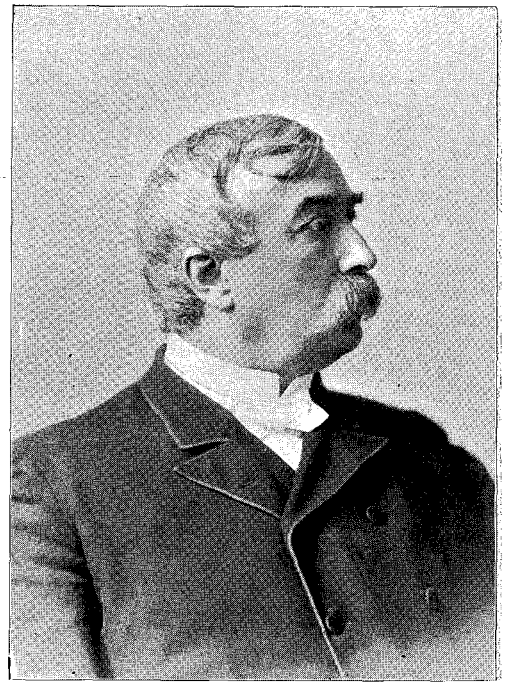
A volume of poems is announced from the muse of a new American poet, Mr. Ernest McGaffey, who contributes "False Chords" to the present number of THE BOOKMAN. These poems have not only the distinction of perfect rhythmic art, harmony, lyric quality and the French gift of serenity and lucidity which mark the best American poetry, but they possess to a remarkable degree what our own poets sadly lack—namely, depth of feeling, and that emotional quality which gives assurance of capacity for great work. This collection of poems raises high hopes of Mr. McGaffey's future achievements in poetry.

❀

Mr. John Lane, of London, has a second series of *Fleet Street Eclogues*, by John Davidson, in the press. The American edition of *Fleet Street Eclogues*, which is to be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, will contain the first series as well as the second, giving the poems their proper sequence. It was by his *Fleet Street Eclogues* that Mr. Davidson attracted marked attention and won his spurs as a poet in England, and it is significant that the author as well as many of his critics consider it to be his best work.

❀

It is evident from the large sale which Mr. Hudson's *Law of Psychic Phenomena* has had during the year, especially in and around Chicago, that a profound interest has been taken in the work of this author, who has a second book on a kindred subject now in the press. Thomas Jay Hudson was born on February 22d, 1834, at Windham, O., and was educated for the bar. He began his practice early in life, first in his native State, and after 1860 at Port Huron, Mich., where his predilection for journalism led him to become the proprietor of a newspaper, and his interest in politics made him a candidate for State Senator in 1866. Five years later he became editor-in-chief of the Detroit *Daily Union*, and subsequently an editorial writer on the *Daily News* of the



THOMAS JAY HUDSON.

same city. In 1877 he removed to Washington, where he has filled several government positions in succession in the Patent Office, and in which city he has since resided. After the publication of *The Law of Psychic Phenomena* he gave up his official post and engaged in legal practice again. His leisure time is given to literature, which will in all probability prove to be his future career. Those who have read advance sheets of his new work, entitled *A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life*, declare it to be unique in the literature of spiritual philosophy, and are confident that it will establish the author as one of the boldest and most original thinkers of these latter days. The book is expected to appear shortly, and will be published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company.

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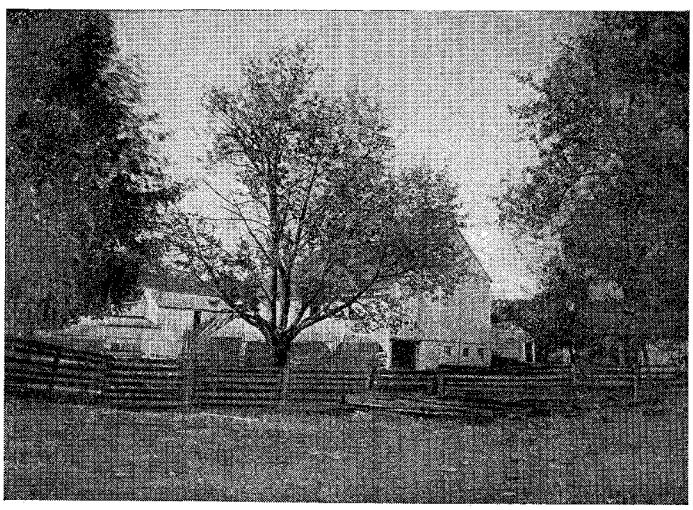
JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "RIP VAN WINKLE."

The irresistible Rip and his dog Schneider—"Schneider's my dawg; I don't know whether you know him"—is with us again, drinking in his inimitable way "your good health and your families', and may they live long and prosper!" We return the toast. The play has just been published in a handsome book embellished with vignettes and other illustrations which accompany the scenes as acted by Mr. Jefferson. The veteran actor has also written an introduction which relates how the play evolved itself in his mind and developed on the stage until it reached its present setting. "The idea of acting Rip Van Winkle," he says in this interesting autobiographic fragment, "came to me in the summer of 1859. I had arranged to board with my family at a queer old Dutch farmhouse in Paradise Valley, at the foot of Pocono Mountain, in Pennsylvania. . . . On one of those long rainy days that always render the country so dull, I had climbed to the loft of the barn, and, lying upon the hay, was reading that delightful book, *The Life and Letters of Washington Irving*. I had got well into the volume, and was much interested in it, when, to my surprise, I came upon a passage which said that he had seen me at Laura Keene's Theatre as Goldfinch in Holcroft's comedy of *The Road to Ruin*, and that I had reminded him of my father 'in look, gesture, size, and make.' Till then I was not aware that he had ever seen me. . . . I put down the book and lay there thinking how proud I was, and ought to be, at the revelation of this compliment.

❀

"And so I thought to myself, 'Washington Irving, the author of *The Sketch*



THE OLD BARN IN WHICH JEFFERSON CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF DRAMATISING "RIP VAN WINKLE."

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Book, in which is the quaint story of Rip Van Winkle.' Rip Van Winkle! There was to me magic in the sound of the name as I repeated it. Why, was not this the very character I wanted? An American story by an American author was surely the theme suited to an American actor."

❀

In ten minutes he was reading in the hay-loft of the old barn—memorable to him ever since—the legend of the Kaatskills, which he had not read since he was a boy; but he was sorely disappointed in finding that the story was purely narrative. "What could be done dramatically with so simple a sketch? How could it be turned into an effective play?" The way in which he went to work to solve the problem is graphically related, and makes one of the most interesting chapters in the annals of the stage. The play, now printed for the first time, is offered as a souvenir "of a greater number of performances than I can possibly count," and as such will surely meet with gratifying acceptance.

❀

The Story of the Indian, by George B. Grinnell, will inaugurate a new series which has for its object the preservation of picturesque and individual types of Western life which are fast fading away. The stories, while dealing with the realities of history, will take a romantic form. The elements of romance will be found in abundance in the subjects used—the Indian, the explorer, the cow boy, the soldier, and other representative figures—and will make a series of pictures racy of the Western soil in the truest sense, and also of permanent historical value. To Mr. Ripley Hitchcock's personal knowledge, keen interest, and affection for the various and vagrant types encountered in actual experiences of ranch and mining and Indian life is due the initiation of the plan upon which this series will appear, and to the development of which we will look forward with interest. Messrs. D. Appleton and Company will publish the Story of the West Series, as it is to be called.

❀

Parents, take notice. M. Paul Bourget confides to the pages of the *Figaro* that his favourite authors are Walter Scott and Shakespeare. It came about in this way. When he was a very tiny boy his parents used to place two enormous volumes of Scott and Shakespeare on his chair to raise him during meals to the level of his plate. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, the boy naturally felt curious to know what was inside these useful books. He read them at odd moments, and the intimacy cultivated in this way begot an early and lasting affection for both authors.

❀

The designers of book-covers are at last getting the recognition they have for

FAC-SIMILE OF SIGNED BOOK-COVER.

some time deserved, and are beginning to sign their work like other artists. Among the first signed book-covers that we have noticed are those of Miss Alice Brown's *Meadow Grass*, by Louis J. Rhead, and Mr. Marion Crawford's *Constantinople*, which bears the initials M. A., indicating Miss Margaret Armstrong, a most tasteful and artistic designer.

❀

Messrs. Way and Williams have published an edition of Mr. R. Nisbet Bain's translation of *Russian Fairy Tales*. Mr. Bain is the biographer of what promises to be the standard *Life of Hans Christian*

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Andersen. The Chicago firm also announce a translation of a Danish *Paul and Virginia*, by Holger Drachmann, a notable poet and novelist living in Denmark. It is said to be one of the best of this popular novelist's charming short stories.

❀

The following paragraph from the London *Sketch* of September 28th has excited us to what Miss Gertrude Hall and Æschylus call "innumerable laughter":

"It is always a pleasant matter to record the conferring of foreign honours upon English painters in these days, when English painting has fallen into considerable disrepute, or, at least, into a time (shall we say?) of yellow leaf. We have one or two left, however, whom foreign countries still seem to delight to honour. Mr. John S. Sargent, A.R.A., has just received the small Gold Medal for Painters in connection with this year's Berlin Art Exhibition; and one is at least well assured of this painter that he has deserved all he has got."

The humour of this lies in the tolerably well-known fact that this "English painter" whom "foreign" countries delight to honour is a very good American and a very famous one. *Sic vos non vobis*, Mr. Shorter.

❀

This little slip of Mr. Shorter's is supplemented by another by Mr. Andrew Lang, who really ought to know better. In *Longman's Magazine* for November, Mr. Lang speaks in terms of praise of the bronze relief of R. L. Stevenson, by Augustus St. Gaudens, and casually describes Mr. St. Gaudens as "a French artist"! In the same paragraph, also, he speaks of the Scribner Cameo Edition as "the *Gem* Edition." Mr. Lang is evidently scribbling too much and thinking too little.

❀

Last month we had to take the esteemed *Spectator* to task for its blunders in American and other geography. We have now to deal with the equally esteemed *Saturday Review* for its blunders in American history. Reviewing Mr. J. W. Moore's book, *The American Congress*, our English contemporary tries to tell the story of the great Blaine-Conkling feud, and gets the boot on the wrong leg in a most remarkable fashion, actually putting Blaine's famous though atrociously vulgar Hyperion-to-a-satyr-singed-cat-to-a-Bengal-tiger invective into the mouth of Conkling! This not only shows the paucity of the editor's knowledge, but lets in a side-light on the thoroughness with which his reviewers read the books about which they write. Incidentally the same Rhadamanthus speaks of Elbridge Gerry as "Eldridge Gervy," but this may possibly be a misprint. Of course it is open to our English friends to say that their ignorance comes from indifference, but the indifference would be more convincing if it were not accompanied by long reviews of American books and discussions of American ways.

❀

Messrs. Way and Williams, of Chicago, have just brought out a reprint of Mr. Gissing's *The Emancipated* in a volume the first sight of which is pleasing, but whose pages show a good deal of broken type. The male personages in the novel are the two species of cads whom Mr. Gissing affects; but we are refreshed by not finding either of them addressing the object of his affection as "dear girl," though the chief artist-cad, speaking to a young lady, begins, "my girl." For this relief, much thanks!

❀

These little tricks of speech seem to be found in some authors much more than in others Anthony Trollope's pet twists of phrase were, "I would fain" and "such a one as." All the serious characters in his books, especially the young women, say, "I would fain." This is odd, because Mr. Trollope was a genuine realist, and he must have known that off the stage no one ever says that he or she would "fain" do anything. Another pet phrase of his is, "That's as may be," which, being interpreted for Americans, is equivalent to "Perhaps," or "We shall see." Rhoda Broughton's favourite expression, which appears in the mouths of innumerable characters, is, "Before you can say 'knife!'" "knife" being her substitute for "Jack Robinson."

❀

We have received so many inquiries regarding Commander Craig's little monograph on the proper use of "shall" and "will" which we mentioned in the August-September BOOKMAN, as to make it desirable to inform our readers that the treatise was privately printed for the use of the cadets at the United

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States Naval Academy at Annapolis, and has never been formally published for general distribution. Any inquiries regarding it may be addressed to Mrs. Craig, "The Gerard," West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

❀

The *Evening Post* grumbles at Mr. Joel Chandler Harris in his latest volume, *Mr. Rabbit at Home*, because "Mr. Rabbit, having taken the floor in place of Uncle Remus, spends his old age in breaking down the distinction between *shall* and *will*."

❀

The *Evening Post's* Paris correspondent, in discoursing upon Marcel Prévost lately, spoke of that author's *Lettres de Femmes* and *Nouvelles Lettres de Femmes* as "love letters of women." If this writer, who is usually well informed, had ever read those very clever and witty sketches, he would know that there are not half a dozen love letters in the whole collection.

❀

In reviewing M. Paul Bourget's *Outre-Mer* in the July number of THE BOOKMAN, we alluded casually to Dickens, among others, as having somewhat misrepresented things American. This remark of ours has roused the intense if somewhat belated wrath of a bold and indignant Briton, who is, however, apparently more indignant than bold, as he abstains from signing his name to the eight-page letter which he has written us from Boston on the subject. This letter, he says, we dare not print; and he is right in a way, as we should probably lose a good part of our subscription list if we loaded up our columns with the whole eight pages. But we are delighted to cull out the choicest bits, and give them a conspicuous place in these columns. We shall even allow our correspondent all the quotation marks, capitals, and italics that are necessary for a literal reproduction of his *sæva indignatio*:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

SIR.—In a review you have the coarse impertinence to charge the late illustrious Charles Dickens (a man a hundred times as truthful as the average American) with "falsehood." I need have no hesitation in retorting that injurious accusation twofold on *you*. . . Though I came to the United States really quite enthusiastic and prepared to make the best of everything, I had in a short time been so fearfully robbed and cheated, and had found it so hopelessly impossible to trust or believe any one whatever, that at last I was driven to bay, and gave my opinion of the carnival and raree-show of roguery, lying, promise-breaking, etc., in temperate language, whose only sting was its absolute *truth*. . . . So, as my criticisms were *not* selfish and mercenary, but temperate, useful, and alas, *true*, a fierce, prompt boycott drove me from all employment. . . . The social tyranny which compels every one who talks or writes about "this glorious, free country, *sir*," is so grinding that a new journal like yours *must* bow and cringe to Hannibal Chollop, Mrs. Hominy, and Col. Diver, or else contrive to live on foul air! . . . The man who charges the late Charles Dickens with "falsehood" is a *liar* himself. All the worst characters in *Martin Chuzzlewit* are now swaggering, swindling, boasting, bullying and coercing the too out-spoken immigrant as fiercely and tyrannously as ever. . . . As to your vaunted "hospitality," I suppose a greater fraud was never "boomed"! I, a respectable man, coming into two cities armed with fine letters of recommendation to prominent citizens, have been treated in a brutal way. . . . Hospitality? Why, at Chicago I called on a "society" "*pious*" Lady with a high recommendation from an eminent clergyman. I came with the dress, manners, errand, and recommendation of a Gentleman, and this American "*Lady*" pushed me down the steps before her palatial residence without a word! I could narrate a hundred such instances. . . . I have done five or six times as much for this country as I ever did in Europe for my own people. In return I have been robbed, cheated, half-killed, falsely-imprisoned, and maligned as I never was in any other country. Now, Mr. Bookman, go and ease your mind by a vociferous cock-crow over the "durned furriners," who *always* do *all* the mischief in this Truthful, Honest, Hospitable, Sober, and *Free* Country!

ENOBARBUS.

We really do not intend to ease our mind by crowing like a cock, partly because we don't know how, and partly because we are overcome with remorse for our native land. We are particularly sorry to learn that Enobarbus was half killed. We should have supposed that well-trained American ruffians who knew their business would be more efficient.

❀

Pierre Puvis de Chavannes, a sketch by Lily Lewis Rood, printed on French hand-made paper with grey paper covers, is published by Messrs. L. Prang and Company, at one dollar. It contains a portrait of the artist and three reproductions of his paintings. "To talk with Puvis de Chavannes," says the author, "in the grey atelier of the Place Pigalle, and to linger for a space in the garden of pale-tone flowers at Neuilly, is to lose one's self in one of the painter's Dreams, those Dreams which fall like wonderfully wrought curtains between us and the sadness of the

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world." And this impression of melancholy beauty and dreaminess of soul in the artist's personality she has very perfectly conveyed in her chiaroscuro of the wonderful French master.

M. Philéas Gagnon, whose admirable volume on Canadian bibliography we notice on another page, is a business man of Quebec, where he was born in 1854. He has taken part in municipal affairs, and is at present *échevin* of the Quartier St. Jacques. But his passion is for the collection of books, in which he shows all the qualities of an enthusiastic, and at the same time erudite, bibliophile. His library of works relating to Canada, which is the most complete private collection in existence, cost him more than $20,000, and is to-day very greatly enhanced in value. Our portrait of M. Gagnon is from a recent photograph.

❀

Mr. W. E. Henley, of whom THE BOOKMAN published a critical notice by Mr. Marriott Watson last month, was first discovered by Mr. Leslie Stephen. Mr. Stephen, when editor of the *Cornhill*, received one day a batch of poems addressed to him from the Edinburgh Hospital. Struck by their originality, he wrote at once to Robert Louis Stevenson that there was a strange genius writing from the Hospital, and asked Stevenson to go to see him. He went, taking with him for the sick man's delectation a set of Dumas' novels. Soon afterward, Henley became generally known, for the verses were those remarkable lines that picture the fearful moments of one who lies sickening under the prospect of the surgeon's knife. Who that has once read these lines can ever forget them?

"Behold me waiting—waiting for the knife.
A little while, and at a leap I storm
The thick, sweet mystery of chloroform,
The drunken dark, the little death-in-life.
The gods are good to me: I have no wife,
No innocent child to think of as I near
The fateful minute; nothing all too dear
Unmans me for my bout of passive strife.
Yet am I tremulous and a trifle sick,
And, face to face with chance, I shrink a little:
My hopes are strong, my will is something weak.
Here comes the basket? Thank you. I am ready."

They recall most strikingly the pitiful poem of Hégésippe Moreau, beginning

"Sur ce grabat chaud de mon agonie."

❀

A good deal of unfavourable comment has been excited in certain quarters because a number of the leading American magazines announce, for the coming year, serials by English writers. Thus, the *Century* will publish a novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward; *Harper's*, one by William Black; *Scribner's*, one by J. M. Barrie; and THE BOOKMAN, one by Ian Maclaren. But the persons who are vexing their souls over the alleged Briticising of our American periodicals should remember that by way of compensation the English publications are being equally Americanised. *Chapman's Magazine* having already brought out the prize detective stories of Miss Wilkins and Mr. Brander Matthews, is to follow them up with Bret Harte's *Hollow of the Hills*; the *Illustrated London News* has produced Mr. Howells's *The Day of Their Wedding* simultaneously with its appearance in *Harper's Bazar*; and the London *Graphic* will publish the same author's new novel by arrangement with *Harper's Weekly*. Surely exchange is no robbery, and the American author is avenged!

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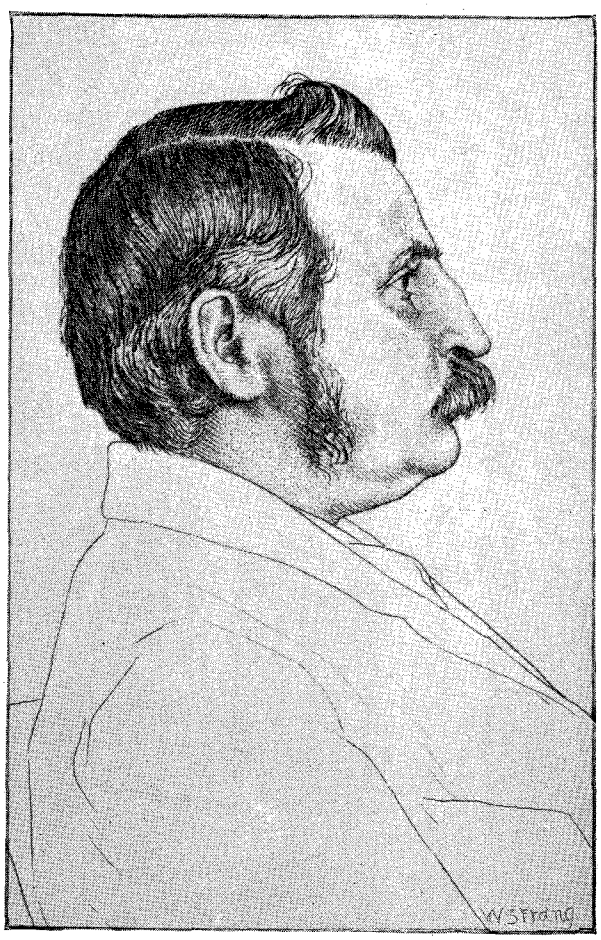
The accompanying portrait of Mr. Austin Dobson is taken from the portrait etched from life by William Strang which, with seven full-page etchings by Lalauze, are pictorial features of the revised and definitive edition of Mr. Dobson's poems. *Rosina and Other Poems*, by the same author, will also be issued immediately with illustrations by Hugh Thomson, uniform with the *Beau Brocade*, which was published in a like manner two years ago. It has been announced in some quarters that a third series of *Eighteenth Century Vignettes* would appear from Mr. Dobson's charming pen this season, but this will not be ready until next year.



Faithfully yours,
Austin Dobson

❀

Merely as a matter of curiosity we should like to ask how much longer Mr. Poultney Bigelow is going to produce literary pabulum for a patient public on the basis of his having once been at school with the present German Kaiser. Here he is again in the November *Cosmopolitan* telling us the same old things all over again. There is one interesting bit in it, however, and that is a reproduction of the celebrated photograph depicting the War Lord with an incipient beard, which he cultivated for a while in 1891, and then suddenly removed it, at the same time suppressing the sale of the photographs exhibiting it. After seeing the picture, one is not surprised at his action in the matter. In the same number of the *Cosmopolitan* is a paper by J. Lyon Woodruff, of the United States Navy, the reading of which will give any true American a thrill. It tells of the part played by our ships and men in Samoan waters in 1888, when the German naval representatives there had browbeaten the English and then began to try the same experiment with us. How the German man-of-war made ready to bombard Apia in violation of the treaty ; how the German commander contemptuously snubbed the American Consul-General ; and then how the good American corvette *Adams* steamed in between the German vessel and the town and ran out her guns, and politely told the Germans to commence whenever they were quite ready ; and how all of a sudden they lost interest in the matter, so that the bombardment never came off—all this and much more is written in the article which we, being Jingoes, advise all our brother Jingoes to read at once and be prouder than ever of their country, which on that occasion, as a great English writer said, "gave England the lead in the path of duty and honour."

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The Tory journals of London have been most amusing of late. It appears that Lord Rosebery, just before going out of office, made a peer of one Mr. Joseph Williamson, an estimable dealer in oilcloth. Thereupon the *Saturday Review* began to thunder about this affront to "the proudest aristocracy in Europe." To be sure, it said, our party has made peers out of brewers, but that is, of course, a very different thing; and it explained the difference at great length and with much subtlety. But alas! when the grandeur and awesomeness of the British peerage depend upon a nice understanding of the relative nobility of oilcloth and beer, it certainly seems as though "the proudest aristocracy in Europe" were in rather a bad way.

❀

The fourteeeth volume (Rüdesheim-Soccus) of Brockhaus's *Konversations-Lexikon* has just appeared, and reminds us that two more volumes, to appear early in 1896, will complete the revision of this most excellent encyclopædia. This volume, published in the same style and prepared with the same exacting care as the previous ones, contains 1052 pages, 75 full pages of illustrations (of which eight are in colours), 26 maps and plans, and 206 text illustrations. Probably the most prominent article in the book is that on Russia, which, subdivided under numerous headings, occupies 74 pages in addition to 14 pages of maps and four pages of cuts illustrative of Russian art and architecture. That the work is kept up to the times will be seen from the fact that this article on Russia closes with a brief *résumé* of the new Czar's policy up to March, 1895.

❀

Mrs. F. A. Steel, who shares with Rudyard Kipling the honour of being the novelist of India, is of Scotch descent, her father having been Sheriff-Clerk of Forfarshire, and her own childhood having been spent partly at St. Andrews and partly in Argyleshire. She was married when very young and went out to India, where she has led a busy life for the last quarter of a century. For seventeen years she taught in the Government schools of the Punjab, and her duties brought her into contact with thousands of girls, through whom she got to know the parents, and so learned much that has been useful to her in her literary work. Mrs. Steel thinks *The Potter's Thumb* is perhaps the best of her books, and it has certainly been the most successful. She is at present engaged on a novel dealing with the Indian Mutiny, which will take about two years to finish. The scene will be chiefly laid in Delhi. Her new story, entitled *Red Rowans*, which has just been published by the Macmillans, is noticed on another page.

❀

"I have been writing all my life," says Mrs. Steel, "but I destroyed my manuscripts, and never published a story till about five years ago. My first work was a cookery book, especially intended for Indian schools. It was a great success, and is still the recognised text-book on the subject. I have had more letters of thanks about it than about any other of my books. My first story, "Lâl," appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*. I sent it in on the advice of a friend, who saw that I felt rather in want of work after our return to England, my husband having retired. The tale was at once accepted, and I was asked for more. *Miss Stuart's Legacy* was my first novel, which was followed by *The Potter's Thumb*."

❀

Sir Walter Besant has been delivering an address on the prospects of authors and books in England, in which, judging by the brief report in the London *Times*, he is even more optimistic than usual. Sir Walter thinks that the number of readers is enormously increasing and will still increase, and he has also the highest opinion of their taste and judgment. In the days to come, to deserve success will be to attain it, and failure will be an evidence of unworthiness. We are not so sure. Changes are coming on almost imperceptibly of a startling kind. Ten years ago, the enormous editions and the rapid sales which have now become comparatively common were almost unknown. Only in very rare instances did a publisher venture to order as many as ten thousand copies of a first edition. Such an order is now by no means rare. The gains of authors, owing to the competition of publishers and the rise of the literary agent, are also much greater.

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But some qualifications have to be borne in mind. For one thing, these successes are practically all in the domain of fiction. Outside of that, there is very little evidence that sales have greatly increased. For another thing, is it true even now that the books most in favour with readers all belong to literature? And even when they do, is it not evident that their success often is gained not by what is best in them, but by what is worst? This great new public that has arisen seems to read about four books a year. It is quite satisfied with these, and with the innumerable periodicals it purchases, and so the vast majority of publications have small, slow, and comparatively unremunerative sales.

❀

While we cannot subscribe to Sir Walter Besant's optimism, we are, however, by no means pessimistic. There are many tokens that the popular taste is on the whole healthy and sound. Pure and sweet books are eagerly welcomed if they possess elements of life and interest. The business of editors, publishers, and authors is not to cultivate the barren habit of sneering at the masses, but to try to understand them, to meet them in every legitimate way, to teach them the habit of reading in the confidence that gradually their taste will rise, and that they will become appreciative of the best. It is one of Sir Walter Besant's excellent characteristics that he never sneers at the people and their literature, that what he finds interests human beings he takes as interesting to him, and sets himself to study its secret.

❀

We are pleased to announce to our readers that a novel by Ian Maclaren will appear in THE BOOKMAN during 1896. This story has been secured in co-operation with the *Outlook*, in the belief that of all living writers of fiction, Ian Maclaren is the one whom our constituency would like best of all to read. The novel is entitled *Kate Carnegie*, and is a tale of the "Drumtochty" country made famous by the *Bonnie Brier Bush* stories. An attractive feature of the appearance of the story in THE BOOKMAN will be the accompaniment of illustrations by Mr. Frederick C. Gordon, whose drawings in the holiday edition of *A Doctor of the Old School*, just published, and whose acquaintance with "Drumtochty" life and a conversation which he had with the author about the scenes and characters of his forthcoming novel, have especially equipped him for this task. The accompanying portrait is from a recent photograph, and is considered an excellent likeness of Mr. Watson.

IAN MACLAREN (REV. JOHN WATSON, M.A.).

❀

Advance orders were received in excess of the first large edition of Ian Maclaren's new volume, entitled *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, before the date of publication. A second edition is printing as we go to press.

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CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS.

AUTHOR OF "IN DEFIANCE OF THE KING."

Mr. Chauncey C. Hotchkiss, the author of *In Defiance of the King*, which is reviewed on another page, is, all appearances to the contrary in his work, a New-Yorker. Part of his boyhood was spent in the home of an uncle, resident near New Haven, whose place was called "Hardscrabble," and is the original of the homestead of that name in

CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS.

his story. Mr. Hotchkiss is a man in the prime of life, whose early years were marked by the conflict waged betwixt a commercial career, in which he was not successful, and leanings toward literature and art, in which he has taken a decided step toward success in his remarkable first novel. He was for two years temporarily editor of a paper for a relative, who was prevented from undertaking his duties by illness; but outside of this experience he has had no practical literary training. He has, however, always been a devoted student of literature, and has written much for his own gratification, but not until recently with a view to publication. He was impelled to the writing of *In Defiance of the King* by the lack of anything like an adequate expression in the fiction of our country of a romance dealing with the time of the Revolution. As Mr. Hotchkiss is in possession of valuable historical facts gained by long research among the archives of that period, he has some reason to believe that he can throw light on the motives that actuated certain prominent actors on that momentous stage of our history, while striving to give romantic form to these scenes, which deserve a higher imaginative illumination than they have yet received in our fiction.

His next novel will open with the siege of Boston, and will proceed to York Harbour and the coast of Maine. Mr. Hotchkiss is especially interested in the character of General Howe, who will appear in this story. As an example of his careful and painstaking study of character, it may be mentioned that he read all the books he could lay his hands on about Benedict Arnold, who merely figures in the story for the space of a few passages; yet the result is a vivid and clear-cut portraiture of the notorious traitor. Mr. Hotchkiss is a surgical photographer in the New York and Roosevelt hospitals, "which is as near to art in a profession," he says facetiously, "as I have been able to get so far." If he succeeds in fulfilling the promise which is betokened in his first story, it is probable that he will devote himself altogether to literature. Mr. Hotchkiss is another instance of merit making its own way from the outside. His manuscript was singled out from the hundreds which pass through a publisher's hands every year, and Mr. Hotchkiss acknowledges graciously the kindly encouragement and assistance which he received from his publishers' reader, who suggested several alterations which improved the story.

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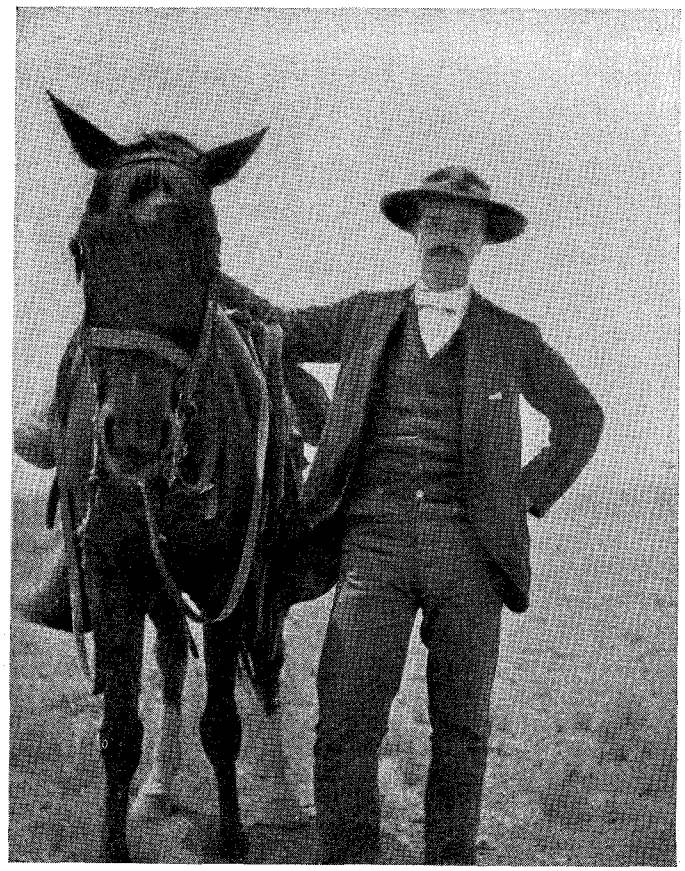
OWEN WISTER.

AUTHOR OF "RED MEN AND WHITE."



Owen Wister

It can scarcely be more than three or four years since the appearance in *Harper's Magazine* of the first of a series of studies of the West. The stories were fresh and strong; the name of the author, Owen Wister, was new in literature, and at once awakened the interest always felt in the advent of a writer of promise. The look in his direction turned, of course, westward in the beginning, the surety of his touch seeming to identify him with the region which he described. But Mr. Wister was not to be located in army post, or hunting camp, or ranch. All of these had known him, it is true, but to none of them did he belong. On the contrary—as the readers of his writings soon learned—he belongs to the East, to the oldest East; and is the product of Philadelphia's highest civilisation for more than two hundred years.

A good deal of his earlier life was passed amid a still older civilisation abroad. In 1870, when a child of ten, he was taken to Europe, and remained away from his own country for three years, during that most impressionable period lying between childhood and boyhood. Returning then to America, he became a student at St. Paul's School, in Concord, N. H., and so continued until he entered Harvard in his eighteenth year. At both school and college he gave early evidence of the literary faculty, by editing one paper and sometimes two papers for each; and later by writing for the Hasty Pudding Club the libretto of *Dido and Æneas*, an opera bouffe. But toward the end of his stay at Harvard, his taste seemed to become musical rather than literary; and when he graduated in the Class of '82, he carried off the highest honours in music. He was now resolved to adopt a musical career, and with this purpose in view went abroad

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a few months after his graduation, and upon the recommendation of Liszt began the study of composition in Paris. But unexpected circumstances occasioned a sudden change of plan, and Mr. Wister returned to America at the close of 1883. Shortly afterwards failing health sent him elk hunting in Wyoming and Arizona, and thus came about the first memorable visit destined to have such lasting results. Seeking health he found not only new strength, but a new world. The novel surroundings, the atmosphere of stirring romance, re-awoke the literary instinct that nods sometimes, but never dies. He appears, however, to have had no conscious intention at this time, or indeed for long after, of writing these things which impressed him so vividly. Instead he returned straightway to the East as soon as he was well again, resolved to enter the legal profession. Entering the Harvard Law School in the autumn of 1885, he graduated two years later with the degrees of LL.B. and A.M.; after which he settled to the practice of his profession in Philadelphia, meaning apparently to make it a life work. But the spell of the West was upon him and could not be broken; the literary instinct which it had stirred could not be stilled, and thus it followed that the young lawyer was irresistibly drawn away from his briefs, again and again, until fifteen separate journeys to the West are recorded within ten years.

Such a struggle can have but one outcome, and the undivided allegiance always demanded by art was gradually granted in this case. In 1891 Mr. Wister began to write, giving less and less attention to his profession, until literature now wholly absorbs him. He has written a number of stories, which are finally gathered into a volume entitled *Red Men and White*, thus making the cumulative showing which alone justifies an attempt to estimate the success of the short story writer. This honest effort is, however, somewhat interfered with in the outset by the preface, which moves heavily and uncertainly through a mist. But, fortunately, the art of the essayist is something apart from the gift of the story-teller, and this introduction, which does not introduce, may therefore be passed without further comment. In the stories themselves there is no uncertainty, no wandering, no fog. Their movement is as direct and as free and as stirring as the sweep of the wind across the plains. This is the first effect of Mr. Wister's work. This feeling of the great plains; of the grandeur, the mystery, and the desolation of their vastness; of the desert's changeless, unfathomable silence; of the bare noonday glare, "making the world no longer crystal, but a mesa, dull and gray and hot;" of the sharp, dim peaks edging the horizon, far off where the unshaded mountains stand; of "the day's transfigured immortal passing where the sun becomes a crimson coal in a lake of saffron, burning and beating like a heart, till the desert seems no longer dead, but asleep;" of the unearthly beauty of the moon, under which the earth grows lovely, "no longer terrible, but infinitely sad." Scarcely any one, perhaps it is only fair to say no one, has so nearly succeeded as has Mr. Wister in communicating the impression made by the great sand sea. And through the stories may be traced the gradual relaxation of this first fierce grasp of the strange country itself on the author's imagination; and the consequent ascension of the psychological over the physical, as he draws nearer to the inner life of the people—to those subtler things which are not spread upon the hot sands, for the casual passer-by to see. He naturally enters first into the nature of the Indian, as the central figure of the situation, and the result is the first appearance of the real red man in recent literature. Perhaps even this partial reservation is less than Mr. Wister's due, and he may be more truly said to be the first to bring the real red man into fiction, either old or new. At all events, his is the real living Indian of to-day, and not the Mohegan or Hiawatha of old-fashioned romance. As Mr. Wister does not idealise him, neither does he depreciate him, but enters into his condition and characteristics and feelings and motives, as one who knows whereof he speaks. Moreover, he differentiates the Indian types, and succeeds in individualising at least two so distinctively as to make an entirely new and valuable contribution to literature. Cheschapah, the young chief of "Little Big Horn Medicine," rather dwarfs the other, for the reason that his is a dominant personality; but E-egante is not less clearly and strongly realised,

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and their characters form a fine contrast. Cheschapah's devouring ambition has its grand as well as its absurd side, and E-gante's dandyism and vanity are eminently real and human.

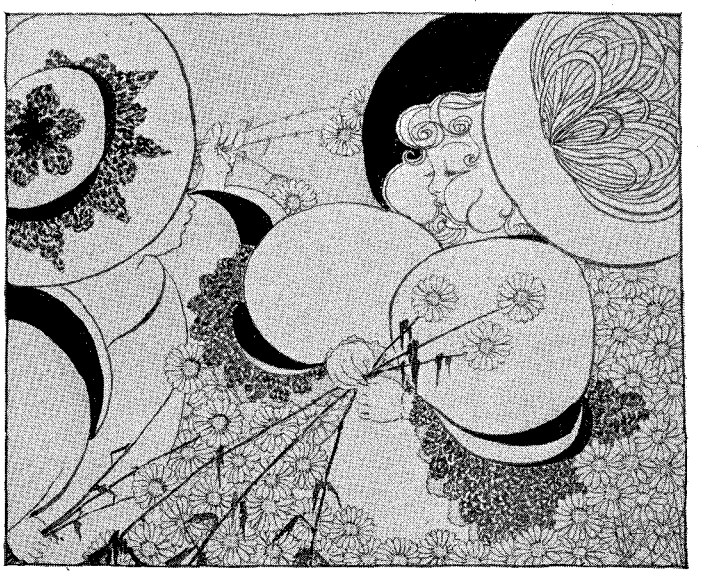
With the last-named story Mr. Wister's study of the red savage ceases, and he passes on to paint the civilisation of the plains, as impeded by primitive white forces. There is a terrific showing of this in "Salvation Gap," and the analysis of the causes evolving the tragedy further shows that the author is steadily working from the rough surface of the life he portrays to its turbulent heart. This deeper tone deepens still more, and also broadens, in "A Pilgrim on the Gila" and "La Tinaja Bonita." In the one it sounds farther than the distant, peaked edges of the sand archipelago, in revealing the influence that an obscure and guilty love may exert over large affairs of state, over even the Capitol at Washington. In the other, the note is, if possible, broader yet, in that it touches one of the most universal sources of human wretchedness, by showing that jealousy works the same suffering and wrong in the desert as elsewhere.

And yet, effective as these intense stories are, they leave, nevertheless, a vague feeling that Mr. Wister has circumscribed his power in thus dealing almost exclusively with painful themes. This can scarcely have been necessary to the truth of his work. There must be bright spots even on these tragic great plains; and such an artist as he has surely more than a single dark colour for his brush. Indeed, the gleams of humour shining through the perpetual clouds give tantalising glimpses of the sunny flood that might warm the heart, were the sky ever clear. And then to this constant stormy gloom seems to be owing the absence of that subtle touch of finest, truest sentiment, without which work even as good as Mr. Wister's can never wholly satisfy.

Nancy Huston Banks.

A CHAT WITH MISS ETHEL REED.

After ascending the dimly-lighted stairway, the bright apartment with its flooded light and warmth of colour, shed from innumerable sketches and paintings hanging on the walls or flung about the room with a seeming carelessness, refreshed one's vision like a sudden glimpse of dreamland. This was Miss Reed's studio (she rather modestly resented my calling it so), and as I found it empty when I entered—I heard her musical laugh in an adjoining room—I had a few minutes to look around and take my bearings. One cannot help impressing one's individuality upon one's surroundings, and it was pleasant to note the harmonious setting which each detail helped to form in Miss Reed's atelier, and the air of refinement and softness of outline which pervaded the room. Sketches, nearly all portraits, in varying stages of process, almost covered the walls or lay on the floor, tilted against legs of chairs or other



FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAWING BY ETHEL REED.

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ETHEL REED. BY HERSELF.

supports. In many of the portraits of women a certain uniformity of type began to assert itself as I glanced from one to another, and it dawned upon me at last that the original of these studies was the artist herself. Later, when she confirmed my observation, I had the pleasure of congratulating her on her choice of a model.

In one corner of the room there was a little shelf containing about a score of books, composed for the most part of well-thumbed literary classics. I remarked especially a copy of Keats and an edition of *Omar Khayyam*, which bore evidences of frequent reading. There was another shelf, I must confess, which groaned beneath the weight of what looked like French novels, whose character I shrank from inspecting lest I should dispel the pleasant illusion I had formed of Miss Reed's elegant and dignified tastes in literature. Lying about were the usual bric-à-brac so dear to the soul of an artist, one curiosity which I handled with care being a Japanese "snicker-snee." Scattered over the large flat table was a profusion of books, papers, sketches, posters, drawing and painting implements; a couple of pipes, a tobacco-box, and a cigar stump which I looked at suspiciously, she referred to with a merry twinkle in her eye as "artistic properties." I was about to ensconce myself in one of the comfortable art-chairs, when a glare of warm colour from a sheet of paper on the table caught my eye, and as I happened to be examining it when Miss Reed entered, she at once satisfied my curiosity by saying:

"That is a poster I am making for a little sketch of Puvis de Chavannes, by Lily Lewis Rood, which has just been published in Boston."

On further inquiry I discovered that she had been moved by her interest in the subject to undertake the poster, but that she was doubtful whether the publishers were likely to go to the expense of reproducing it.

"What's the use of wasting your precious time on it, then?" I asked.

"Oh, well," she answered, "the original will probably be exhibited in Messrs. Damrell and Upham's old bookshop, and will attract attention to the author."

This is but a trifling thing to report, but I mention it as being a characteristic of Miss Reed which is not infrequently absent in youth, especially successful youth; for within the past few months Miss Ethel Reed has made a distinguished appearance in the art of making book posters. This distinction is based on work that is instinct with originality, and which is conceived with a freshness and freedom unpremeditated and strikingly individual. It is the bold and fearless expression of ideas unhackneyed and untrammelled by past traditions or conventionalised forms. Its

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very crudeness sometimes is proof of the overmastering strength of conception and the striving to make form and outline subject to the innate force behind the work. There has been an increasing interest in Miss Reed, and a growing conviction that she is an artist of exceptional power and ability, and it was to gratify this interest, and to enlighten the readers of THE BOOKMAN about the artist and her work, that I called on her when recently in Boston.

I found that though Miss Reed was willing to talk to me about her work, she was not at all elated with the success she had won, and a natural diffidence and pretty air of self-unconsciousness, which was perfectly sincere, clothed her with a most becoming garment of humility, which nevertheless was disconcerting to the interviewer. I asked her how she came to think of drawing posters.

"I didn't think of it at all. It has all been due to a friend of mine who is connected with the Boston *Herald*. He saw one of my paintings" (a very fair likeness of herself by the way), "and suggested that I should copy it and submit it to the *Herald* as a poster for its Sunday edition. I acted on his suggestion, and was successful. That was last February. You can see," she added, with the sensitive touch with which artists regard their work, "that the reproduction flattened and quite spoiled the effect of the original."

Looking at the original painting, I drew her attention to a picture alongside of it, which depicted a violinist in the act of drawing the bow across his instrument.

"That was taken from life. By the way, I was at one time determined to become a violinist. I have always been passionately fond of music, especially of the violin, and, indeed, it was my first passion."

"And how did you come to give it up?"

"I have not exactly given it up, but the ambition to paint portraits grew upon me, and has exceeded it in strength."

"Where did you study drawing?"

"I cannot say that I have studied anywhere. When I was twelve years old I took some drawing lessons from Miss Laura C. Hills, but my inattention and rebelliousness caused her much vexation, although she took great pains with me and incited me to work. Two years ago I spent some time at the Cowles School."

"Have you had no special training or course of study?"

"No. I'm afraid you will think me an unaccountable sort of person, for all I can say is that when I have an idea I simply sit down to the paper, and the drawing and colour come to me as I proceed."

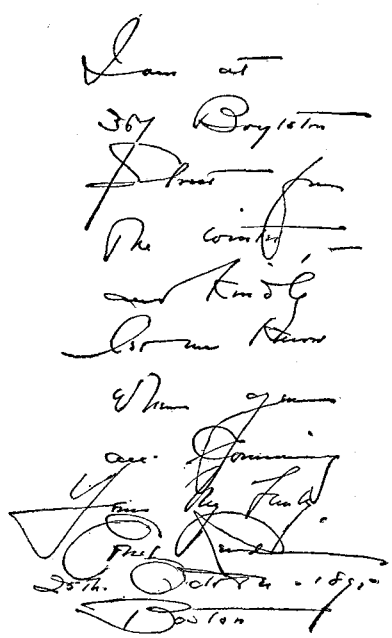
"Most of your work is done spontaneously and without much forethought, then?"

"Oh, I think hard enough about it beforehand; but once I have the idea and get started, it takes very little trouble and time to finish the rest."

"But what about your ambition to become a portrait painter—has that been also supplanted?"

"Oh, no," she laughed, "but since I started to make posters, I have had more work than I can keep up with; besides I have been doing some decorative book work, which, you will admit, is more ambitious, and perhaps you would say more dignified, than making posters."

One of these books is a little volume of historical and narrative verse, by Mr. Charles Knowles Bolton, entitled *The Love Story of Ursula Wolcott*, which



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THE sound of voices died away,
But overhead complainingly
The bluebird flew with whirr of wings,
The tree-toad trilled a coming storm,
And from the parching meadow grass
The katydid proclaimed the heat.
"The law is often perfected
By lawlessness," her father said;

FAC-SIMILE OF PAGE FROM "THE LOVE STORY OF URSULA WOLCOTT."

will be published immediately by Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company. A little brochure of his, entitled *The Wooing of Martha Pitkin*, was published last year. The facsimile of one of the pages which we give indicates the style of the book and the character of Miss Reed's illustrative work. The other book is Miss Gertrude Smith's *Arabella and Araminta Stories*, about to issue from the press of Messrs. Copeland and Day, and for which Miss Mary E. Wilkins has written an introduction. That the book is "magnificently original," as one critic has said, is largely due to Miss Ethel Reed's happy, artistic rendition of the dreamland of childhood. The pictures are drawn after the manner of the new movement in design, but here again Miss Reed has touched the lines with the magic of her own imagination. Unconsciously the Japanese influence in art and the spirit of the French poster enter into their composition, but the key to their inner secret is the childlike quality of tenderest humour and "humanest affection," which is all-pervasive.

"I have never enjoyed doing anything so much," said Miss Reed, "as the drawings for these stories. It was lots of fun; I was a child with Arabella and Araminta, and dwelt with them in the happy Land of Make-Believe."

"I believe that has been the secret of your success with these drawings; for to do one's best work, one must truly and thoroughly enjoy it. Had you done any book illustrating previous to this?"

"Nothing with the exception of a little vignette called 'Butterfly Thoughts,' which *St. Nicholas* printed in March, I think it was, of 1894."

"Do you contemplate doing more of this kind of work?"

"I can hardly say yet. It will depend on circumstances. I am illustrating a book of Fairy Tales, and I am working on a little thing of my own."

By dint of perseverance I overcame Miss Reed's aversion to speak of this "little thing" of her own. She has made a start with Pierrot in *The Garden*

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of Dreams, as she thinks of calling her little phantasy, which is conceived as partly pantomime and partly allegory, and is to be illustrated in colour. It may take some time yet to bring the work to completion, but I look to its production with assurance of its originality for one thing, and also with considerable curiosity. I inquired whether she had travelled much.

"No, I have not travelled at all. I was born and lived in 'gentle Newburyport' until five years ago, when my family came to Boston. I spent the winter of 1893 in New York, but could not work there. New York is a good place for play, but give me Boston for hard work. Next spring I hope to go to Paris with my mother."

"Will you study there?"

"Perhaps not in a technical sense, but I shall keep my eyes open and study in the broad school of life."

Miss Reed was discreetly silent about her contemporaries in the new art movement. She evidently distrusts her estimate of their work, at least she was averse to any criticism of hers appearing in print. But one can see that she has decided opinions, and holds to them with strength of conviction. She caught me glancing at her bookshelf.

"You mustn't judge my literary accomplishments by that handful of books. I have read a *few* things," she said, with feigned sarcasm, "and still do, as you can see by one of the recent books I have been reading."

"Max Nordau's *Degeneracy?*"

"Yes," she said, but with such laughter in her voice as showed obviously enough that the trail of the cynical serpent had left no smirch on her healthy young mind.

Looking over some of her photographs for THE BOOKMAN, I came across one or two in character which evoked the information that she had appeared in amateur theatricals on several occasions.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said I, "if to your other ambitions you added that of aspiring to the stage."

"I'm afraid your guess is correct," she replied archly.

Which went to confirm the conclusion I had come to during our chat, that Miss Reed,

> "Standing with reluctant feet,
> Where the brook and river meet,
> Womanhood and childhood fleet!"

has not yet in all probability "found" herself, and that her proclivities, tingling with life and energy, are but the strivings of a strong individuality, not yet fully ripened or matured, to express itself in one form after another. She is of a romantic temperament, is keenly observant and alive to the humorous; and the beautiful mystery and reserve of youth still hang about her like the quivering light of dawn with its eloquent promise. She comes of a stock whose consanguinity of blood—English, Irish, French, and New England—is favourable to the fostering of genius, and we shall not be surprised if Miss Ethel Reed gives substantial evidence in the future of possessing the capacity to achieve something that is not merely ephemeral, but worth sending down to posterity.

The "unpublished drawing," which I carried away as a souvenir of my pleasant visit, was an experimental drawing for the *Arabella and Araminta Stories*. The specimen page from a letter is given because of its peculiar caligraphy, so artistically consistent, as it seems to me, with the striking personality of the writer.

J. M.

ECHO.

Down valley paths and mountain ways
I wander, calling on her name:
Alas;—the weary, weary days!
"Echo!"—she answers still the same.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

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VICTOR AND VANQUISHED.

I.

Through the crowded streets returning, at the ending of the day,
Hastened one whom all saluted as he sped along his way ;
In his eye a gleam of triumph, in his heart a joy sincere,
And the voice of shouting thousands still resounding in his ear.
Passed he 'neath a stately archway toward the goal of his desire,
Till he saw a woman's figure lolling idly by the fire.

" I have won !" he cried, exultant ; " I have saved a cause from wreck,
Crushed the rival that I dreaded, set my foot upon his neck !
Now at last the way is open, now at last men call me great,—
I am leader of the leaders, I am master in the State !"

Languidly she turned to listen with a decorous pretence,
And her cold patrician features mirrored forth indifference.
" Men are always scheming, striving, for some petty end," said she :
Then, a little yawn suppressing, " What is all of this to me ?"

II.

Through the shadows of the evening, as they quenched the sunset glow,
Came the other, faring homeward with dejected step and slow ;
Wistful, peering through the darkness, till he saw, as oft before,
Where a woman stood impatient at the threshold of the door.

" I have lost !" he faltered faintly. " All is over"—with a groan ;
Then he paused and gazed expectant at the face beside his own.
Two soft eyes were turned upon him with a woman's tenderness,
Two white arms were flung about him with a passionate caress,
And a voice of thrilling music to his mutely uttered plea
Said, " If only you are with me, what is all the rest to me ?"

III.

All night long the people's leader sat in silence and alone,
Dull of eye, with brain unthinking, for his heart was turned to stone ;
While the hours passed all unheeded till the hush of night had ceased
And the haggard light returning flecked the melancholy East.

But the other, the defeated, laughed a laugh of merriment,
And he thrust his cares behind him with an infinite content ;
Recking not of place and power and the smiles of those above,
For his darkness was illumined by the radiance of love.

Each had grasped the gift of fortune, each had counted up the cost ;
And the vanquished was the victor, and the winner he that lost.

Harry Thurston Peck.

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THE EARLY AMERICAN ALMANAC.

The first product of the printing-press which Stephen Daye set up under the shadow of Harvard College, before the walls of that infant seat of learning were fairly dry, was a pamphlet, *The Freeman's Oath*, to which immediately succeeded an Almanac for the Year of our Lord 1639. We surmise the compiler thereof, one Mr. William Pierce, to have been a weather-beaten old salt, who having abandoned his sea-faring life and cast his moorings ashore for the remainder of his days, was ready to turn his nautical knowledge to practical account. He modestly disclaims the academic title of Philomath assumed by Almanac makers in general, and subscribes himself simply "Mariner."

The following year Daye covered his name as a typographer with imperishable glory by printing the first book ever issued from a press in this part of America, *The Psalms in Metre*, or the *New England Version of the Psalms*, commonly known as the *Bay Psalm Book*, and to the bibliophile as

> "One of the books we read about
> But very seldom see."

One or more Almanacs were issued annually by Daye and by his successor, Samuel Green, whose name is conspicuous in the typographical annals of this country as the printer of *Eliot's Indian Bible*, that extremely useful book which it is said no man living can read. Following in the wake of these early Cambridge printers, every enterprising proprietor of a hand-press and font of type during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries felt it his bounden duty—or found it to his pecuniary interest—to provide the community with a yearly Calendar. Suspended behind the farm-house kitchen-door, this silent monitor of the passing hours repeated from year to year its trustworthy predictions of returning seed-time and harvest and its dubious prophecies of rain and sunshine, heat and cold, until, yellowed with smoke, begrimed by constant use and thumbed to bits, the last fragment of a leaf fell fluttering to the ground. In view of the extremely utilitarian rôle they were called upon to play, it is not singular that old Almanacs not things of rags and tatters are difficult to find.

In those primitive days few books beside the Bible, the Psalm-book, the Almanac, and now and then a printed sermon of one of the reverend fathers of the Church—Increase or Cotton Mather, Thomas Shepard or Samuel Willard—found their way over the rugged New England hills to remote and scattered Puritan homes. In the hard struggle for existence of pioneer life, with its scant hours of leisure, they doubtless sufficed for the intellectual requirements of the inmates. We are inclined to believe that the Almanac occupied a higher place in popular estimation than its numerical strength (1 to 4) in this primitive family library would indicate. If the question of dispensing with either the sermon or the Almanac came to a vote in the domestic circle, we would not rely with confidence upon the staying powers of the sermon, especially if it were one of those highly impressive religious discourses which the divines of Massachusetts did on occasion preach of a quiet Sabbath-day morning to a youth in his teens, in the presence of the congregation which during the coming week was to escort the culprit to the gallows, and under the blue sky of heaven hang him for the crime of sheep-stealing.

The feast of fat things that the makers of these harbingers of the new year strove to provide for their readers is thus humorously set forth by Dr. Franklin, in his Almanac *Poor Richard Improved* for 1756:

"Courteous Reader:

"I suppose that my Almanack may be worth the money that thou hast paid for it, hadst thou no other advantage from it than to find the day of the Month, the *remarkable Days*, the *Changes of the Moon, the Sun and Moon's Rising and Setting*, and to foreknow the *Tides* and the *Weather*; these with other Astronomical Curiosities I have yearly and constantly prepared for Thy Use and Entertainment during now near two revolutions of the Planet *Jupiter*. But I hope that this is not all the *Advantage* that thou hast reaped; for with a view to the Improvement of thy Mind and thy Estate, I have constantly interspers'd in every little vacancy, *Moral Hints*, *Wise Sayings*, and *Maxims of Thrift*, tending to impress the benefits arising from Honesty, Sobriety, Industry and Frugality; which if thou hast duly observed, it is

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highly probable that thou art *Wiser* and *Richer* many fold more than the Pence my Labours have cost thee. Howbeit, I shall not therefore raise my Price because thou art better able to pay; but being thankful for past Favours, I shall endeavour to make my little Book more Worthy thy regard by adding to those *Recipes* which were intended for the Cure of the Mind, some valuable ones regarding the Health of the Body. They are recommended by the Skillful and by successful Practice. I wish a Blessing may attend the use of them, and to thee all Happiness, being

"Thy obliged Friend,

"R. SAUNDERS."

We find this curious hodge-podge of scraps of useful information, flashes of quaint common sense, and "proverbial sentences which inculcate industry and frugality," embodied in twenty to thirty small octavo or duodecimo pages, which are all that most of these miniature compendiums of knowledge contain.

The most important of these early Almanacs, from a literary point of view, are the *Poor Richards*, begun in 1732 by Benjamin Franklin, and continued by him and D. Hall for over a quarter of a century. They contain the famous *bon mots*, reflexions, and maxims of the great Quaker philosopher, which gained wide circulation at the time through the columns of the colonial press and later were gathered together in the shape of a discourse, entitled *Father Abraham's Advice to his Neighbours*, and published as broadsides or in chap-book form under the title of *Poor Richard's Way to Wealth*. This "discourse" passed through numerous editions, and was translated into a score of tongues, including modern Greek and Chinese.

Dr. Franklin informs us in his *Memoirs* that he endeavoured to make his Almanac both entertaining and useful, and it accordingly came to be in such demand that he reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually nearly 10,000 copies.

Commanding higher prices in the market than *Poor Richard*, but solely on account of the typographical importance and greater scarcity of the imprint, are the Almanacs made by Daniel and Titus Leeds, the title-pages of which bear the heraldic embellishment of their family arms. Their Almanacs are better known by the name of the publisher than by that of the compilers. They were printed, the first for the year 1687, by William Bradford, near Philadelphia, and from the year 1694 until 1742 in New York by the same printer. They are all of the utmost rarity.

The commingling in the column of the Calendar of Bradford's Almanacs of weather prophesies, wise saws, doggerel verse, and epigrammatical paragraphs on every variety of subject, forms an amusing medley, and reminds one of the by-play or asides of the stage. We take as a sample page the Calendar for January, 1738—"A turbid air and rough weather." "Rain or snow." "Fools play with edge tools." "Snow." "This world is bad which makes some mad." "If snow comes now don't be angry." "Cloudy." "Snow, or I'm mistaken." Interlarded between these phrases are the Signs of the Zodiac, the Sun and Moon's Risings and Settings, Eclipses, Lunations, Time of High Water, Feasts and Fasts of the Church, and the Dates of Quaker meetings. Our friend Philomath adopted a very clever ruse with his prognostications. He strung them down the column of his Almanac word by word and left huge gaps between, so that with one oracular sentence he contrived to cover a full third of a month. It would be hard lines indeed if he failed to hit the nail partially on the head one day out of the ten or a dozen he so ingeniously bracketed together.

Among the most interesting items in the column of the Calendar of Bradford's Almanac is one that fixes the date of the birth of New York's first printer on May 20th, 1663, and refutes the date on his tombstone of 1660.

Conspicuous among the disseminators of this evanescent form of literature during the last century were the Ames, father and son, of Dedham, Mass., who issued Almanacs consecutively for fifty years at the price of three shillings per dozen and seven coppers single. Isaiah Thomas, of Worcester, Isaac Collins, of Trenton, and James Franklin, of Newport, R. I., were Almanac makers. Peter Stewart, of Philadelphia, published an Almanac to which he gave, apparently in imitation of Dr. Franklin, the patriarchal title of *Father Abraham*; Hugh Gaine, of New York, was the printer of the well-known and widely circulated *Hutchin's Improved*. T. and J. Fleet, of Boston, issued for many years a *Pocket Almanac*, which differs from most others of the period in that it is supplemented by a "Register of the Commonwealth," extending to sixty or

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seventy pages, while the Almanac contains less than a dozen leaves. This elongated tail of a Register wags the little dog of an Ephemeris to which it is appended most unmercifully.

All old Almanacs bear a close family resemblance, which extends to the inferior quality of the paper upon which they are printed. After the title comes an address to the "Kind" or "Courteous Reader." Then appears the conventional, sprawling, disembowelled figure representing the "Anatomy of Man's Body as Governed by the Twelve Constellations," followed by an Ephemeris of the Planets' places for certain days in the month, and then the monthly column of the Calendar begins with spaces left at the top and sometimes at the sides, devoted to reading matter. Frequently only alternate pages are occupied by the Calendar, and the intervening ones are filled with the overflow of wit and wisdom from the spaces or "vacancies," as Franklin calls them, in the Calendar itself. The pamphlet closes with two or three pages containing sundry items of local interest, tables of distances, rates of duties, and the like. In all Almanacs up to the year 1752, the old style of reckoning was observed, the year beginning on Lady's Day, March 25th.

For the convenience of their patrons, the editors of these astronomical diaries provided them with blank memorandum leaves, many of which, covered with the commonplace entries of every-day life, still remain intact and in place. Those who parted with these little books often neglected either through ignorance or indifference to remove pages never intended for other eyes than those of the original owners. This is not a matter of surprise either to the bibliophile or the collector of antiquities. Many a treasure which comes to their net uncovers a dead, and to all appearances discarded past. In the back of miniatures still lie soft coils of braided hair, and the cover of a beautiful old book, with its inscriptions and interlocked emblems and ciphers, is often a poem in leather and gold, replete with romantic interest and full of sad suggestions to the thoughtful mind.

The weather predictions of Philomath, it seems, were more to be relied upon if taken by contraries than literally, if the following story has any foundation in fact, although, to be as honest as the story-teller in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," I don't believe one half of it myself.

A noted Almanac maker, wending his way through the country, halted at a farm-house, and after watering his horse gathered up the reins to proceed on his journey, when he was informed by the sable attendant that if he went on he would certainly get wet. Glancing at

An Aſtronomical DIARY,
OR, AN
ALMANACK
For the Year of our Lord CHRIST
Containing, The Sun's and Moon's riſing and ſetting, — Eclipſes, — Time of High-Water, — [illegible] nations Aſpect[illegible] -Courts S[illegible]ng-Tides, — Judgment of the Weather —
1760.
Feaſts and Faſts of the Church of England — Quakers General Meetings-Roads, — Tables of Coin & Intereſt, &c &c. &c.
Being BISSEXTILE or LEAP YEAR,
Calculated for the Meridian of BOSTON, NEW ENGLAND, Latitude 42 Degrees 25 Minutes North.
The Year of the Reign of King GEORGE the Second begins the Twenty-ſecond Day of *June*.
By NATHANIEL AMES.
MARS like a wild Infernal Fury ſtalks,
And marks his Steps in Blood where'er he walks;
But Peace would from her Native Heav'n deſcend,
And Olive Branches to the Nations lend.
BOSTON, in NEW-ENGLAND:
Printed and Sold by JOHN DRAPER, in Cornhill; RICHARD DRAPER in Newbury-Street; GREEN & RUSSELL, and EDES & GILL, in Queen-Street; and THOMAS & JOHN FLEET, at the Heart and Crown in Cornhill.
Price *Three Shillings* per Dozen, and *Seven Coppers* ſingle.

the sky, in which he was unable to discern a cloud the size of a man's hand, he declared that he could see no indication of an approaching storm, and would take his chances. In about an hour the clouds gathered and the rain fell. Impressed with this remarkable fulfilment of the old darkey's prophecy, he returned drenched and inquisitive to the farm-house, and offered him a half dollar for the secret of his ability to so

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correctly forecast the weather. "Nothing easier," said he. "We have that old fool's (here he mentioned the name of the man in the wagon) Almanac in the house. For this afternoon it foretold fine weather and very dry. So I knew it would rain cats and dogs—and it did."

The line upon line and precept upon precept of these little waifs of books is quaint, old-fashioned literature, but quite as profitable reading now as it was a century ago. We have a sample of its quality in the following extracts from *Poor Richard* and *Hutchin's Improved:*

"I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be."

"For age and want save what you may,
No morning sun lasts a whole day."

"Avoid going to law, for the quarrelling dog hath a tattered skin. It is better to suffer loss than to run to courts, for the play is not worth the candle."

"It is better to go to bed supperless than to rise in debt."

"Idleness is the key of beggary."

"For the want of a nail the shoe is lost, for the want of a shoe the horse is lost, for want of a horse the rider is lost."

"Prayer and provender hinder no journey."

"It is remarkable that death increases our veneration for the good and extenuates our hatred of the bad."

"Too much of one thing is good for nothing, so we will finish this subject."

We will accept this timely suggestion from John Nathan Hutchins, Philom., and conclude this article with an "extempore sermon," which was published by the same wise counsellor and guide of his fellow-men for the edification of the readers of his Almanac for the year of Grace 1793. If not a perfect model of pulpit oratory, it cannot be denied that it possesses the twin merits of succinctness and brevity:

AN Extempore SERMON,
Preached at the request of two Scholars—by a
LOVER OF ALE,
Out of a Hollow Tree.

Beloved:

Let me crave your attention; for I am a little man, come at a short warning, to a thin congregation—in an unworthy pulpit.

And now, beloved, my text is malt; which I cannot divide into sentences, because it has none; nor into words, it being but one; nor into syllables, because it is but a monosyllable; therefore, I must divide it into letters, M A L T. M, my beloved, is moral; A is allegorical; L is literal; and T theological.

The moral is set forward to teach drunkards their duty; wherefore my first use shall be exhortation: M, my masters; A, all of you; L, leave off; T, tippling. The allegorical is when one thing is spoken of, and another is meant; now the thing spoken of is bare malt: M, my masters; A, all of you; L, listen; T, to my text. But the thing meant is strong beer; which you rustics make: M, meat; A, apparel; L, liberty, and T, treasure. The literal is according to the letters: M, much; A, ale; L, little; T, thrift. The theological is according to the effects it works—first, in this world; secondly, in the world to come. Its effects in this world are: In some, M, murder; in others, A, adultery; in some, L, looseness of life; in others, T, treason. Its effects in the world to come are: M, misery; A, anguish; L, languishing, and T, torment. Now to conclude:

Say well and do well, both end with a letter,
Say well is good, but do well is better.

W. L. Andrews.

A SONG-DREAM.

Remembering your music in the night,
I woke from dreams, and listening I heard
Ethereal voices where the zephyr stirred
Amid the green leaves trembling with delight;
From distant fields down airy paths moon-white,
Floated from time to time a fairy word,
Melodious, the lyric of some bird
That sang to cheer its solitary flight.
Then Sleep's soft fingers brushed mine eyelids o'er,
The zephyr hushed, the bird's voice fainter grew
Until at last I slumbered as before,
To dream again, and in my dream I knew
A song familiar and love's voice once more,
And love—which is another name for you.

Frederic J. Sherman.

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SHALL AND WILL.

I was delighted to see in a recent number of THE BOOKMAN that Richard Harding Davis does not know how to use the words "shall" and "will." I read with great pleasure everything that Mr. Davis writes, even going to the extreme length of *buying* his books, and besides admiring him as a literary artist, I now "love him for the enemies he has made" in those two detestable words. Zangwill said to me once that he thought it weakness on the part of an author to pay any attention to the rules of grammar. Nevertheless we go on pandering to these rules, as the politician proposed to pander to the respectable element.

I must confess that I haven't the faintest notion of how "shall" or "will" should be used so as to conform with English ideas on the subject. This helplessness on my part doubtless arises through my committing, early in life, the philological error of being born in Scotland. J. M. Barrie's Scottish hero in *When a Man's Single* admits to the editor of the great London daily, on the staff of which he has just been appointed, that, while he is willing to tackle anything from war correspondence to leader-writing, he cannot promise to cope with "shall" or "will." The editor consoles him by saying he will ask the proof-reader to look out for those words in his copy. Thus does a great Scottish author admit the national defect; but I hope to show that it is not a defect at all, that it is, in fact, a merit, and that in this, as in so many other things, enlightenment is to be found in America and north of the River Tweed.

Some years ago, finding that fate intended me to appeal to English readers (I could not delude an American publisher into taking my books in those days), I thought it best to fall in with the prejudices of my patrons regarding "shall" and "will," leaving until a later date, when I should have more leisure, the overturning of the tyranny of these two etymological despots; so I wrote to a friend in Oxford and asked him whether his justly celebrated university had a "shall or will" department or annex where a man from the North, and educated in America, could learn in any less time than a four years' course how to treat those words as they evidently expected to be treated. The good man did not answer my question; he merely advised me to go on with my writing, send the copy to him, and he would look after the "shalls." I saw from this that he looked on my case as hopeless, for they do not practise surgery at Oxford. (See Sydney Smith on jokes and Scotchmen.) This unfortunate Oxford man has gone over my manuscripts ever since, and I feel that if I were honest, I should put on the fly-leaf of every book I issue: "The author is responsible for all the bad grammar in this volume, with the exception of the 'shalls' and 'wills.'"

It may be thought that I have learned something about these words on seeing the changes the Oxford man makes in my typewriting. As a matter of fact I have not, for his corrections seem to me always arbitrary and often wrong; but if the English people stand it, I don't see that I have any right to complain. I am perhaps going too far in saying I have learned absolutely nothing. I know now roughly how to treat any simple article or story, when my Oxford friend is not within reach. I write along, paying no attention to the two words until the story is finished; then I carefully change all the "shalls" to "wills" and all the "wills" to "shalls." I have purposely not done so in this article, because I hope to goad the Editors of THE BOOKMAN into giving us a little lesson on the use of "shall" and "will;" and as they may need a horrible example, I hereby furnish them with it. If the Editors will (or shall) attempt to explain how these words should be used, we shall (or will) have them at our mercy, for I have never yet read any rules on the subject that did not leave the matter ten times more bewildering than it was before.

Dean Alford, in his book, *The Queen's English*, gives several pages on the words "shall" and "will," and I defy any sane man to read them often and preserve his sanity. The Dean's explanation is worse than Mark Twain's item about the street accident.

Alford says: "I never knew an Eng-

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lishman who misplaced 'shall' and 'will.' I hardly ever have known an Irishman or a Scotchman who did not misplace them sometimes."

Now this is merely an Englishman's statement that Englishmen are right and the other fellows wrong. The fact is, that we Scotch and Irish have been in the minority, and England has forced its particular version of "shall" and "will" upon us whether we will or no. But the item in THE BOOKMAN shows a brighter day is dawning. It says that Lehigh, Johns Hopkins, and Cornell Universities are turning out men who do not know how to use "shall" or "will" according to the English method. It is fair to infer, then, that other educational establishments in the States are similarly occupied, and that the laudable work is going on all over the country. Therefore, if the majority of the English-speaking world is to impose its will (and its shall) on the minority, the union of America, Scotland, and Ireland places our crowd at the head of the poll. England will have to knock under, and nobody can help her.

The truth of the matter seems to me to be this; "will" should be paid off and sent about his business, so that he may not hereafter bring confusion upon honest men who make their livings with their pens. "Will" is an impudent, arrogant modern knave, usurping the place of his betters, trying constantly to shoulder "shall" out of the way. John Earle, M.A., Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford, speaking of these words in his book, *The Philology of the English Tongue*, says: "*Shall* was the earliest exponent of future time, and became a pangothic symbol; whereas *will* is comparatively a recent symbol, which has not yet come to maturity and the complete verification of its province. And this local peculiarity, which we call Celticism, appears to be nothing more than the continued encroachment of *will* upon the ancient domain of *shall*; for *will* is young in symbolic flight, and has not yet ceased to expand."

Robert Barr.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

A VISIT TO DRUMTOCHTY.

What reader of fiction is so devoted a lover of "art for art's sake" that he has no interest in hearing something of the real-life models from whom the author has painted his characters, and of the actual places which have become, under fictitious names perhaps, the scene and setting of the enthralling tale? If there is such, these words are not for him.

Very rarely have stories that are called fictitious been so thoroughly based upon reality, both as to people and places, as are those delightful *Bonnie Brier Bush* sketches by Ian Maclaren. But neither are they mere photographic reproductions. All has passed through the alembic of the author's imagination, and has come forth with that mysterious result called Art. Years have passed since the original pictures were drawn, and nearly all of the human models have passed from the stage. Nevertheless, if you are so fortunate as to visit "Drumtochty," the natives, who are very proud of Mr. Watson and his stories, will point out this place and that, as the scene of the various incidents in the book, and they will have many quaint anecdotes to relate of the prototypes of the *Bonnie Brier Bush* characters. With keen delight they will tell you of "Drumsheugh," "Burnbrae," or "Jamie Soutar," and they will show you where they lived. "Peter Bruce" is still the very live and active guard and general factotum of the little railway junction, with an unconscious humour that is an endless source of joy. "Mrs. Macfadyen" is still alive, a perfect type of sweetness, shrewdness, and kindness of heart. The original of the grand old doctor, who, for all his roughness, is nothing less than Christ-like, has gone to his reward; and while there is much that is purely ideal, there is also much that is true in the prototype of "Dr. Weelum MacLure."

When, in the interest of certain drawings for *A Doctor of the Old School*, it became my pleasant duty to visit "Drumtochty," there appeared to be some uncertainty as to the best way of finding and reaching the spot. "Logiealmond,

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or some place near it, somewhere along the line of the Grampian Hills, is your destination"—that was about the extent of my information on this side. It was not until having crossed the Atlantic and journeyed up into Perthshire to the quaint old town of Methven, that we (my wife and I) felt quite assured that we were on the right road and near our journey's end. "Ou ay! you can hire a machine here," said the white-bearded stationmaster; "it will be a drive of aboot sax miles, maistly up-hill"—and then "Peter Bruce" came up, and, with all kindness of intent, flooded us with information in Scotch dialect so broad that it was all Greek to us. Two months later I could understand Peter very well.

Shall we ever forget that lovely drive of six miles? The rain had just cleared away, and the level rays of the setting August sun glistened over fields as vividly green and fresh as ours can be in May. Such brilliancy of colour everywhere! Wild flowers of every colour—the roadsides lined with them, the fields gay with them! Chief among these, both as to beauty and profusion, was the delicate and graceful harebell, ranging in colour from drab violet to pure white. Along the south stretched the Ochil Hills, purple and misty, while facing us, as we drove north, rose the rugged peaks of the nearer Grampians. We crossed the Almond (the "Tochty") by a new iron bridge close beside the picturesque but unsafe old stone one, and near the spot made memorable by being forded during the flood by "Dr. MacLure" and "Sir George." The rapid little stream had then scarcely enough water to cover the brown stones of its rough bed, but a week later I saw it rise in a few hours to a fierce and mighty torrent, tearing up trees and sweeping away all obstructions. The road we travelled, which, enclosed between low stone dykes, seemed very narrow to our American eyes, was as smooth and perfect as a road can be. It twisted around and up the hills, past sturdy little cottages and farmhouses, through dense forests of pine and fir, and over many stone bridges spanning babbling Highland burns which wound their way between banks and braes of yellow broom.

Suddenly we found ourselves bowling along the single street of a village of low stone cottages; then we were whirled off up a side lane to another lane parallel to the main street, and came to a stand on the brow of a steep brae, and at the gate of the little Free Kirk, which is to be reached only in this roundabout way. Still more secluded we found the Manse, for it stands beyond and hidden by the church, a pretty, two-storey cottage completely embowered in flowers and shrubbery. Here, many years ago, the Rev. John Watson, young, enthusiastic, and impressionable, lived, studied, laboured, and preached, a faithful pastor to a simple and honest people. While dwelling in this quiet nook, he unconsciously absorbed the knowledge and received the impressions which years afterward he was persuaded to embody, for the delectation of the civilised world, in his inimitable tales of the people of "Drumtochty." The Manse was our temporary destination, for we bore a letter to Mr. Watson's successor, the Rev. D. M. Tod. We were received by Mrs. Tod (her husband being absent) with a cordial welcome very touching to the hearts of strangers in a strange land, and through her kindness we found ourselves, before the long northern twilight had ended—that light which, as Wordsworth says, "dwells in heaven half the night"—in very comfortable lodgings near at hand, which became our busy atelier as well as a pleasant home for two peaceful months.

Logiealmond, Ian Maclaren's "Drumtochty," is not marked on the maps of Scotland. It is neither village nor parish. It is an estate, for many generations that of the Lairds of Logie, but now the property of the wealthy Earl Mansfield. It is about eight miles by four in extent, and is situated some twelve miles northwest of the ancient city of Perth, along the foot of the Grampian Hills, whose rugged peaks form, roughly speaking, its northern boundary, while the river Almond marks its limits on the south. The name is of Celtic origin, and signifies "The Valley of the Water." The rare and varying beauty of the surrounding landscape, with its hills and mountains taking on every hue, from the delicacy of the wood-violet to a deep, sombre, saddening purple; with its heathery moors and flower-begemmed fields; its many noisy burns foaming deep down between their rough braes—all of these physical charms that go

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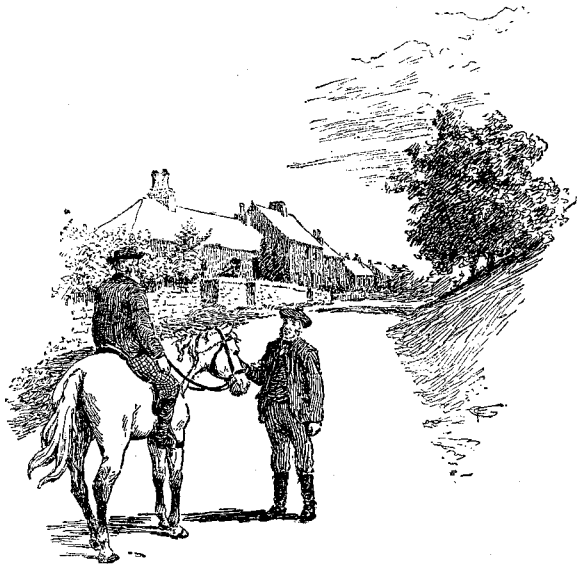
to fill the heart of the artist and the true lover of nature with the keenest joy, or with a sort of sweet sadness that is akin to joy—all these must go undescribed; for, indeed, such things are not to be pictured in words. But there are some things of interest that may be more definitely touched upon.

The little hamlet of Harrietfield, where Mr. Watson lived, is the only semblance of a village in the entire Logiealmond district. It consists of two rows of well-built, semi-detached stone cottages, mostly of one storey.* Half of them stand along the north side of the smooth main road, while the others are placed about fifty yards back,



with their fronts facing the back doors of the houses on the street and their rear walls, with no openings but a few tiny windows abutting sharply on the lane behind. This solitary and friendless-looking lane is the only road leading to the Free Kirk and its Manse. And thereby hangs a tale of political and religious oppression, and good Scotch grit in resisting it, that is too long to enter into here. Nearly all of these cottages are half hidden behind a glorious mass of old-fashioned flowers, and their rough walls are veiled by climbing tea roses. The love of flowers has a strong hold on the hearts of these hard-working people. They have an annual show of garden produce and flowers, which is their one gay and giddy summer fête. Everybody attends this rural festival in his Sunday best, and it is called, very properly, "The Flower Show." The village possesses two very small grocery stores, one of these being connected with the post-office, and a public house which hides itself somewhere up on the back row. There is a slate quarry near by, and one might expect the conjunction of quarrymen and public house to produce bad results at times. But during a two months' stay here, among a people proverbially fond of good whiskey, I saw but one case of intoxication, and that a mild one.

About two miles east of Harrietfield, hidden from all but the eye of a searcher, in the depths of an ancient and venerable forest, stands the neglected and pathetic ruins of Logie House, which is to be the scene of a coming story by Mr. Watson, a tale of Jacobite times. This old mansion was for centuries the residence of the Lairds of Logie, the last of whom, it is said, died of sorrow and homesickness after the estate passed to Earl Mansfield. A drive of six miles to the west leads to a scene of genuine Highland grandeur, the Sma' Glen, which is a rugged and awe-inspiring cleft through the heart of the Grampians. This is the "Glen Urtach" of the *Bonnie Brier Bush*.

There are many wild and picturesque spots in the vicinity to be found by those who seek for them. One of these, a few minutes' walk west from the village, but not easily discovered, is the Falls of Ashangar. Down we go, by a steep mysterious path, into the dark of a deep and narrow ravine, dank and musty beneath tier on tier of overhanging trees, which fill it to the summit; and there we come upon a mountain stream, raging itself into a white foam against the imperturbable rocks, and throwing itself madly over many precipitous ledges. We feel, in the perpetual twilight, that we are no longer on the earth, but somewhere in its interior, in the habitation of the gnomes.

Several causes have combined to de-

* The above drawing, taken from "A Doctor of the Old School," gives a bird's-eye view of this street.

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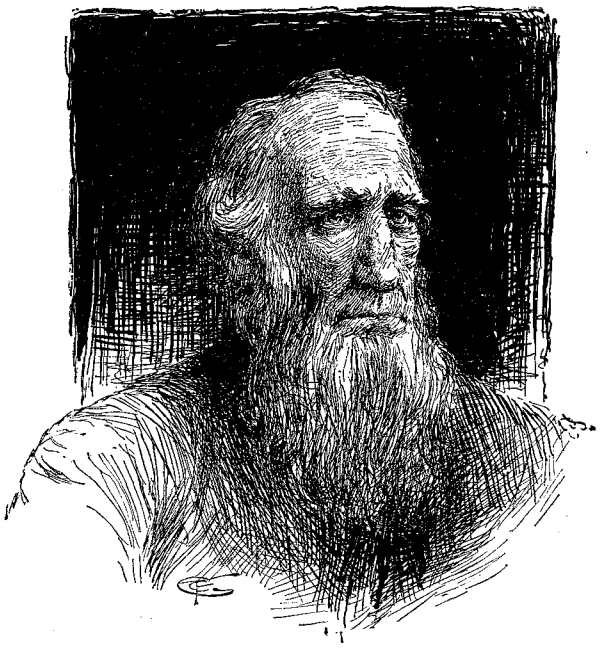
velop in the Drumtochty character that peculiar individuality and sturdy independence so dear to the heart of the novelist. The district has been so shut off from the hurly-burly, commonplace, outside world, that the native nature has not had all its interesting idiosyncrasies of character rubbed off. Not only are the lives of the tenant farmers spent in constant struggle to wring from a relentless soil enough to satisfy the demands of their landlord and supply their own frugal needs, but they have repeatedly had to suffer for conscience' sake. From the time of the Reformation these simple people have held loyally to their religious faith, in the face, at times, of powerful opposition. Even at the present day this is so. For the past fifty years they have been under a landlord who has used every legal means in his power to make life hard for his nonconformist and Liberal tenants, while he has shown marked favour to those who would attach themselves to the Established Church and the Tory party. Though many have been forced to emigrate to America, few, very few, have turned traitor to conscience.

This struggle for existence, so severe that the women must needs labour in the fields with the men, and leisure is a luxury almost unknown, would, one might suppose, develop a sordid meanness and selfishness of disposition. But if ever the practical working of Christianity is shown in this world, it is among these industrious, frugal folk. Their kindness to each other and to strangers is limited only by their ability, and their devotion to their church is something sublime. Early in this century, it is recorded, there was a long period of exceptional hardship for all Scotland, when the crops often failed, and the people had to live on a meagre dole of oatmeal and potatoes. At harvest time, when the human machine absolutely needed extra strength, a little blood from living cattle was added to the meal. Yet, through all this terrible ordeal, these Logiealmond men and women, this people of grit and integrity, neglected no part of their Kirk contributions, from the minister's stipend to the care of the helpless poor.

One can easily see how character of the finest sort has been developed here, and how fortunate it is for the world that the genius of John Watson was



DOCTOR MACLURE.

placed in such a field at the age when the youthful mind is most keen and sensitive.

Conditions have been changing of late, by the force of modern inventions, and probably it will not be long before some corresponding alteration will be observed in the character of the people. Reaping machines assist some of the farmers in their harvest; bicycles (old-fashioned rattle-bones) carry the quarrymen to and from their work; and Posty, a young and active successor to Ian Maclaren's stern-visaged theologian and "sermon-taster," carries the mail on a fine pneumatic-tire machine. The Free Kirk Manse is fitted with electric bells throughout; and Mr. Watson was quite shocked, on his last visit to his old home, to find that a 'bus is now running twice a week between Logiealmond and Perth.

It was during this flying visit of his that I had the pleasure of meeting him, and the gratification of finding that he

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commended my drawings for the story of his greatest character, the heroic Doctor of the Old School. Considerably over six feet in height, broad-shouldered and athletic, of a frank and genial countenance, with just a touch of whimsicality in its expression, the Rev. John Watson is a man who inspires with confidence and admiration at a glance. Literature, he insists, is not his profession, but can only occupy his attention during the irregular intervals in his busy church work in Liverpool. Publishers and editors are evidently using every inducement to secure his work in advance, but he will promise nothing. When he has anything finished, they may have it, and they must take their chances. "Barrie led the way with these modern Scotch tales, and the rest of us are following," he said with great modesty. "Yes, they seem to be very popular. It is largely a fashion—everything Scotch is fashionable in England just now, from Highland capes to Scotch whiskey and oatmeal porridge." But he must have been convinced before this, by the enormous sale of his stories in America as well as in Great Britain, that the popularity of *his* work, at least, is something more than mere fashion.

Frederick C. Gordon.

THE QUESTION OF THE LAUREATE.

Up to the present moment of writing, no announcement has yet been made in England of the appointment of a successor to Lord Tennyson. Possibly by the time that these lines are read, the question may have been finally disposed of, for it is generally believed that Lord Salisbury will deem it expedient to reach a decision before the wedding of the Princess Maud of Wales to Prince Charles of Denmark, in order that the event may not pass without the customary tribute from a Poet Laureate. However this may be, and whether or not the matter is already *res adiudicata*, it may be of some interest briefly to consider the question of the laureateship from the American point of view.

It will, of course, at once be said that an expression of opinion by Americans is a purely gratuitous thing, verging, perhaps, upon impertinence; and that because the office of Poet Laureate is a purely English creation, a post held by direct appointment from the English crown, the question of its disposal is of direct interest to Englishmen alone, just as an election to the French Academy is a matter with which none but Frenchmen have any immediate concern. But this is precisely the question which it is proper at the present time to discuss; and it is possible that a little consideration may justify an American, even in the eyes of Englishmen, in expressing not only a deep concern but a strong opinion regarding the decision that may be ultimately reached.

From the time when Berdic was described in the Domesday Book as "Joculator Regis," and when one Ruherus or Roger was "king's minstrel" to Henry I., down to the appointment of Tennyson as Poet Laureate to the present Queen in 1850, a claim on the part of quasi-foreigners to be consulted in the choice might well have seemed absurd; but the recent growth in England of the imperial idea has radically altered the attitude of all except the "Little Englanders" toward their kindred beyond the seas. Certain striking facts ought carefully to be considered. One of these facts is the remarkable expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race in every quarter of the earth. That race to-day numbers fully 130,000,000 souls, of whom only 40,000,000, or less than one third, are inhabitants of the British Islands. Now, while the Poet Laureate is in a narrow sense only the "king's minstrel," as in the days of William Rufus, he is in a broader sense the laureate of the whole English-speaking world, the master-singer to whom more than a hundred million men and women cheerfully accord the poetical headship of their race. This splendid honour was never disputed in the case of Tennyson; and not only Englishmen, but Americans, Canadians, Australians, Anglo-Indians, and the dwellers at the Cape

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all hailed the appearance of each of his magnificent bursts of song as the common glory of their mother-tongue. To-day the feeling of unity, which was once only a vague and intangible sentiment, is growing stronger and taking more definite shape and form; and of those who appeal to it with the greatest fervour, the conservative English are the foremost. A league of the Anglo-Saxon peoples is to-day the dream of many of the ablest statesmen of Great Britain; it forms the theme of innumerable discussions in the English press, and not a week passes without some expression of this strong desire. Perhaps the hope has become more strenuous in the past year, since the strange events that lately startled the Western world, when Japan dropped the mask and revealed the presence of a great power looming up in the Orient—a power with sentiments and traditions wholly alien to our own, and combining the science and discipline of the West with the ferocity and cunning of the East. Only a few years ago Lord Wolseley wrote with deep conviction of the potential menace to Christian civilisation which he detected in the huge, disorganised, but incalculable power of the Chinese Empire. Recent events have minimised this danger, in the form he dreaded; but it is the form alone that is changed. A revivified China, with its swarming millions organised, armed, and directed by the quick-witted, unscrupulous, and extremely able Japanese, might easily loom up in proportions so terrific as to make a league of all the white-skinned nations necessary to the preservation of their faith, their civilisation, and perhaps their very existence. The days of Attila or of Amurath may well return again, and the whole fruits of our twenty centuries of enlightenment be staked upon the issue of a single mighty battle. But if such a day shall ever come, the only sure bulwark of our civilisation will be found in the union of the masterful, tenacious, and invincible Anglo-Saxons. No league that can be formed by any other peoples can be at once homogeneous, effective, and enduring. French and Germans, Russians and Swedes, Austrians and Italians—the very enumeration recalls only mutual jealousies and rivalries, and the unreality of any common tie; and so if the day of Armageddon should arrive, and the tawny myriads of the East should ever hurl themselves against the strongholds of the West, it is upon the mighty fortress of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, with all their broadsides thundering together, that this appalling tide of invasion would beat in vain.

"A KNIGHT OF ASIA" (SIR EDWIN ARNOLD).
From the London Sketch.

This possibility may be only the remotest chance; yet putting it aside from one's thought, it is still most desirable, it is even vital, that whenever the opportunity arises, the essential oneness of our race should be emphasised and accentuated so that Englishmen

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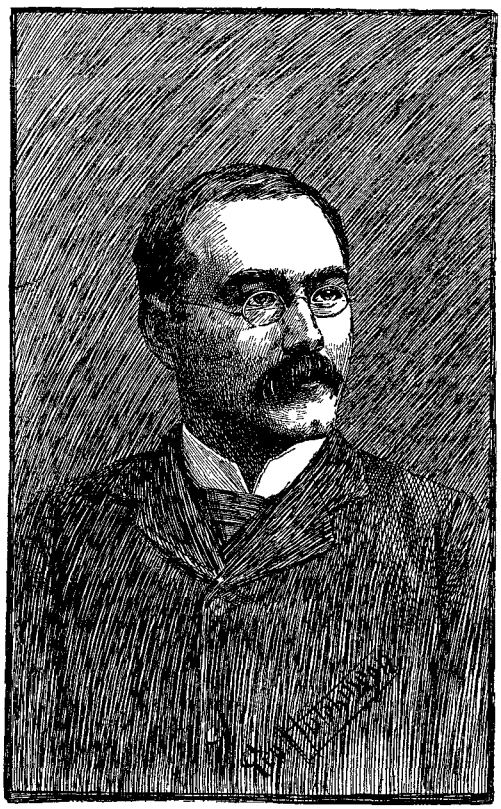
and Americans, Australians and Canadians, should grow more and more familiar with the thought, and should feel more and more that they are of the same blood, that the same high traditions belong to all alike, and that in the last supreme crisis they would exult in standing side by side and shoulder to shoulder against all who menace what they are taught from childhood to hold most dear. The power that is now in



RUDYARD KIPLING.

Lord Salisbury's possession affords a magnificent opportunity; and if he neglect it, if he throw it away, he will be guilty of nothing less than a crime to the future destinies of the British Empire and the welfare of all nations of our blood and lineage.

With this thought in mind it is interesting to recall the names of those who have been named in connexion with the laurel left by Tennyson. It is generally understood that Mr. Swinburne and Mr. William Morris, who are both as poets well worthy of high honour, have privately signified their unwillingness to be considered. Sir Edwin Arnold and Mr. Alfred Austin have lately been thrust forward as candidates in high favour with the British Premier, though both of them are most unsuited for such distinction. Sir Lewis Morris is hardly to be seriously considered, though often spoken of as a possible recipient of the prize. There remain two names that deserve much thought, and of which we earnestly hope that one may commend itself to the appointing power. These are the names of Mr. William Watson and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Of Mr. William Watson enough was said in the last number of THE BOOKMAN. As a poet he can excite no seriously adverse criticism. He has distinction, a noble loftiness of diction, perfect taste and discretion, and he is, moreover, still young; so that he represents, as Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Morris do not, the future rather than the past. As between him and Mr. Kipling, regarded solely from the standpoint of poetical merit and classic correctness, in the judgment of the mere critic perhaps the scale would incline in Mr. Watson's favour; yet there is one quality in Mr. Kipling which should, we believe, be allowed to outweigh all that Mr. Watson possesses. Mr. Kipling represents not only in his verse, but in his own person, at once the extension and the unity of the race. Born in India, but of English stock, he is closely identified in his life and works with the greatest of England's possessions, whose strange life he first revealed to the wondering world; his knowledge of the other British colonies is almost equally minute. By ties of marriage he is in some degree an American, and his home for a number of years has been in the most homogeneously English portion of this country. He is not, therefore, a mere Englishman, nor a mere Anglo-Indian, nor a mere American, but something above and beyond all these minor distinctions—an Anglo-Saxon. And his verse and prose alike show all the traits that might be expected of this wonderfully wide range of experience. They have the glow and fervour of one who has within him the spirit of conquest that marks our race; they ring like a trumpet and stir the blood, and appeal not to the narrow patriotism of a single land or a single fraction of the men who have subdued all rivals in

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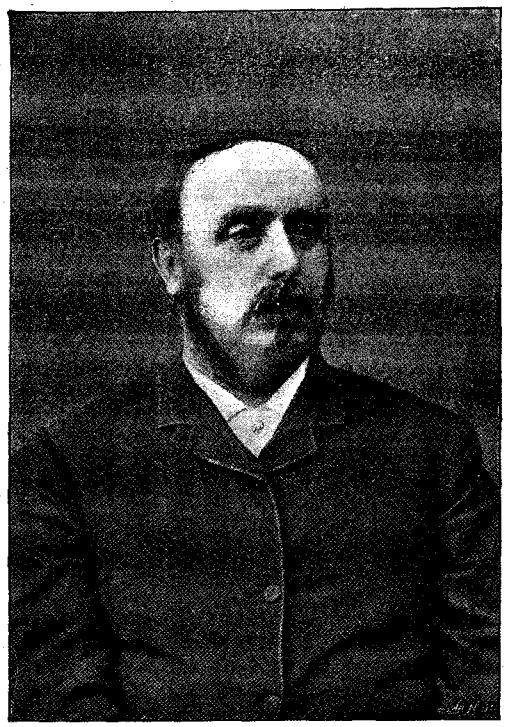

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

every quarter of the globe, but are a sort of *réveille* to rouse them all to the greatness and vastness of an imperial destiny.

Equally weighty is the consideration that Mr. Kipling has an audience such as probably no other living writer possesses. He is not read by the cultivated few alone, and with a merely critical approval, as is Mr. Watson, but his name is a household word in every part of the civilised world. Scholar, critic, man of business—all read with equal eagerness whatever Mr. Kipling writes, and all feel with equal force the magic of his unerring touch, his splendid audacity, and his blended force and fire.

A fine illustration of this special significance of Mr. Kipling's poetical quality—of the imperial side of his genius—comes very opportunely in a poem of his, which appeared in the London *Times* of October 18th. As it has not, so far as the present writer knows, been reprinted in full, it may be very fitly given here. It is entitled "The Native-Born," by which Mr. Kipling means the man of English ancestry, who is, however, born out of England :

"We've drunk to the Queen, God bless her!
We've drunk to our mothers' land,
We've drunk to our English brother
(But he does not understand);
We've drunk to the wide creation
And the Cross swings low to the dawn—
Last toast, and of obligation,—
A health to the Native-born!

"They change their skies above them,
But not their hearts that roam!
We learned from our wistful mothers
To call old England "home."
We read of the English sky-lark,
Of the spring in the English lanes,
But we screamed with the painted lories
As we rode on the dusty plains!

"They passed with their old-world legends—
Their tales of wrong and dearth—
Our fathers held by purchase
But we by the right of birth;
Our heart's where they rocked our cradle,
Our love where we spent our toil,
And our faith and our hope and our honour
We pledge to our native soil!

"I charge you charge your glasses—
I charge you drink with me
To the men of the Four New Peoples,
And the Islands of the Sea—
To the last least lump of coral
That none may stand outside,
And our own good pride shall teach us
To praise our comrade's pride.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

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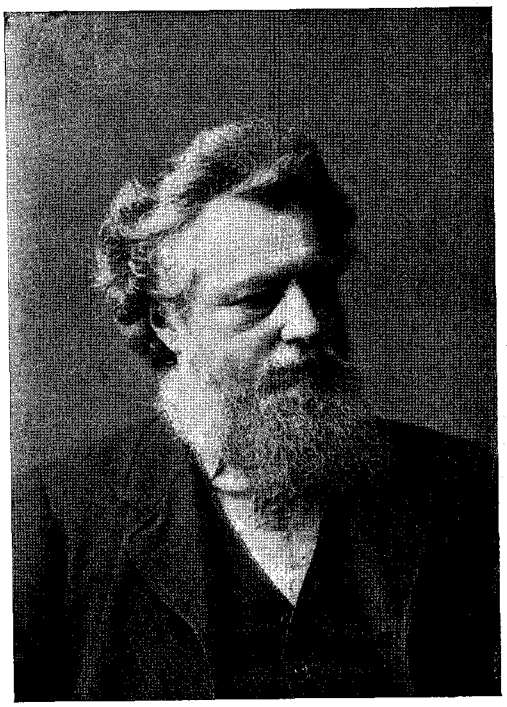


WILLIAM MORRIS.

" To the hush of the breathless morning
On the thin, tin, crackling roofs,
To the haze of the burned back-ranges
And the drum of the shoeless hoofs—
To the risk of a death by drowning,
To the risk of a death by drouth—
To the men of a million acres,
To the Sons of the Golden South.

" *To the Sons of the Golden South* (*Stand up !*)
And the life we live and know
Let a fellow sing o' the little things he cares about
If a fellow fights for the little things he cares about
With the weight of a single blow !

" To the smoke of a hundred coasters,
To the sheep on a thousand hills,
To the sun that never blisters,
To the rain that never chills—
To the land of the waiting springtime,
To our five-meal meat-fed men,
To the tall deep-bosomed women,
And the children nine and ten !

" *And the children nine and ten* (*Stand up !*)
And the life we live and know
Let a fellow sing o' the little things he cares about
If a fellow fights for the little things he cares about
With the weight of a two-fold blow !

" To the far flung fenceless prairie
Where the quick-cloud shadows trail,
To our neighbour's barn—in the offing—
And the line of the new-cut rail.
To the plough in her league-long furrow
With the grey lake gulls behind—
To the weight of a half-year's winter
And the warm wet western wind !

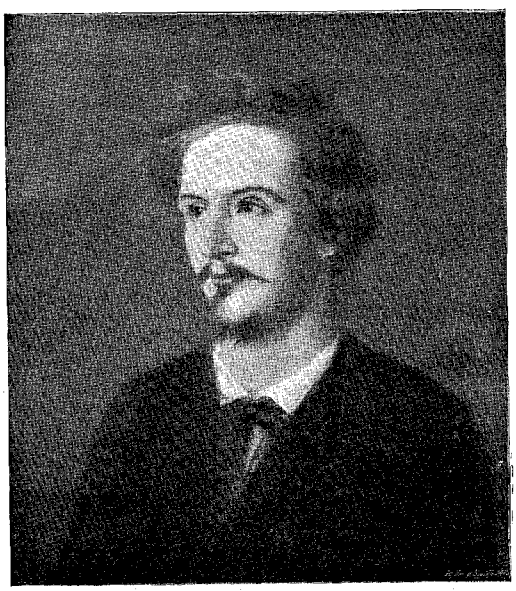
" To the home of the floods and thunder,
To her pale dry healing blue—
To the lift of the great Cape combers
And the smell of the baked Karroo.
To the growl of the sluicing stamp-head—
To the reef and the water-gold,
To the last and the largest Empire,
To the map that is half unrolled !

" To our dear dark foster-mothers
To the heathen songs they sung—
To the heathen speech we babbled
Ere we came to the white man's tongue.
To the cool of our deep verandahs—
To the blaze of our jewelled main,
To the night, to the palms in the moonlight,
And the fire-fly in the cane !

" To the hearth of our people's people—
To her well-ploughed windy sea,
To the hush of our dread high-altars
Where the Abbey makes us We.
To the grist of the slow-ground ages,
To the gain that is yours and mine—
To the Bank of the Open Credit,
To the Power-house of the Line !

" We've drunk to the Queen—God bless her !—
We've drunk to our mothers' land :
We've drunk to our English brother
(And we hope he'll understand),
We've drunk as much as we're able
And the Cross swings low to the dawn
Last toast—and your foot on the table !—
A health to the Native-born !

" *A health to the Native-born* (*Stand up !*)
We're six white men arow
All bound to sing o' the little things we care about



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

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All bound to fight for the little things we care about
With the weight of a six-fold blow!
By the might of our cable-tow (Take hands!)
From ths Orkneys to the Horn
All round the world (and a little loop to pull it by)
All round the world (and a little strap to buckle it)
A health to the Native-born!"

Now this is by no means one of the best of Mr. Kipling's poems. It was evidently dashed off on an impulse. It has a number of very evident blemishes. That he should twice introduce such a rhyme as "dawn" and "born," which suggests the pronunciation of a Georgia negro, is a very serious technical defect. The repetition of "charge" in "I charge you charge your glasses," is ugly. The chorus lines printed in italics introduce a metrical variation which seems unrhythmical and somewhat ischiorrhogic. Moreover, the lines,

"To the Bank of the Open Credit,
To the Power-house of the Line!"

which we have heard praised for their cleverness and audacity, are by no means commendable; for their cleverness is rather of a journalistic sort, and the metaphor of the trolley speaks of the audacity of the literary gamin rather than of the audacity of the literary genius. But these are only minor objections. The poem as a whole has a wonderful lyric quality, and it flings before one's eyes with a breathless, startling vividness pictures that cannot be forgotten. "The thin, tin, crackling roofs" is a remarkable assonance; "The drum of the shoeless hoofs" is inimitable, and so is his marvellous prairie-verse. And more than all stand out the vast sweep and comprehensiveness of the whole—English, but more; British, but more still.

Altogether, if the office of Laureate be something more than a petty insular distinction, if it is to become one of the innumerable symbols of Anglo-Saxon unity, a possession of Greater Britain, and if our whole race could choose its occupant, it is unthinkable that the choice should be a matter of any doubt, or should single out another name than that of Rudyard Kipling.

H. T. P.

BY THE FIRE.

Within my door, good Dame To-day
Spins by the hearthstone bright,
And keeps me at my task alway,
Till taps my neighbour Night;
Then brushes she the hearth, betimes,
And bids the wheel be still,
And, with her gossip Duty, climbs
The path up yonder hill.

While neighbour Night and I, alone,
Beside the hearth's low flame,
Sit hearkening the wind's wild moan,
But speak no word nor name;
For neighbour Night, right young is he,
And I have heard it said
That, haply, he will some time be
With gay To-morrow wed.

And I am old. Each hour I track
The step of Watchman Time;
So soon will Dame To-day come back,
Then farewell dream and rhyme!
But now, with neighbour Night, a space
Is mine, he'll not gainsay,
To brood awhile upon a face,—
My lost love, Yesterday.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

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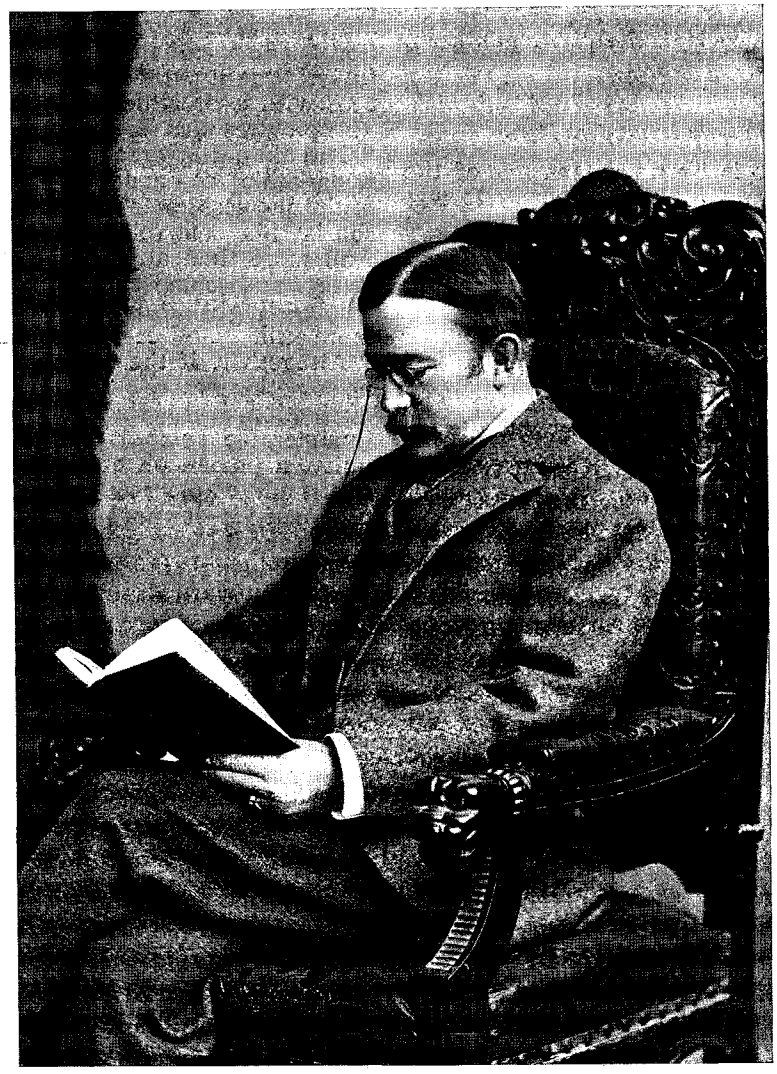

LIVING CRITICS.

II.—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

"Criticism," said Mr. Mabie, in the course of a recent conversation, "has many different uses. There is the criticism which aims simply to give an account of a book at the moment of its appearance for the information and guidance of those who want to know what books to read—that is legitimate criticism; but it is purely temporary in its character. Great criticism, practised by such men as Goethe, Coleridge, and Matthew Arnold, attempts not only to give us an estimate of a man's work, but to show us his soul."

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"Would you say that the functions of criticism and of literary interpretation are distinct and separate from each other, or are they identical?"

"I don't think that they are identical, but I believe that in the best and truest criticism both functions are discharged. One includes the other, I should say. The great principles of criticism lead us through the individual work of an author into the world of universal art. That is to say, every great writer illustrates the general laws of art just as he expresses certain general truths, and the great critic is he who not only gives us a definite impression of the man's value as a writer, but who also makes us see his relation to the larger world of which he is a part."

What Mr. Mabie has said in general of the highest exercise of the functions of criticism and literary interpretation is particularly applicable to himself, and entitles him to the rank which a recent English writer gave him, who spoke to an American audience of Mr. Mabie as "one of your best critics." The place which Mr. Mabie has undoubtedly taken in modern criticism has yet to be fully and adequately recognised, but already he has won a large following by his delightful books, and there is abundant evidence of an increasing interest in the literary career of one who has made a niche for himself in the world of letters. Approaching literature, filled equally with reverence for the unbroken vitality of its past and faith in its exhaustless future, and imbued with the virility and vigour of our democratic era, Mr. Mabie has caught the tide of the modern critical movement begun by Winckelmann, Herder, and Goethe in Germany, continued by Coleridge, Carlyle, and Matthew Arnold in England, and in some measure by Emerson, Lowell, and Stedman in this country. He has inherited the new conception of literature which these names in modern criticism exemplify; a conception which has immensely deepened and freshened the feeling toward literature, and intensified the relation which it bears to life by opposing the vast and varied movement recorded in history as a development, a coherent expression of human life to a cold judicial criticism controlled by mechanical and arbitrary ideas. "Life is at bottom," he has said, "the prime characteristic of literature. . . . Literature is no product of artifice or mechanism; it is a natural growth, its roots are in the heart of man, it is the voice of man's needs and sufferings and hopes."

Mr. Mabie lives in Summit, N. J., on one of the most enviable sites a writer could wish to choose. His house is literally a covert from the fret and fever of the outside world; wherever you turn you seem to be surrounded by trees, giving one the impression of a clearing in the forest, albeit the railway station is only a ten minutes' walk distant. Here, you say, is "leisure to grow wise and shelter to grow ripe." And while Nature forms a sanctuary without, home affections and the gentle influences of art and literature brood within and complete the charm which brings to man all that earth affords of heaven. Mr. Mabie's working den is upstairs; but we sat in the library, with its large windows, its capacious "study fire," its walls lined with books, and here and there stray evidences of the writer's craft, but all in order, betokening the deft touch of a woman's hand.

Mr. Mabie has reached that happy stage of life when one enters, as Browning describes it, into the possession of "manhood's prime vigour." "I was born at Cold Spring, on the Hudson, and came from New York stock on both sides. My ancestors have always lived in the Empire State; one of them, my great-grandfather, Mercer Hamilton, was a Scotchman, and a graduate of the University of Edinburgh. From him I take my Christian name.

"I prepared for college under a private tutor instead of attending a preparatory school. I went to Williams College, where I took the course, graduating in '67. Among my classmates were President Stanley Hall of Clark University, President Dole of the Hawaiian Republic, Francis L. Stetson, Henry Loomis Nelson, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, Gilbert Tucker, who has recently published a book on *Our Common Speech*, and Judge Teller, the Democratic candidate for the Court of Appeals."

"Did you have any profession in view when you went to college?"

"No, I had no definite professional aim in my education. I have been a great reader all my life; if there is anything which I might venture to claim for myself, it is that I belong to the class

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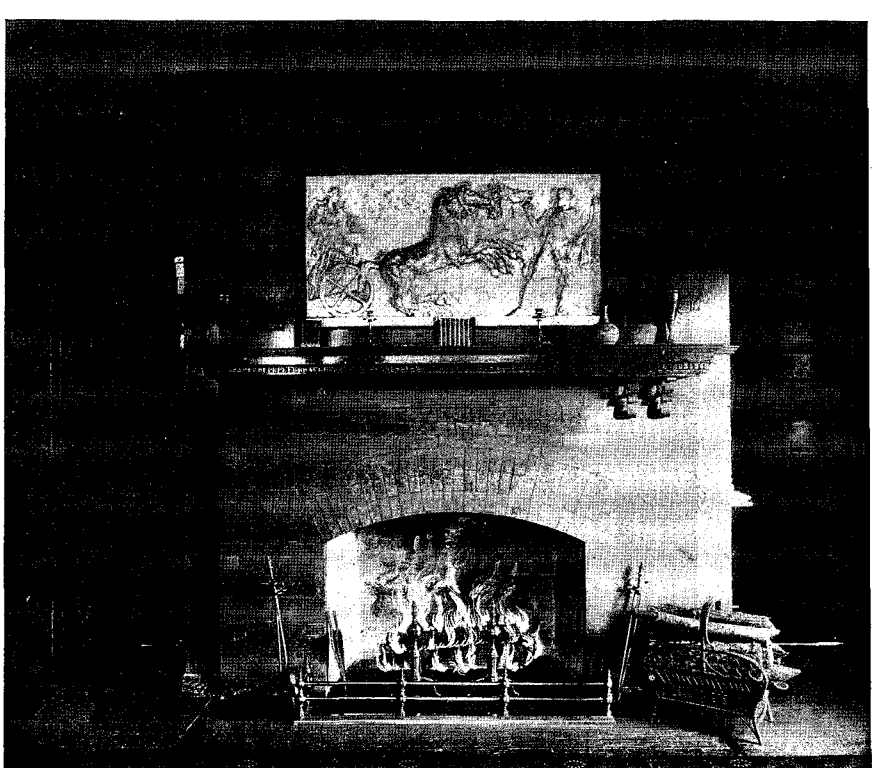

"MY STUDY FIRE."

Lowell called the great readers. I have been reading as long as I can remember. As a boy I was very fond of Sir Walter Scott's novels; indeed, my memory begins with Walter Scott. The first poet I remember reading was Longfellow.

"While in college I read constantly and omnivorously. I know of no greater joy I have had in life than the long winter terms at Williams when I used to begin reading about seven o'clock in the evening, and read, often uninterruptedly, until eleven. In this way I gave five or six hours a day to solid reading. I found out then for the first time that the Greek classics were literature, and I did not discover it in the class-room so much as outside of it. I became also deeply interested, during this period, in German literature."

"When you left college, was it with the intention of entering on a literary career?"

"I had a very strong literary bent in my aims and feelings even before I entered Williams, and while in college it almost became a passion with me. I had a group in my class, as I have already said, who were men of exceptional ability. We formed an informal talking club, which met on Saturday evenings, and our discussions on literature, art and philosophy were of distinct educational value to me. They remind me of Tennyson's account of similar undergraduate discussions at Cambridge:

> "'Where once we held debate, a band
> Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
> And labour, and the changing mart,
> And all the framework of the land.'

But I was greatly lacking in confidence, and when I left college was still very young and immature—young, that is, for my years. I could not make up my mind to adopt literature as a profession, so I did what so many others have done under similar circumstances, I studied law, taking the course at the Columbia

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College Law School. After qualifying myself, I began to practise, but devoted most of my time to reading."

"How did the way open up for you eventually?"

"It became more and more clear to me that I must follow the bent of my nature in order either to be happy or successful, so I resolved to make a break for it; and about that time I was offered a position on the editorial staff of what was then the *Christian Union*. That was sixteen years ago last June."

Dr. Lyman Abbott became the editor of the *Christian Union* about the same time on Henry Ward Beecher's retirement from that position. Since then Dr. Abbott and Mr. Mabie have worked together in the closest amity on this religious weekly, now the *Outlook*, and to their enterprise and foresight is largely due the prominent position which the periodical has taken among the leading religious journals of the world. As soon as Mr. Mabie felt at home with his editorial work he began to engage himself with other writing, and published a little volume of Norse stories—his first literary effort—in 1884, which was the firstfruits of a long and interesting study of mythology and folklore.

I asked him how he came to write the articles which appeared subsequently in the pages of the *Christian Union*, and were afterward collected and published under the title *My Study Fire*.

"At that time," Mr. Mabie replied, "there were growing up constantly within me clearer ideas about the function of literature and the attitude and spirit of the literary man. I think those papers express feeling and sentiment with reference to the literary life rather than definite thought, and that is what they were meant to do. My theory is that a man's leading ideas about life are germinated quite early; probably most writers have received before the age of thirty the general ideas which they work out subsequently. I think that perhaps the real formative ideas come even earlier, and that what a man does for the rest of his life is to clarify, elaborate, and expand these ideas into clear expression and form as far as his ability will permit."

"In your case," I ventured to suggest, "it is plain to my mind that a definite idea has been present in your work from the start, growing stronger and clearer as it proceeds, to wit, the recognition of, and insistence on, what you have yourself called the spiritual element in literature."

"I think," said Mr. Mabie, "that the thing which gave me the deepest interest in literary study was the perception, becoming more and more clear, that literature is really the cry of the human soul; it is an expression of what is deepest in man's nature under all the varied experiences of life; and there has grown upon me the thought of its unity and its wholeness as an utterance of humanity under historical conditions, and that closeness of art to life came in my mind to be the fundamental thought about literature. It seems to me to be, in all its greater developments and epochs, the perfectly genuine and almost spontaneous expression of what men are feeling and thinking and doing. The artist depends for his success on the soundness and range of his relations with life. It seems to me that the fruitfulness, the productivity, and the power of a man's work in art depend on the fruitfulness and reality of his relation to life, and that the depth and force of a man's ideas are determined by the closeness of this relation."

"So far as my knowledge and observation go," I interpolated, "I think that your chapter on 'The Spiritual Element in Literature' in *Short Studies* is a unique and isolated expression of this truth."

"The spiritual life of a man is not, from my point of view," Mr. Mabie rejoined, "a section or department of his life; it is the whole life expressing itself in its relation to spiritual things. So I look upon all the arts, when they are nobly prosecuted, as expressions of the spiritual nature, literature being on the whole the most complete and intimate expression of the spiritual nature of man."

"I should infer then that you consider a man's intellectual power as only efficient in proportion as it is magnetised by his spiritual nature, so to speak."

"I do. I think that the measure of a man's power is not to be found in any special gift, but in the depth and richness of his own personality. 'Whatever a man does greatly,' says Goethe, 'he does with his whole nature.' In its noblest forms literature is essentially a harmonious expression; a man's nature is not broken up into fragments, it ex-

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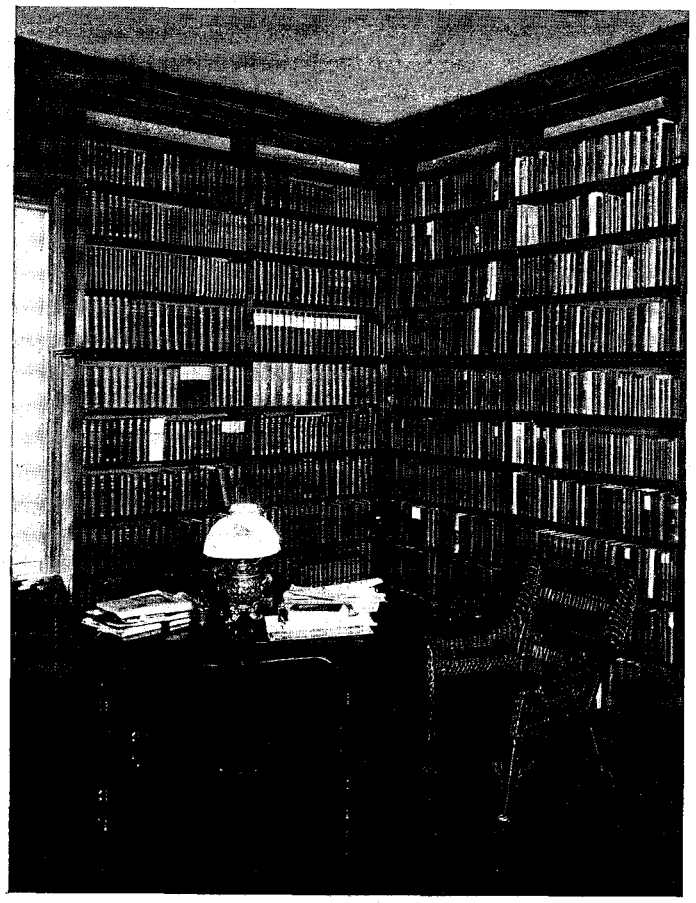

A CORNER OF MR. MABIE'S STUDY.

presses itself as a unit. In fact, I think there has been nothing more confusing or misleading than the attempt to divide the nature of man into parts, just as I think nothing has been more mischievous or misleading than the attempt to divide the character of God into attributes. Great art and fundamental morals are bound together as sun and light, as truth and beauty. I don't believe that a man can be fundamentally bad in his dealings with the life about him and continuously sound in his creative activity. I think that greatness and continuity of production in art depend on the soundness of a man's relation to life."

"So that you cannot conceive a man of vicious habits or immoral life producing a perfect work of art?"

"While a great many beautiful things have been done by men of unwholesome habits, I think that great work involves always self-restraint, continuity of effort, power of will, and general healthfulness of nature. I do not think that the Greek tragedies or the plays of Shakespeare or the *Divine Comedy* or the works of Goethe or the novels of Balzac, of Thackeray, of Walter Scott could have been produced save by men who were essentially sane, and by sane I mean healthful; and the only healthful man is the man who stands in normal relations to the universe about him. When a man violates the laws of life, he separates himself from the power which nourishes him. He creates centres of self-consciousness, and loses the power of reflecting transparently the world about him."

"As a student of contemporaneous literature," I observed, "you must have reflected on the causes for the apparent lack of any great literary impulse in America."

"I think there are a great many hopeful indications in this country," said Mr. Mabie. "While it is true that we have no writers of the first magnitude, it is also true that we have a number of writers of genuine quality. Many of our writers of short stories are giving us the real thing—that is, they are giving us the local and provincial life of the country in lasting forms. I do not expect national writers for a long time to come. I do not see how we can have a national literature in the sense in which the Italian, the Spanish, French, German, and English possess a national literature until we have certain fundamental ideas universally held, and a deep and rich national experience in which every man in every section of the country shares. This country has been broken up into sections; wherever there have been a homogeneous population and tradition there

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has been a local literature. Sometimes, as in New England, we find a high and beautiful art which approaches the point of becoming a national literature. I think, for instance, that Lowell's 'Commemoration Ode' is the nearest approach to great poetry that we have yet had on this side of the Atlantic. Hawthorne and Emerson, I believe, are the greatest writers we have yet had. I consider *The Scarlet Letter* our finest piece of fiction. I regard Hawthorne's genius as on the whole the most genuine, the most subtle, and the most interesting. Hawthorne had the true spirit of an artist."

"Do you agree with certain writers that what we need at present is a more searching critical spirit?"

"No. A critical period, in my judgment, does not precede but follows a productive period. For instance, there could not be a critical period in literature unless there had been before it a considerable body of work produced to inspire the criticism. When Matthew Arnold says that a great literary productivity must be fed by a free movement of ideas among the people at large or by a critical movement, I understand him to mean by the latter a general presentation, discussion, and rearrangement of ideas and knowledge rather than of artistic forms. For instance, before the time of Schiller, Goethe, and Herder there was no critical movement in Germany in the literary sense. There was, however, a wonderful movement in the intellectual and spiritual sense; a discussion of the significance of art and life, and the working out in a kind of unconscious harmony of a view of life which was in the highest degree stimulating and illuminating. The result of such a movement directly fosters the making of literature. In this country, however, the movement of life has been largely along practical lines, and discussion has mainly touched practical questions. Our discussions have been governed by the exigencies of our situation, and we have had to settle political, local, and social questions to such a degree that our interest in theological, philosophical, and art questions has been very subordinate. The hopeful thing to me in this country is the evidence which I see on so many sides that great masses of people are awake to the necessity of enriching their lives. One feels particularly in the West a restlessness with purely material prosperity, and a growing feeling that all the resources of life must be invoked and developed. I think there are an eagerness for knowledge and a catholicity of interest in many parts of the West which are in the last degree encouraging."

"You don't agree with Matthew Arnold, then, when he says that the great mass of mankind will never have any ardent zeal for seeing things as they are, and that they are easily satisfied with very inadequate ideas. Do you dissent from his general view?"

"There is a kind of crudity which is more hopeful and likely to be more productive than a certain kind of definite attainment. I think that crudity which is full of aspiration, which knows itself to be crude, which is accompanied by an intense desire for better things, is more likely to produce better things than that finality of attainment which has exhausted interest in creative activities and has become purely critical. The kind of half education which a great many people in this country mistake for education is very barren and unfruitful, and substitutes a very cheap imitation of culture for culture itself. What we need in this country before everything else is culture, but by culture I do not mean merely refinement of taste or extensive familiarity with books and art. I mean emancipation from provincial ideas, I mean openness to the truth from all quarters—I mean rightness of spirit and sanity of nature."

"Do you not sometimes fear the practical outcome of the reading circles—Chautauqua and otherwise—so much in vogue nowadays? 'To act is so easy,' says Goethe, 'to think is so hard.' In other words, it is so easy to read and absorb fact after fact, date after date, and be well stocked with knowledge and have a vague notion of it all, studying with a pleasurable sensation of intellectual titillation; but are the mental faculties concentrated on the reading, is the imagination fired, are the true relations to literature and life involved?"

"I think that a great deal of popular education in this country is very superficial, and will never bear any permanent fruit; but I think also that the organisation of the whole country into reading clubs, while it may lead to a great deal of superficiality, is an expression of a very deep instinct, and that the working

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out of that instinct in one or two generations is going to mean genuine culture.

"The significance and place of art have never been at all adequately understood in this country," continued Mr. Mabie. "Very few people, even among cultivated Americans, have grasped the real idea of art, so far have we grown away from it; and I think it is going to take a long time to make us understand that we shall not be finally successful on this continent until we have given expression to our life in some form of art. So long as we feel that the supreme fruit of true living is incessant activity, we shall not reach true living itself. As the deepest and most vital religious life shrinks most from professional forms, follows most closely natural channels, and separates itself instinctively from the use of the religious *patois*, so the richest and fullest national life is evidenced by depth of feeling, by breadth of personal resource, and by ripeness of spirit rather than by incessant activity."

"Don't you think that Emerson's warning to the young man, 'Shun the spawn of the press,' is as applicable to-day as it was then?"

"I think that one of the greatest hindrances to the spread of real culture in this country is the spirit in which the great mass of newspapers are now edited. So many newspapers deal so exclusively with the mere news side of things, and with the purely gossipy aspect of the news side, that they never come in contact with general principles, and never even suggest to their readers the sense of the relative values of events. In many of our newspapers there is no sense of proportion; the ephemeral, the vulgar, and the inane almost exclude a discussion or presentation of news that really contributes to the thought and growth of the reader. The habit of newspaper reading in this country stands in the way of the real culture of the great majority of men and women who have formed it."

Within the past few years Mr. Mabie has given many addresses before colleges and literary societies, and I asked him how he came to go on the platform.

"My public speaking," said Mr. Mabie, "is a matter of the last four or five years. It has come about without any effort on my part, and it has grown to very considerable proportions without any urgency from me. My lectures are always on literary or educational subjects."

"Do you find your audiences uniformly responsive?"

"I find American audiences almost without exception courteous, intelligent, and responsive. So far as the West is concerned, I think that a great many Eastern people have very provincial ideas regarding it. They know nothing whatever about the real condition of things in the central West or in the far West. There is a great deal of intellectual activity in both sections, and there is a host of highly educated men and women scattered all over the West. In fact, any discrimination between the East and the West in this respect may be taken as a sign of the ignorance of the person who makes it."

"Are you going on with your lectures?"

"Yes, but I am keeping speaking subordinate to my writing. I find it very stimulating and helpful to meet audiences in different parts of the country. I do not believe in Matthew Arnold's idea of the remnant; I think it is the function of a few to interpret and express, but I think it is the function of the many not only to comprehend, but to supply the material of expression."

Speaking of his experiences as a lecturer, Mr. Mabie related this incident:

"I had a long talk with Mr. Curtis one summer morning at Ashfield with regard to the matter of public speaking. He told me, among other things, that when he began to speak, and found that he was likely to be frequently called upon, he went to a person whom he knew to have some local reputation as a speaker, and asked him for a few hints. This gentleman said, 'To begin with, Curtis, despise your audience, and regard yourself as superior to them.' Mr. Curtis said, 'I knew very little about public speaking then, but I knew that that was wrong. I have always treated my audiences as made up of my equals, because I have believed that half the men to whom I speak could speak as well as I if they had the same opportunities of training.'"

This, Mr. Mabie added, seemed to him to be the true attitude of the speaker toward his audience, of the writer toward the men and women who surround him, of the artist toward his own age.

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Mr. Mabie also told me a very significant and characteristic story about General Grant. After a great demonstration in one of the large manufacturing towns in England, Grant was asked how he felt when he faced a great crowd of people all looking eagerly at him, as if he were the centre of their interest. He answered very simply, "Why, I feel like one of them." "That ability to feel 'like one of them,'" said Mr. Mabie, "is the secret of great power in art. Certainly Shakespeare owed his success in interpreting and illustrating almost the whole range of human experience to his ability to feel with and for almost every type of human character. I think that the greatness and virility of artists are measured by their freedom from professionalism, from the spirit of aloofness, and from the *dilettante* atmosphere and tone."

With respect to his future literary plans, Mr. Mabie said:

"I expect to elaborate to a certain extent the series of articles now in course of publication in THE BOOKMAN, and to make a book of them, which I hope may be of some service to those who are trying to discover the most fruitful methods of using books. From my point of view, the real end of life is not to accomplish some definite external thing, but to give one's own personality the highest and freest development. It is through the perfection of themselves and in the perfection of themselves that men are able to serve the world most effectually and nobly; so that the supreme thing in every life is not so much to preserve it from external dangers as to unfold its own indestructibility, force, and life. I look upon it, therefore, as in the last degree important to discover and disseminate knowledge regarding the most fruitful methods of living, and I have written these chapters on books and culture in the hope of saying something in a very inadequate way which would open up books not simply as sources of information and knowledge, but as sources of life. I hope to accompany this book with another, treating nature from the same standpoint, and endeavouring to trace those analogies between the methods of nature and the methods of human life which seem to me to give us suggestions for the best conduct of life."

"You have been engaged on this book for some time, have you not?"

"It will not make a large book, but I have given a good deal of time to working out the ideas which will be presented in it."

Mr. Mabie's favourite exercise has always been walking. The region of Northern New Jersey in which he lives is very picturesque, and affords ample opportunity for the ambitious walker, both as regards exercise and the enjoyment of nature. His editorial work is done under very favourable conditions, congenial in its associations and flexible in its engagements, so that Mr. Mabie is able to spend at least half his time at home.

In an age characterised by superficial thinking and utilitarianism, Mr. Mabie's sane and thoughtful view and estimate of life, expressed in his books and elsewhere, offer a healthy protest against a blind devotion to material ends, and appeal to that deep vein of idealism which he believes to exist beneath the apparent grossness of our civilisation. Their vital utterance and insight—to adapt some wise words of his own—confirm a struggling faith in the reality and necessity of art, liberating and clarifying minds breaking away from old provincialisms of thought and feeling, and longing for vital contact with the richer and more inclusive intellectual movement of the time. "Scepticism," he declares, "is the root of all evil in us and in our arts. We do not believe enough in God, in ourselves, and in the divine laws under which we live. Great art involves great faith—a clear, resolute, victorious insight into and grasp of things, a belief real enough in

'The mighty hopes which make us men'

to inspire and sustain heroic tasks."

James MacArthur.

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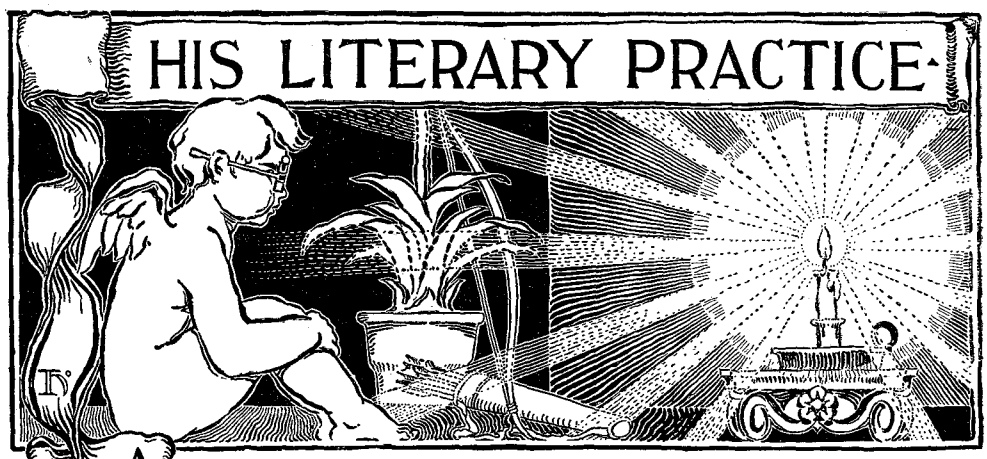
HIS LITERARY PRACTICE.



ANY publisher will tell you that certain absolutely essential elements go to the making of a successful book.

Love was having trouble with his eyes. He had had more or less difficulty with them for a long time. "My friends fear that it is something serious," he said to the young physician upon whom he called. "I would like to have you give me your opinion."

"Sit down," said the physician, "and I will examine your eyes."

Love seated himself and watched the physician arranging the lights and the instruments. "My trouble seems to be somewhat unusual," he explained. "When I look intently at one object it is very difficult for me to readjust the focus and see other things at different distances."

"Muscles of accommodation strained," said the physician. "Now please look me in the face."

Love looked up as he was told, and the physician studied his eyes carefully.

"As my occupation requires that I look constantly at different things, it is an immeasurable inconvenience," pursued Love.

"And what is your occupation?"

"I am a bookman," answered Love. "That is, I provide the plots for books."

"I am writing a book," said the physician smiling.

"Is my case in it?" inquired Love.

"No," replied the physician; "the book I am writing deals simply with Compound Hypermetropic Astigmatism."

"It will not go," said Love. "Now my case here contains the elements of a successful book. You write it up, and I will guarantee that it succeeds."

The physician moved his instrument and gazed intently in the eyes of Love. "I am glad you came to me," he said at last, "I have read of cases like yours in the treatises."

"In many treatises," assented Love. "I tell you if you want your book to pay you'll put me in."

"I never saw so much assurance," the physician cried. "Do you have authority for thinking that?"

"The very best authority," Love answered. "I know all the publishers. I am their friend. They cannot afford to publish a book that is not about me—unless some celebrated man has written it."

"I—I will give you a perscription for your eyes," the physician said. "You have been overusing them. If the difficulty increases it must be operated on—by some celebrated man."

"I shall come to you," said Love. "I am sorry that I cannot pay you for this consultation; but if you will act on the suggestion of a layman and put my case in your book, you will become a celebrated man, and that will remunerate you in the end. There is a great national element in my case that is absolutely essential to the making of a successful book."

"Even to a book on Compound Hypermetropic Astigmatism?" the physician asked.

"Try it," said Love, "and see."

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II.

An unprincipled man found himself growing too far-sighted in his evil eye. "My whole reputation is founded on a fortunate short-sightedness," he said. "I am manager of a great syndicate that takes up little misunderstandings and develops them into the great elements of discord between the central figures of successful books."

"I should think myopia would be against you," the physician said.

"On the contrary," declared the unprincipled man. "I am in favour with the public for the reason that my schemes always fall short, so that the element of discord is completely eliminated in the final chapter. Of late I fear that my evil sight is failing to fail me at the last moment, and it must be remedied at once."

"That is very natural," said the physician. "The tendencies of the evil eye are apt to be the reverse of those of the moral eye; in other words, myopia increases in the moral, decreases in the evil eye."

"But," said the patient, "I must warn you that you will have to pay the damages if you prescribe anything which throws it too far the other way. I have never been too myopic to develop the most microscopic misunderstanding into the necessary discord in a successful book. The one on which I am now at work will make a great stir between the central figures. It is of national importance, and the nicest exactitude of short-sightedness is needed to perfect it. You understand, I suppose, what kind of a lotion I want. I would like it in a vial, so that if it comes in my way to administer it to some one else it will be in literary shape."

"I do not give things to administer to some one else," said the physician firmly.

"You will give it to me," said the unprincipled man.

"Indeed," said the physician, "I will not." They stood measuring each other. "You have not grown very far-sighted," the doctor went on, "if you think a respectable practitioner will help you in your little schemes."

The unprincipled man bowed and twirled the ends of his moustache. "You relieve me greatly," he said. "My object in coming to you was to test my faculty. If it had failed to fail me you would have prescribed. I am glad to find that I need nothing. Receive, sir, the assurance of my esteemed consideration."

He withdrew, and when he had withdrawn the physician saw that he had left behind the national element of discord on which he was at work. A vague unrest took hold of the physician.

"I suppose," he said, "that it would make a great stir between the figures of my book on Compound Hypermetropic Astigmatism. I wonder if it could be eliminated in the final chapter."

III.

A literary observer who was noted for his local colour found his peripheric vision unequal to the vast fields of country covered by modern books.

"The top of this window near your desk was open," he explained, "and from my balloon observatory I noticed with my telescope that you were writing a book. It at once occurred to me that we might arrange an exchange of favours,—advantageous to you, advantageous to me."

"Yes?" said the doctor. "And is it part of your professional etiquette to take observations into open top windows?"

The literary observer shrugged his shoulder in a way that made the physician recognise him as a privileged character. "How did you think I could be of service to you?" the physician added.

A pleased look brightened the observer's face. "I want you to fit me with glasses that will help me to see more out of the sides of my eyes," he said. "You see I compose all the local colour that is used in successful books. A book covers so much country in these days, that if the author depended on his own arrangement of local colour, it would come out as striped and streaked as a barber's pole, without a particle of vibration. That is the great principle of local colour, vibration."

"I understand," said the physician, "and you want something to broaden your peripheric vision, so that while you keep your eyes on the plot you can encompass half the continent out of the sides of your eyes."

"Exactly," cried the literary observer. "I knew when I saw you through my

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little spy-glass that you were an intelligent man."

The physician laughed as he placed a test card at the extreme end of the room. "Now," he said, "while you look at this card can you see the organ-grinder outside the window, and on which side of the test card does he appear to you?"

"I can only see the outer edge of the window casing," sighed the literary observer. "It is almost behind me, to the left of the test card."

"Wrong," said the physician, "it is to the right. You have used your peripheric vision until you do not know where you see things. I will write a letter for you to take to the optician. He will fit you with glasses having side lenses. They will help to widen your field of vision, and at the same time rest your eyes. Now what I would like to see myself is where the reciprocity comes in."

"Just here," said the literary observer, feeling in his breast-pocket. "You are writing a book in which there is not so much as a date-palm nor a prairie dog nor a snowshoe nor an elevated railroad, and I am going to give you all these things composed in such a way as to make a vibration that will be felt by every one who glances at your book. It is the greatest piece of national local colour that I have ever produced."

"Then use it yourself," said the physician. "My book is a scientific monograph. It deals entirely with Compound Hypermetropic Astigmatism."

"Don't I know what it deals with?" interrupted the literary observer. "And, my dear fellow, it is just the sort of book that needs local colour to give it verity. A scientific book is valueless if it has not verity. I do not use these things myself. I am much too busy composing them for successful writers. I shall take this letter to the optician, and if you sit right down and put in the vibrations, by the time I am at work with the new lenses in my observatory I shall see all the lovers of good literature devouring your monograph. There is nothing like local colour to give verity to the situations of a successful book."

IV.

"I have come to get a soothing prescription from you," an elderly woman said. "I want something which will quiet the pain through the eyes in the back of my head."

The physician drew forward an easy-chair. "That is strange," he said. "The eyes in the back of the head are usually so free from pain. How long have they been troubling you?"

"For many years," she answered. "My life work has been furnishing moral lessons for books, and to have these lessons well rounded, the eyes in the back of the head are necessarily in constant use."

"But I have never seen them where they were injured by use," the doctor said.

"My case is a peculiar one," she admitted. "My daughter-in-law grew very tired of my life work. She was not in sympathy with my views, and as I had found it inadvisable for moral lessons to obtrude themselves, I moved into the cellar. My work there has been very successful, but it has strained the eyes in the back of my head."

"Perhaps," said the physician, "if you were upstairs again where the eyes in the back of your head could have natural, healthy employment about the house while you are writing—"

"I do not write," said the elderly woman. "I inculcate moral lessons in other writers, and, as I say, it is a strain to do it in the cellar."

The physician shook his head in perplexity as he sat down to write a prescription. "Surely, madam," he said, "your work should be easy to you, from the fact that you so constantly practise your principle of not obtruding the moral lesson."

"That is what my son tells me," she answered impatiently, "but you neither of you understand." She sat with her back toward him as he wrote, but she noticed that he had pushed aside a pile of manuscript. "Now I will venture that no one will receive the smallest benefit from the work you are preparing there."

"It does not aim to benefit any one in the way you mean," said the physician meekly; "it is a mere treatise."

"My dear young man," she cried, pointing her parasol at him over her shoulder, "you are making a fatal mistake. Your book will not succeed. I have been pleased with you, and now,

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instead of paying in the ordinary way for this prescription, I am going to make you a present of one of my greatest national moral lessons, which you are to inculcate in your book in such a way that it will not obtrude itself while it furnishes food for reflection."

"But I—really, madam, in a book which treats purely of Compound Hypermetropic Astigmatism—"

"Not a word of thanks, young man, not a word of thanks," she said, folding the prescription and putting it into her purse. "The only return I wish when this book has made you famous is a few copies to distribute among the poor. Good-afternoon."

"Good-afternoon," the physician echoed, and while the elderly woman went out he felt that the eyes in the back of her head were watching him as he stood looking dubiously at the moral lesson.

V.

The young physician was toiling over his manuscript, for he had been much interrupted by patients who were only willing to pay by giving him suggestions for the book. He had taken down the ledger in which were entered these suggestions, and had read them in the order of their entry.

"Love (grateful patient). Muscles of accommodation strained. Recommended himself as a most essential national element for my book.

"Unprincipled man (grateful patient). Myopic in evil eye. Refused treatment. Left national element of discord for my book.

"Literary observer (grateful patient). Deficient peripheric vision. Fitted with side-lens glasses. Exchanged element of national local colour for my book.

"Elderly woman (grateful patient). Nostalgia of the eyes in the back of the head. Donated national moral lesson for my book.

"I don't see how I can make my practice profitable," the doctor had said, "unless I put them all into the book."

That was how he came to be toiling over the manuscript. He was putting their suggestions in the book. When it was all finished and he sent it to the publishers they were surprised to find love, and an element of discord, and local colour, and a moral lesson in a monograph on Compound Hypermetropic Astigmatism, but they paid him a very large price for it, because they saw that it contained all the elements of a successful book.

But when it was published, and the whole world was devouring it, the young physician experienced a surprise greater than that of the publishers, for he found that his book on Compound Hypermetropic Astigmatism was the Great American Novel.

Marguerite Tracy.

BOOKS AND CULTURE.

By the Author of "My Study Fire," "Short Studies in Literature," etc.

X.—LIBERATION THROUGH IDEAS.

Matthew Arnold was in the habit of dwelling on the importance of a free movement of fresh ideas through society; the men who are in touch with such movements are certain to be productive, while those whose minds are not fed by this stimulus are likely to remain unfruitful. One of the most suggestive and beautiful facts in the spiritual history of men is the exhilaration which a great new thought brings with it; the thrilling moments in history are the moments of contact between such ideas and the minds which are open to their approach. It is true that fresh ideas often gain acceptance slowly and against great odds in the way of organised error and of individual inertness and dulness; nevertheless, it is also true that certain great ideas rapidly clarify themselves in the thought of almost every century. They are opposed and rejected by a multitude, but they are in the air, as we say; they seem to diffuse themselves through all fields of thought, and they are often worked out

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harmoniously in different departments by men who have no concert of action, but whose minds are open and sensitive to these invisible currents of light and power.

The first and the most enduring result of this movement of ideas is the enlargement of the thoughts of men about themselves and their world. Every great new truth compels, sooner or later, a readjustment of the whole body of organised truth as men hold it. The fresh thought about the physical constitution of man bears its fruit ultimately in some fresh notion of his spiritual constitution; the new fact in geology does not spend its force until it has wrought a modification of the view of the creative method and the age of man in the world; the fresh conception of the method of evolution along material and physical lines slowly reconstructs the philosophy of mental and spiritual development. Every new thought relates itself finally to all thought, and is like the forward step which continually changes the horizon about the traveller.

The history of man is the story of the ideas he has entertained and accepted, and of his struggle to incorporate these ideas into laws, customs, institutions, and character. At the heart of every race one finds certain ideas, not always clearly seen nor often definitely formulated save by a few persons, but unconsciously held with deathless tenacity and illustrated by a vast range of action and achievement; at the heart of every great civilization one finds a few dominant and vital conceptions which give a certain coherence and unity to a vast movement of life. Now, the books of life, as has already been said, hold their place in universal literature because they reveal and illustrate, in symbol and personality, these fundamental ideas with supreme power and felicity. The large body of literature in prose and verse which is put between the covers of the Old Testament not only gives us an account of what the Hebrew race did in the world, but of its ideas about that world, and of the character which it formed for itself largely as the fruit of those ideas. Those ideas, it need hardly be said, not only registered a great advance on the ideas which preceded them, but remain in many respects the most fundamental ideas which the race as a whole has accepted. They lifted the men to whom they were originally revealed, or who accepted them, to a great height of spiritual and moral vision, and a race character was organised about them of the most powerful and persistent type. The modern student of the Old Testament is born into a very different atmosphere from that in which these conceptions of man and the universe were originally formed; but though they have largely lost their novelty, they have not lost the power of enlargement and expansion which were in them at the beginning.

In his own history every man repeats, within certain limits, the history of the race; and the inexhaustible educational value of race experience lies in the fact that it so completely parallels the history of every member of the race. Childhood has the fancies and faiths of the earliest ages; youth has visions and dreams which form, generation after generation, a kind of contemporary mythology; maturity aspires after and sometimes attains the repose, the clear intelligence, the catholic outlook of the best modern type of mind and character. In some form every modern man travels the road over which his predecessors have passed, but he no longer blazes his path; a highway has been built for him. He is spared the immense toil of formulating the ideas by which he lives, and of passing through the searching experience which is often the only approach to the greatest truths. If he has originative power, he forms ideas of his own, but they are based on a massive foundation of ideas which others have worked out for him; he passes through his own individual experience, but he inherits the results of a multitude of experiences of which nothing remains save certain final generalisations. Every intelligent man is born into possession of a world of knowledge and truth which has been explored, settled, and organised for him. To the discovery and regulation of this world every race has worked with more or less definiteness of aim, and the total result of the incalculable labours and sufferings of men is the somewhat intangible but very real thing we call civilisation.

At the heart of civilisation, and determining its form and quality, is that group of vital ideas to which each race has contributed according to its intelli-

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gence and power; the measure of the greatness of a race being determined by the value of its contribution to this organised spiritual life of the world. This body of ideas is the highest product of the life of men under historic conditions; it is the quintessence of whatever was best and enduring not only in their thought, but in their feeling, their instinct, their affections, their activities; and the degree in which the man of today is able to appropriate this rich result of the deepest life of the past is the measure of his culture. One may be well trained and carefully disciplined, and yet have no share in this organised life of the race; but no one can possess real culture who has not, according to his ability, entered into it by making it a part of himself. It is by contact with these great ideas that the individual mind puts itself in touch with the universal mind and indefinitely expands and enriches itself.

Culture rests on ideas rather than on knowledge; its distinctive use of knowledge is to gain material for ideas. For this reason the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are of more importance than Thucydides and Curtius. For Homer was not only in a very important sense the historian of his race; he was, above all, the expositor of its ideas. There is, involved in the very structure of the Greek epics, the fundamental conception of life as the Greeks looked at it; their view of reverence, worship, law, obligation, subordination, personality. No one can be said to have read these poems in any real sense until he has made these ideas clear to himself; and these ideas carry with them a definite enlargement of thought. When a man has gotten a clear view of the ideas about life held by a great race, he has gone a long way towards self-education; so rich and illuminative are these central conceptions around which the life of each race has been organised. To multiply these ideas by broad contact with the books of life is to expand one's thought so as to compass the essential thought of the entire race. And this is precisely what the man of broad culture accomplishes; he emancipates himself from whatever is local, provincial, and temporal by gaining the power of taking the race point of view. He is liberated by ideas, not only from his own ignorance and the limitations of his own nature, but from the partial knowledge and the prejudices of his time; and liberation by ideas, and expansion through ideas, constitute one of the great services of the books of life to those who read them with an open mind.

Hamilton W. Mabie

LONDON LETTER.

IAN MACLAREN.

As *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* is about to come out in England and America, I thought it might be appropriate this month to send you a letter on Ian Maclaren. To all intents and purposes it is a continuation of its predecessor, and the two put together give the annals of a Perthshire parish called by the author Drumtochty. Indeed, he once thought of giving this name to the whole work. There are some remarkable circumstances connected with this book. A year ago the author had practically written nothing. Although he had attained the comparatively mature age of forty-five, and had been long a leading clergyman in Liverpool, he was quite unknown to the public as an author, and yet in one short year the sales of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* have exceeded in England and America 100,000 copies, and are still as rapid as ever. Thirty thousand copies were to be printed of the first English edition of *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, and at the time I am writing, it seems as if they would all be exhausted in advance of publication. A fortnight before the book was published five thousand copies had been ordered in Edinburgh alone. Ian Maclaren's popularity is not merely Scotch; all over the country he is widely read, and

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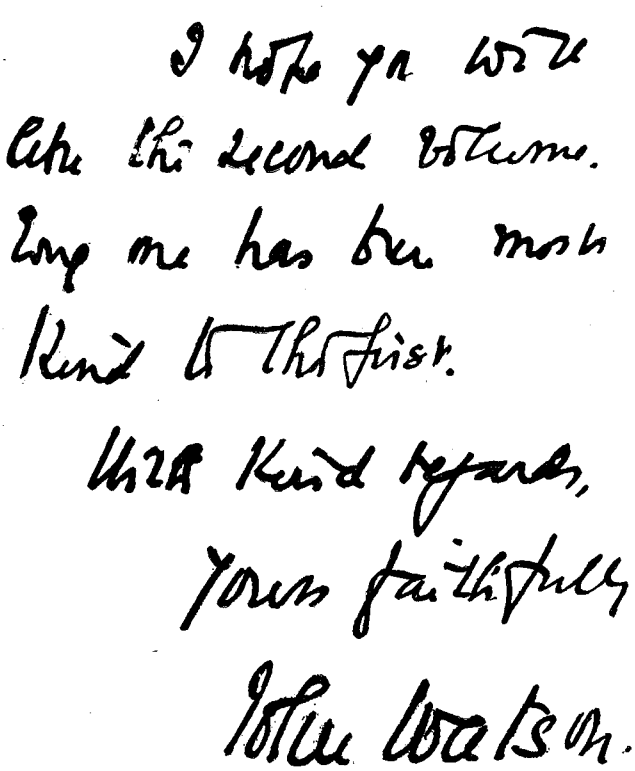
in America his name is a household word.

Through his kindness I am able to give the full particulars of his history, which are mostly fresh, and which may be taken as accurate. Mr. Watson (for it is a very open secret that Ian Maclaren is the Rev. John Watson, M.A., of Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool) is a pure Scot, although he was born in Manningtree, Essex, where his father, who was engaged in the Excise, and reached a very high position in that service, was stationed at the time. Very shortly after his birth the family removed to London, of which Ian Maclaren has a distinct recollection. The formative years of his childhood were spent, however, first at Perth and then at Stirling. He was an only child, and his father and mother were both of them remarkable personalities — the father strongly religious, profoundly interested in religion, and a devoted elder of the Free Church of Scotland. Ian Maclaren's mother, to whose memory his last book is dedicated, was in some respects different from her husband. She was Highland, and understood Gaelic, though she could not speak it. It was, she used to say, the best language for love and for anger. Though also firm in her religious convictions, she was not like her husband, an Evangelical, but leaned rather to the highest type of Moderatism, as it is called in Scotland. The name in England would perhaps be Broad Church. She was a woman of strong convictions and equally strong aversions. Her kindness was unbounded. She knew no distinction of class in her friendships, and was accustomed especially to visit those who were in trouble. Of the gratitude and affection felt for her there was very remarkable testimony when she died. In death she was what she had been in life, absolutely courageous, unselfish, and truthful. When her minister, Dr. Beith, of Stirling, asked her whether she was firm in the faith, she replied that she believed that Jesus Christ was the Son of God and the Saviour of the world, and that if she had not believed it long before, she would think it a mean thing to begin believing it now.



FAC-SIMILE OF IAN MACLAREN'S AUTOGRAPH.

Young Watson was accustomed for many years to spend the summers with his uncles, who were farmers in a large way, first about Blairgowrie, then about Meigle. They belonged to the Established Church in Scotland, so that his sympathies were well divided between the two great Presbyterian Churches of that country. In due time he went to Edinburgh University, and although diligent and studious, was not specially impressed by any of the professors with the single exception of Dr. Masson, who has just retired from the Chair of English Literature. He liked classics, and was attracted by Sellar, the Professor of Latin. In philosophical studies he was also interested, and was secretary and afterwards president of the Philosophical Society connected with the University. When he had completed his studies, he decided to be a minister of the Free

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Church. This was the strong wish of his father, and he was willing, although he never felt the call to the ministry as some say they have felt it whose usefulness has certainly not been greater than his. He passed through the curriculum of the New College, Edinburgh, but the only teacher who left any impression on his mind was Dr. A. B. Davidson, the famous Professor of Hebrew. He was, however, greatly moulded by the friendships he formed there for such men as Dr. James Stalker, Professor Henry Drummond, Dr. George Adam Smith, and the Rev. D. M. Ross, of Dundee, who were all of them students at the time. These friends formed a society, "The Gaiety Club," which still meets periodically, and to the intercourse carried on there and elsewhere all of them express a continual debt. Mr. Watson says that the first writer who left any impression on his mind was Scott, whom he read very eagerly. He studied the Waverley Novels, with their prefaces, introductions, and notes, and became saturated with Scott's spirit. Another stage of his development was marked by the name of Thomas Carlyle, and still another by that of Matthew Arnold. Four authors he singles out as his masters—Scott, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, and Seeley, the author of *Ecce Homo*.

During his stay in Edinburgh Mr. Watson attended the ministry of Dr. Horatius Bonar, the well-known hymn-writer; a friend of Dr. Bonar's, the Rev. John Milne, had been his minister in Free St. Leonard's, Perth; and in Stirling he had heard the sermons of Dr. Beith, whom he describes as a great Highland orator. Though not in sympathy with the strict conservatism of the Bonar school, he was attracted by their ministry. The mystical element in their preaching proved especially congenial. He served as assistant for a short time to Dr. J. H. Wilson, of the Barclay Church in Edinburgh, and then became minister of the Free Church in Logiealmond, in Perthshire, now so well known as Drumtochty. There his uncle had been minister before the Disruption of 1843. The congregation was very small, but the work was pleasant, and the young minister made a close study of his people. It is noteworthy that while at Logiealmond he had literary plans very much in the line of those which were carried out twenty years later. He had, in fact, conceived a book which would have been very much on the lines of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, but self-distrust prevented him from going on. Doubtless neither he nor the world has suffered from this delay. A brilliant popular preacher, he naturally soon received invitations to leave his quiet parish, and he ultimately accepted one from St. Matthew's in Glasgow to be colleague to Dr. Samuel Miller. Dr. Miller was a man of the old school, and very pronounced in his views; but his relations with his colleague were most harmonious, and he once said that he had never heard Watson say anything to which he could not say amen. But Mr. Watson found his true sphere when, three years later, he became minister of a new Presbyterian church built in Sefton Park, Liverpool. The building was a very handsome one, and the neighbourhood was gradually rising. The young minister was now able to draw round him people of his own type, and he thinks he began to find himself shortly after he settled in Liverpool. Now the fine church is constantly crowded by one of the largest and most influential congregations in Liverpool, and there cannot be much hesitation in saying that among English preachers of the younger generation Mr. Watson holds a foremost, if not the first place. Although he writes his sermons, he does not read them, and he is a speaker of extraordinary force and clearness. Touches of pathos are not infrequent in his sermons, but, as a rule, he avoids humour. He has a strong sense of reverence, and the service in Sefton Park Church, which has been carefully arranged by himself, satisfies every requirement alike of culture and devotion.

Mr. Watson went on happily and busily in this service for seventeen years, making for himself a great reputation in Liverpool, where he was, and is, perhaps, the most influential minister, but not much known outside save in Presbyterian circles. It is not two years since, on the suggestion of a friend, he commenced writing the sketches which have given him a world-wide fame. His devotion, however, is still given to the pulpit, and his literary work he looks upon as quite secondary. Besides the *Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* he has printed a number of religious articles, which will ultimately

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be collected; and his first long novel is to be published during 1896 in the *Woman at Home* in England, and conjointly in THE BOOKMAN and the *Outlook* in America, under the title *Kate Carnegie*. The first instalment appears in January.

Mr. Watson is a most energetic worker; he never loiters, he never trifles, but has always everything in strict order. The books in his beautifully furnished study are mostly of a technical kind. There are many works of philosophy and theology; evidently ethics is a favourite subject. Of fiction and light literature generally there is very little, but one notices a fine set of Thackeray. There are many of the best books on art, a subject in which Mr. Watson is deeply interested. In reply to urgent invitations from America, Mr. Watson has arranged to visit that country in the autumn of next year. His business arrangements will be managed by Major Pond.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, October 24, 1895.

PARIS LETTER.

"I do not know who was the writer of the alarming articles about my health," writes Alphonse Daudet to me in answer to a letter I sent to Champrosay. "They resemble that interview which was printed on my return from England, in which I was made to comment on the want of beauty amongst Englishwomen. I am," he continues, "in no worse health than usually. Pain . . . but life and power to work." It had been reported that he was too ill to be moved from Champrosay. In his letter he informs me that his family and himself are returning to Paris in a week. Daudet always delays his return as much as possible, because he is so much happier in the country. Madame Daudet, on the other hand, *vraie Parisienne* as she is, is never really happy away from Paris. It is a pity that these alarming reports are periodically spread about Alphonse Daudet's health, causing, as they do, anxiety to his numerous friends the world over. It is all the more a pity because these reports are prompted by malevolence at their original source. Actual injury is done to M. Daudet by them; for people naturally do not care to buy books which are represented as having been written on a bed of sickness. Daudet has complained to me bitterly of these manœuvres. At the time when *La Petite Paroisse* was published, he had been so sedulously represented as being in the last stages of physical and mental prostration that at first very few persons bought his new book. "I was quite prepared for a complete failure," he told me.

Mr. Albert Savine writes, apropos of a note of mine in last month's BOOKMAN, to say that the *Nouvelles Italiennes* of Stendhal, which he is about to publish, is not a new edition of certain of Stendhal's *nouvelles*, but a collection of unpublished stories by that great writer. I did not know, until I received Mr. Savine's letter, that there remained a single line of Stendhal's writings unprinted. All the more interest will attach to this volume.

The most absurd stories have been circulated as to the amounts offered to M. Henri Rochefort for his memoirs by the American publishers, and I see that one of these stories has got over to London, and that one of the papers there gravely prints the statement that M. Henri Rochefort has received an offer of one hundred thousand pounds sterling for the American rights of his memoirs, which are now appearing in *Le Jour*. There is, of course, not a word of truth in this, though very possibly some American publisher may have boasted of having made such an offer, absurd as the statement is on the face of it. Rochefort's memoirs are being pirated day by day, each *feuilleton* being hastily translated and mailed to the States. This is what used to be done with Émile Zola's books, when appearing in *feuilleton*, before M. Zola took steps to protect his foreign rights. There was a regular factory of pirated

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goods for export to America in those days in Paris ; a factory presided over, I am sorry to say, by an Englishman. This scoundrel used to hire English governesses out of work in Paris to do the translations, and used to pay the wretched girls two francs a day for twelve hours' work. He insisted on having all Zola's realistic expressions translated into equally realistic English words. One of his slaves came crying to me to complain of her treatment, and I wrote to Mr. Stead about it. A sharp note in the *Pall Mall Gazette* gave a useful hint to the pirate and sweater.

Rochefort's memoirs ought to be interesting from about four years before the war, when he began publishing his famous *Lanterne*, which did more to overthrow the Third Empire than even Sedan. His boyhood and early manhood were humdrum enough. Daudet met him when he was about twenty-five, and found him a quiet, unpretending, modest young man, who, at that time, filled an obscure post in the offices of the Municipal Council, whence he used to send out on municipal paper contributions to various Parisian papers, which for the most part were promptly rejected. His experiences in the Commune and as a political prisoner are already well known, and one will be curious to hear what new things he may have to say about them. I hope that he may be frank and full about his relations with poor General Boulanger, and let us know exactly to what extent he influenced that unhappy man's action. His comments on England and life in England are sure to be not only interesting, but flattering to our *amour propre*, as during his exile in London he grew to like us and to admire our institutions. Everybody is reading *Le Jour*. Of this paper, under Laurent's editorship, there used to be printed about five hundred copies, of which perhaps two hundred were sold. I hear that the circulation is at present above 200,000 copies. Rochefort is very popular with many classes in Paris, though certain Socialist groups detest him ; and I can well understand his popularity. He is not only a brilliant writer and a humourist with whom few can be compared, but a thoroughly honest and most good-hearted man. Of his kindness of heart I can give two examples. Whilst he was living in London he heard one day that a man who had been hanged in Newgate some days previously for a murder which had excited Rochefort's interest, had left a little daughter entirely unprovided for and destitute. Rochefort had the child brought to him, and adopted her. Again, whilst he was living in London, his scullery-maid—an English girl—got herself into "trouble" and being unable to conceal her condition any longer, went to see the "master" and confessed, expecting to be bundled out of the house. Rochefort spoke to her very kindly, and enquired the name of the man. The girl told him it was his coachman. Rochefort at once sent for him, pointed out to him what his duty was, and promised that if he would marry the girl he would provide her with a trousseau and a small dowry, and would keep both in his service. The man consented, and there is one betrayed woman the less in London. The fact is that Rochefort is a gentleman, and, though he scoffs at all class distinctions, is in himself and in his character the exemplification of the old boast of the classes : *noblesse oblige*. I have known him for the last eleven years, and never once had any reason to alter my very high opinion of his character. But what I chiefly admire in him is his talent. Each day he has something fresh and striking to say in his daily article in *L'Intransigeant* which most of us would as soon miss as the first cigarette after *déjeuner*. These articles are written with extraordinary rapidity. I once called upon Rochefort at the *Intransigeant* office, and found him in his shirt sleeves, just preparing to write his daily leader. "One minute," he said, sitting down to his table, "*un moment et je suis à vous*." He then sat down and began writing with great speed. He was certainly more than a minute, but whatever the space of time was, it was very short. He had written his *chronique* as I sat there. A curious circumstance about Rochefort's articles, which are always preceded by remarkably witty titles, is that he never decides on his title until the article is written. I have seen many of his pieces of copy. At the end of each article one sees the words : Head this—(whatever the title may be).

A society of authors who have syndicated for the purpose of printing and publishing their own works has recently

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been formed in Paris, under the designation of "Société Libre d'Édition Des Gens de Lettres." Its offices are at 11 Rue d'Ulm, and the secretary-general's name is Henri Rainaldy, who very willingly sends all information on the subject of the expectations of the Society. Its fundamental principle is "Les Auteurs éditant eux-mêmes leurs œuvres sous le régime de la Mutualité" Amongst distinguished authors on the Comité de Patronage are Alexander Dumas, Stéphane Mallarmé, Jules Barbier, Henry Becque, and Henry Bauer. The Society has already got to work, and has just published at its expense two books written by members and approved of by the readers to the society: *La Grande Nuit*, by Henry l'Huissier, and *Quand le Tour est Joué*, by Michel Jicé. Both these books are published at 3 francs 50 c. although it is the intention of the Society eventually to force down the price of the French novel from 3 francs 50 c. to 2 francs. I shall wait to see the Society more fully at work, and, when it has come out of the very fierce battle which it will have to fight against the various monopolies in France, I will give some further account of it in these pages. Personally speaking, I do not think that, under existing circumstances, it has much chance of success.

"Gyp," I am glad to say, is quite well again, after a very serious illness. The fact is that Madame de Martel greatly overworks herself. It takes her more labour than most imagine to turn out, polish and repolish, the light but most elegant literature which is associated with her name.

On Thursday last, October 17th, Henri de Régnier, the poet, married Marie de Herédia, the daughter of Herédia, Parnassian poet and Academician. This marriage was first spoken of about eighteen months ago, but was persistently denied both by the Herédias and by de Régnier himself; so recently, indeed, that only two months ago I felt authorised to deny the report in THE BOOKMAN. However, it is now a *fait accompli*, and Marie de Herédia is now Marie de Régnier. The marriage was a good deal talked about in Paris, both Régnier and the Herédias being extremely popular in fashionable as well as in literary society. One cannot imagine Herédia being anything else than popular, or a "jollier" man—jolly is *the* adjective to apply to him—it would be impossible to meet. He is a boisterous, exuberant man, and when he is in a drawing-room never ceases talking. His conversation, however, is so entertaining that one is glad to listen. Albert Mérat, in his triolets on the contributors to *Le Parnasse*, which was the official organ of the Parnassian poets, thus spoke of him:

> "Tout tremble, c'est Herédia,
> Herédia qu' incendia
> Un rayon de mil huit cent trente!
> Tout tremble, c'est Herédia
> A la voix farouche et vibrante."

He has written poetry for thirty years, but with such infinite care that his entire production is limited to a single volume, *Les Trophées;* on the strength of which he was elected to the French Academy. His son-in-law, Régnier, who may aptly be described as the Lucien de Rubempré of letters, is of poets, as of *hommes du monde* in the Paris of to-day the most elegant. Amongst his poetical works may be mentioned: *Flûtes d'Avril et de Septembre*, *Poémes Anciens et Romanesques*, *Tel qu' en Songe*. He is a very precious writer of prose. Madame de Régnier, *née* de Herédia, has written, under a pseudonym, certain poems, which, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and other important reviews, have attracted a good deal of favourable attention.

Robert H. Sherard.

123 BOULEVARD MAGENTA, PARIS.

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NEW BOOKS.

TWO HISTORIES OF LITERATURE.*

Here we have indeed a *rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cycno!* We give the quotation in full, as in some way expressive of our astonishment. Dr. Wells is a scientific student of his subject; he has heard Scherer at Berlin, and instead of dabbling here and there promiscuously, has had the severely scholarly training of the German universities; yet he can put himself in the place of the general reader, and feel a thoroughly genuine sympathy with that point of view. He even says in his preface that "most cultured foreigners will never be Germanists," and that of what was printed in Germany before Lessing's *Literary Letters* "there is very little that a cultured foreigner, not a specialist, needs or cares to know."

This is a specialist after our own heart, with all the accuracy and minuteness of learning that a true scholar should have, and yet broad enough and sympathetic enough, and with a sufficiently practical mind not only to realise the needs and wishes of those whose *Fach* is other than his own, but actually to commend them and heartily to give them the aid and comfort of his own special acquisitions. If Germany turned out more men such as Dr. Wells, Americans would not to-day be feeling even unconsciously a reaction against the Teutonic sway of the last twenty years, and casting wistful looks at the ivied quadrangles of the English universities.

All this is, perhaps, rather personal, as we are not reviewing Dr. Wells but his book; yet it is from the book that we get our mental impressions of Dr. Wells. A most delightful book it is, too, and a very timely one. Here is not the pedant's work, clogged with lumps of undigested lore, but the play of a bright, assimilative mind that knows its subject so well as to be perfectly at home with it. Beginning with a chapter on the origins, Dr. Wells passes on with a firm, neat touch to Klopstock, Wieland, and Herder, then to Lessing, and then to Goethe, to whom, as the central star in his constellation, he gives three chapters, proceeding next to Schiller, to Richter and the Romantic School, to Heine, and ending with a rapid sketch in 34 pages of the imaginative literature of Germany since 1850. Everywhere the author selects just the right things to say, blending the biographic with the narrative and critical elements, and selecting very happily the most characteristic bits of quotation to illustrate his judgments, to instruct the reader, and to stimulate a healthy literary curiosity. The chapter on Heine, that sardonic smile on the lips of the Weltgeist, is to us perhaps the best in the whole book, as it must have been the most difficult to write. We note again with the same old admiring envy the brilliant and utterly un-Teutonic sparkles of wit that one never tires of repeating; the jests on England and the English; that epigram on a German winter; the cynical but amusing vengeance planned for Madame Wohl; the bursts of fun, and phrases of beauty, and notes of pathos, that to the last sprang into life at the touch of this strange being, even when he lay tortured with pain, half deaf and almost wholly blind, and dreaming weird opium dreams as he tossed and gasped upon his mattress.

We may not dwell any longer upon this book, but we can most unreservedly commend it. More than it contains of the history of German literature, as Dr. Wells has said, the man of general culture need not know; but less than it contains he will hereafter be censurable for not knowing, now that so judicious and genial a guide stands ready to impart it to him.

Mr. Mackail's compact survey of Latin literature is in every way as good reading as Dr. Wells's account of the modern German, and it is written from very much the same point of view; but in its finish and elegance it is far superior. In fact, these two books might well be taken as affording an excellent means of comparing the culture derived from the study of a modern language and literature with that which is imparted by the ancient classics. Mr. Mackail is just as sympathetic and as sensible as

* Modern German Literature. By Benjamin W. Wells, Ph.D. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.50.
Latin Literature. By J. W. Mackail. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

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Dr. Wells, but his writing is characterised by something rarer than sympathy and sense. It has a subtle distinction about it, a grace and elegance that fascinate and refine. The author's well-known studies in the Greek Anthology have given him a deftness of touch and a certain finish that one cannot praise too highly. The whole volume is written as a highly cultivated man would write of a subject with which he is wholly familiar, out of a full mind and with an artistic perception of just what is necessary in order to impart to the reader something of his own intimate and discriminating knowledge. Nothing further removed from a text-book on literature could well be imagined. There is nothing of the style of an encyclopædia article about it. He does not enumerate lists of works, bewilder with dates, or repel with masses of facts that have long been trite and tiresome. He rather brings to one the very spirit of the great writers of whom he tells, and often in a few sentences makes us *feel* just what each stands for. This sense of proportion is most admirable, and he never forgets that he is making a study of pure literature, and not writing a bibliography; so that what some may regard as a lack of perspective is rather the absolute proof of its possession, as when he gives far more space to a single poem—the unique and exquisite *Pervigilium Veneris*—than to the whole twenty books of Aulus Gellius.

There is little or nothing to object to in his judgments. He has done full justice to Ennius, and perhaps a little less than justice to Plautus, possibly because the coarseness and horseplay of Plautus at his worst have been allowed to obscure the power and dignity of Plautus at his best. His criticism of both Catullus and Lucretius is exquisitely done, though we personally object to his low estimate of the *Atys*—that weird and wonderful bit of Orientalism. In speaking of Petronius, he falls into no such mistake as that of Professor Tyrrell, which we pointed out some time ago; and his judgment of the Horatian Odes deserves to be quoted as an offset to the exaggerated depreciation of the brilliant Dublin scholar; yet we can find space for only the concluding sentences:

"His vivid and clearly-cut descriptions of nature in single lines and phrases stand out by themselves like golden tesseræ in a mosaic, each distinct in a glittering atmosphere, . . . all exquisitely turned and all with the same effect of detachment which makes them akin to sculpture rather than to painting or to music. . . . 'Safe in his golden mediocrity,' to use the words of his own counsel to Licinius, Horace has somehow taken deep hold of the mind and even of the imagination of mankind. This very mediocrity, so fine, so chastened, so certain, is in truth as inimitable as any other great artistic quality; we must fall back on the word genius, and remember that genius does not confine itself within the borders of any theory, but works its own will."

There is much more that we should like to quote—from his criticism of the dramatic work of Ennius, with an unerring selection of all that is most characteristic and beautiful, and his praise of Lucretius for that great passage on the mortality of the soul—"which Vergil himself never equalled, and which in its lofty passion, its piercing tenderness, and the stately roll of its cadences is perhaps unmatched in human speech,"—down to what is said of the picturesque *Mosella* of Ausonius, whom Mr. Mackail cleverly calls "not merely the last of the Latin, but the first of the French poets."

Altogether one does not often find in a single season two books on foreign literature that are in their way so luminous, so instructive, and so satisfactory.

H. T. P.

MARION CRAWFORD'S NEW NOVEL.*

A less experienced or a less able writer than Mr. Crawford would wisely hesitate before attempting so intricate a plan of construction as has been successfully worked out in *Casa Braccio*, which is quite unlike the Saracinesca books, in that the story of successive generations is included under the one title; and also, in that the heroine of the first part dies before the new characters are introduced. Thus the necessity of preserving artistic proportions and of sustaining the reader's interest presents difficulties which only a master of his art could venture to face. The fact that Marion Crawford has proved equal to the task he set himself helps to place this story of Roman life above its predecessors.

Casa Braccio claims to be the story of "inevitable logical consequences" following upon the act of a young nun in

* Casa Braccio. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.00.

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leaving her convent to marry the man she loved. Her deed is subsequently referred to as a "deadly sin" and as "sacrilege." The reader will suspect that this point of view is assumed for obvious artistic reasons, and may be interested in the report that the first part of *Casa Braccio* is founded upon fact, save that the real nun was not pursued by the "inevitable, logical consequences" of her "deadly sin." Whether this report be true or not, however, life dares to be as tragic and fate as relentless as in *Casa Braccio*, and those who least appreciate this fact will most freely criticise these features of the story.

The two parts of *Casa Braccio* are separated by a lapse of seventeen years, during which the first heroine, Maria Addolorata, dies; and her daughter, the second heroine, grows into womanhood. The early part of the story is kept somewhat subservient to its sequel, and its crisis is less accentuated than that which follows. Indeed, throughout the whole story Mr. Crawford's consummate constructive skill shows at its best. The death of Maria Addolorata and the grief of her husband are sunk into the silence of the intermission, that the death of Gloria and the sorrow of Griggs may stand out the more strongly. The heart affairs of Reanda are painted in subdued tones, that the intensity of Griggs's passion may be more vividly realised. And, despite the following of tragedy after tragedy, the reader knows well when he reaches the supreme point. What writer has conceived a more masterly revenge or a more overwhelming sorrow than is depicted in the scene where Paul Griggs's love for the dead Gloria is slain by receiving, through the dying wish of her wronged husband, the packet of letters!

Though *Casa Braccio* may not be more tragic than life itself, it is not nearly so humorous. If real life furnishes early death, suicide, heartbreak, and murder, it furnishes also some amusement. But there is nothing to laugh at in *Casa Braccio*. And what is yet more strange, there is nothing to cry about. With a masterly capacity for creating scenes full of inherent pathos, Mr. Crawford does not touch the heart. Oddly enough, he affects the reader somewhat as he declares his own characters to be affected with the physical symptoms of grief. Convinced of the author's powers of observation, one is ready to believe that a man overtaken by sudden, heartbreaking sorrow, may feel as did Paul Griggs when he received the letters Gloria wrote her husband. "An icy chill smote him in the neck, and his strong limbs shook to his feet. Rigid, and feeling as though great icy hands were drawing him up by the neck from the ground, Paul Griggs stood upright, stark with the stress of rending soul and breaking heart." And the reader may experience the very chill of horror described, and shudder at the awful situation of the unfortunate man; but who, however gentle, will shed one tear over Paul Griggs's broken heart? And before this scene, when the Roman singers come to sing over Gloria's lonely grave, and Griggs stands beside them in his strong, silent grief, the reader is absorbed in the beauty and power of the description rather than moved by the inevitable pathos of the scene.

Mr. Crawford's diction is always felicitous, and his capacity for observation seems to be unlimited; besides which he has the dramatic instinct, and knows how to tell a story well. But he has not the power, subtle and escaping analysis, which some lesser writers possess in a marked degree—the power of taking possession of his reader, and working from within, so to speak, thus making one experience the scenes described rather than observe them. There is a hint of mechanical construction and of theatrical effect in parts of *Casa Braccio* which are incompatible with the simplicity and spontaneity necessary to command the human heart; and it is possible that Mr. Crawford's knowledge of human nature is rather the result of observation and thought than of intuition. The knowledge is, nevertheless, often startling in its accuracy; and if the characters of *Casa Braccio* are not destined to follow the reader when he lays the book aside, it is not because they are carelessly constructed. Paul Griggs gives, perhaps, a stronger impression of real individuality than do the other personages of the story; and it is interesting to find that the mystery concerning his young manhood, which so stirs our curiosity in *The Ralstons*, is solved in *Casa Braccio*. As every one knows, Griggs

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is said to be, in a way, a delineation of the author himself. In Francesca Campodonico, Mr. Crawford has succeeded in the very difficult task of portraying an altogether noble woman, who is not a mere repository of the feminine virtues. This triumph he also achieved in Corona of the Saracinesca stories, though Corona was less angelic than Francesca, and therefore easier to create.

The world has, indeed, to thank Mr. Crawford for his altogether sane and pure conception of life and character. He is unpolluted by modern cynicism or eroticism; and he avows his belief in good women, and noble faith and high purpose. Yet he never preaches, nor even moralises. He is simply too true an artist and too keen an observer to allow the fads of the day to obscure his vision of life.

Virginia Yeaman Remnitz.

THE GURNEYS OF EARLHAM.*

Mr. Hare has had to go over a good deal of familiar ground in telling of a family that included, in one generation, Elizabeth Fry, Samuel and Joseph John Gurney, and Thomas Fowell Buxton. But, regarded merely as a contribution to the history of English religious and philanthropic life, the present book is not superfluous, seeing that its chief aim is to exhibit the wonderful unity that existed between the different members in their different fields of energy, which "no difference of mere opinion could dim or alter, influenced all their thoughts, and stimulated all their actions;" and the way "in which—living and working for others—they were of one heart and of one soul, neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things in common." And Mr. Hare's search among the family papers has thrown fresh light on some of the personal characteristics of the better-known philanthropists among them, if the record of their labours was complete before.

But the book is something more than a chapter in the history of philanthropy. It is a gallery of strongly individual portraits. Their prosperity, the intense feeling of responsibility towards the less fortunate, common to them all, and the Quaker tradition, led to that unity in good aims of which Mr. Hare speaks in the passage quoted above; but one can make curious surmises about the careers of some of them had one or other of these factors been absent. With a warning that it is the religious life and public benevolence of a Quaker family that is the main theme of the book, it is legitimate to pick out for particular notice some phases of their life none the less humanly interesting that they were not reflected in the work which each gave to the world. It is not every day one lights on anything so genuinely amusing as the journal of Louisa Gurney when she was eleven or twelve years old. Not all of the family were Quakerly inclined, but, in spite of the moral sentiments she capriciously indulged in, none was less so at a tender age than she who wrote:

"I am really a most disagreeable, common character, and the reason why people love me can only be from habit. . . ." "How often Sundays do seem to come! After breakfast I went to Goat's [the meeting house in Goat's Lane, Norwich], not quite so disagreeable as usual. It is astonishing how we can put up with people and things. . . ." "I am always so happy to escape from the claws of Goat's. We went on very nicely in our lessons; this morning has really improved me, and how nice it is to feel oneself improved. . . . In the evening, as Eliza and I were walking, Scarnell came home and told us that Windham had got the election. I cannot say what I feel, I was so vexed—Eliza and I cried. I hated all the aristocrats; I felt it my right to hate them. I was fit to kill them. . . ." "In the afternoon we walked about instead of lessons—I do so like my liberty. I think it most silly to bring children up to be always at work. I am sure I should be better and happier if I did not learn much; it does try my temper so much. . . ." "I hate the common way of teaching children; people treat them as if they were idiots, and never let them judge for themselves." "After breakfast I picked most of the servants some gooseberries, and Judd's mother a whole basketful. How very good of me! I have the greatest pleasure in doing things to please others; it is one of my best qualities. . . . Another of my qualities which people call most bad, but which I think rather good, is that I cannot bear strict authority over me. I do from the bottom of my heart *hate* the preference shown in all things to my elders, merely because they have been in the world a little longer. I do love equality and democracy. . . ." "I read half a Quaker's book through with my father before Meeting. I am quite sorry to see him grow so Quakerly. I had a most *dis* [disgusting] Goat's." "I am afraid I shall be a flirt when I grow up. I really do

* The Gurneys of Earlham. By Augustus J. C. Hare. 2 vols. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $6.00 net.

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think I shall. It is rather odd for me to begin to talk about flirting ; to be sure, I am not a flirt yet, but then I think I shall be. Flirtationing arises from vanity and too great love of admiration, particularly from men. . . ." "Last night the Hoares and Ketts were here ; we had a fiddle ; it would have been more delightful with a pleasant party, but I enjoyed it thoroughly ; nothing hardly can be disagreeable with a *dear, darling, elating* fiddle." "I shall not say much of that day, and indeed it is not worth saying much about. It was flat, stupid, unimproving, and Sundayish. I spent *four* hours at Meeting. I never, never wish to see that nasty hole again." "Yesterday was a day of glittering pleasure. Such days are glowing for the time, then they vanish like a shadow. . . ." "Oh, how I long to get a great broom, and bang all the old Quakers, who do look so triumphant and disagreeable." "We went on the high road for the purpose of being rude to the people that passed. I do think being rude is most pleasant sometimes." "I think entirely as Kitty does [written in a fit of remorse], that it is almost impossible to pass through this world without having a strict principle over your mind to act by." "Two things raise my soul to feel devotion—nature and music. As I went down the dance yesterday, I gave up my soul to the enchanting Malbrook. I thought of Heaven and of God."

An uninstructed guess at the future of this precocious child would certainly be all wrong. A somewhat more virtuous Marie Bashkirtseff would be our conception. Yet she became the wife of the banker, Samuel Hoare, a devout Churchwoman, and deserved such eulogies as these : from Fowell Buxton, "She came as near perfection as any human being I ever knew" ; from Dr. Chalmers, "One of the finest specimens of feminine Christianity I ever met." If you ask for the fruits of her mental vivacity you learn she was the author of *Hints on Nursery Discipline*, and *Friendly Hints on the Management of Children*. One stage in the journey from her lively youth to her disciplined maturity is marked in the letter to her sister Hannah, written just after her marriage, in which she acknowledges "the happiness of a union with my dearest Sam," but adds, "In that, as in all other things, there are feelings of flatness which you will not misunderstand" ; and a glimpse of the delicate nature shrouded in the terms of conventional praise bestowed on a good woman is seen in her sister Mrs. Fry's journal after Louisa's death —"Her very susceptible mind was so acutely sensible of the trials of life, that her Lord saw that she had had enough —more might have overwhelmed her." Though little enough is told of her life after childhood, Louisa Gurney is the fascinating figure of Mr. Hare's book. Had she been less prosperous, she might have had more of what her soul desired, "her liberty." But of the other brothers and sisters there are pictures, too—of Joseph John, who so vividly impressed George Borrow and furnished one of the striking scenes in *Lavengro*, the embodiment of his own maxim, "Be a whole man to one thing at a time ;" of Betsy (Elizabeth Fry), in her unregenerate days, receiving proposals from officers at a ball, or finding consolation amid the dulness of Meeting in her "purple boots laced with scarlet ;" of Catherine, the mother to the motherless family, who slipped a proposal of marriage into her pocket unread and forgot all about it—very luckily, for the suitor changed his mind ; of Priscilla, the gentle preacher, with her sympathetic tolerance of those that differed from her, who would smilingly own the instruction she had got from "the biography of the irreligious." Well, in compensation, if the irreligous dip into this biography of pious persons, they must perforce adapt Priscilla's acknowledgment to express their own gratitude.

Annie Macdonell.

IN THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER.*

Five years ago a certain little volume, softly bound in blue, came stealing into the world of print, as noiselessly and modestly as the dew falls at evening, and yet with the authority of the sunrise. It was like the sunrise to some of us in its revealing power ; it showed us "God in His World," and was indeed "an Interpretation." Frederick Denison Maurice had taught us to reverence the truth by virtue of which each Religion exists ; George Macdonald had told us that nothing can be believed except by virtue of the truth that is in it ; but this Interpreter took us from room to room in the Temple of Religion, and made it plain to us that each was but an outer court to the Holy of Holies. He showed us the World feeling ignorantly, blindly after God, everywhere lifting holy hands of prayer, with sacrifice and burnt offering ; his interpretation met the needs of the student of Ethnology and Comparative Religion,

* A Study of Death. By Henry Mills Alden. New York : Harper & Bros. $1.50.

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and yet was so simple and human that the Children of the Kingdom knew its meaning best of all.

But it is not only thinking, praying man who feels after God, if haply he may find him; in his latest volume, Mr. Alden shows us the whole Creation groaning and travailing together, weaving "the living garment of Deity."

A Study of Death has nothing to do with the charnel-house and the dissecting-room; Death is shown us as "the vanishing side" of Life; the book is the Pilgrim's Progress of the Evolutionist, the "Imitatio Christi" of modern physical science. Yet life is manifested not as Evolution, but as Involution; it is made tangible through a progressive hiding away; "water becomes wine, and wine blood," Life shining more brightly under each successive veiling, until the re-veiling of the Godhead under the human form becomes God manifest in the flesh.

This is the *motif* of the book; as for its scope, "it goeth forth to the ends of the earth, and there is nothing hid from the light thereof." After an introduction marvellous for its poetic beauty, it begins with an analysis of the primitive idea of Death: a return into Life, an absorption into the greater and invisible world, surrounding and containing the visible. It is, perhaps, by virtue of his loving comprehension of essential childhood that the author enters so sympathetically into the soul of primitive man, and interprets for us his nebulous imaginings:

"The prominence given to memory and tradition in the early education of a race is not for the sake of stability, but is rather the regard of a growing tree to its roots, whither its juices perennially return; it is fidelity to the ground of quick transformation. This backward look is evident in the phrase used in patriarchal times, saying of a man when he died that he was 'gathered unto his fathers.' Therefore it is that among primitive peoples we find no allusion to a future state."

This conception of Death as the reflux of the life-wave is familiar to all ancient mysticism; Parabrahm, or Matter, is the manifestation of Brahm, or the Life-principle, and has its Manvantara and its Pralaya. Likewise, therefore, is the universe only Maya, or Illusion. But what answer shall be made for this revival of mysticism, now in the end of the ages, unto Dr. Nordau, who has told us that all mysticism is degeneration? There is but one. Mysticism has two quicksands, either of which is at any time liable to engulf the rash adventurer within its bounds; it may not ignore or trifle with observed phenomena; it *does* matter, even to Dante Rossetti, whether the earth revolves about the sun or the sun around it. Also the mystic meaning which it finds in these must be, bit by bit, crystallised in the character and life of the interpreter. It is in just these two points that the mysticism of Scripture differs from that of the Veda, the Koran, or the Jewish Talmud; it is just here that *A Study of Death* gives us the most entire content. One thinks of the author under the figure of a fairy tale which was indeed inspired, as to that character of it, by the thought of him—the "Aged Man," in his tower chamber lined with mirrors, wherein was reflected all that had ever happened or was then happening in the world. Weismann at his embryology, Fiske with his physio-psycho-sociology, Karl Marx and the Socialists—he sees, watches, and interprets them all, with the same smile of quiet comprehension; and for the growth in his own life, the "Providence that shapes our ends," and interprets our interpretations, took care of that. He has given us in the "Dedication" a deeper interpretation, to which we may only reverently allude.

But from the interpretation of the material world he passes to that of the Moral Order, the righteousness of the Decalogue; then, under the title of "Death Unmasqued," we learn how Life was manifested as the "Man of Sorrows," and further, as the "peculiar people," "as dying, and behold we live," and afterwards to a brief and reverent glance at "the thither side of Death." One extract will commend the book more than anything we have dared to say of it. It describes the decline of physical life:

"The urgency of physical passion is spent and the intense strain of effort is relaxed; in the golden silence, beneath all the easy garrulousness, contemplation is deepened, undisturbed by passionate interest. The last juice expressed from the vine is unutterably rich. Memory seems weaker, but it is busy at the old font. The flame of life which burned only green in the springtime bursts forth into many brilliant autumnal colours, as if death had more gaiety than birth. Age seems to be a taking on anew of childhood, but with this difference—that the reaction awaits some other sphering of the withdrawn life. Instead of

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the aversion which ends in seizure, there is the lingering clasp of cherished things about to be released—love mingling with the weariness, so that the final human repentance of the visible world is unlike that of any other species in its regretful backward glance of farewell. In man alone does love conquer the strong animal instinct which insists upon solitude and utter aversion of the face in death."

Katharine Pearson Woods.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF FEELING.*

This is a book that has been written with great care and conscientiousness. Mr. Stanley has long studied the problems upon which he here discourses with much ability and some originality. Few students of feeling have shown so much patience with the psychological analysis of it, and hence the present work will be read with some interest on this account, though the study of it will be mingled with some adverse criticism. The psychology of emotion has long been a neglected subject, and it has only been in recent years that any one could be induced to give considerable attention to it; and though much that is said upon it is quite barren of interest and profit, the necessity of cultivating some other than the intellectual field, and the place of emotion in religion and morality have induced recent writers to give some attention to this neglected province, so that the present volume is one illustration of the demand and supply.

The book does not profess to be a systematic treatment of the subject, but a series of essays upon it, displaying a thorough attempt at a complete analysis of feeling, its origin and development. The data and discussion show a very wide reading, considerable independence of judgment, and a judicial temper. Much is drawn from speculative evolution, which sometimes weakens the claim made for paradoxical conclusions; but often the extent of the analysis at least partly atones for such a procedure. In all respects the treatment will be useful for students of feeling and emotion, though the inequalities of the book will require that it be read and studied with a previous knowledge of the subject. Parts of it are too heavy for the common reader, and parts of it, though clear, are so disputable that they cannot be received with the same authority as others, and this in spite of the fact that they are very suggestive. This is simply to say that the volume must be read and studied with discrimination and intelligence.

In regard to content, it is interesting to note the author's position, which will seem new and paradoxical to the readers of the traditional psychology. The author maintains not only that feeling is the basic element of all consciousness, conditioning cognition and volition, which are its differentiations, but that *pain* is the primitive form of this feeling, and *pleasure* is a subsequent development, not being the first aspect or even contemporary aspect of consciousness. This position is developed at great length, and appears as conditioning all subsequent discussions of the problem. The first criticism that would be passed upon the author is the failure to define feeling adequately. He has rather taken for granted the loose notion which prevails with nearly all psychologists, and that the general student either understands this or knows exactly what the term means. But this is perhaps a minor fault. The next point open to criticism is the conception which evidently determines the author's fundamental doctrine. This is the conception of pain as a *local* phenomenon and pleasure as diffused and general. The primitive condition is neutral and without any pleasure, so that the first stimulus and responsive function results in pain which must be local. Pleasure arises after organic life has had some experience in adjustment to avoid pain. Not to say anything of the speculative and doubtful character of such a view, one has only to note the confusion in the author's mind between a certain degree of intensity and location of pain with what is meant by the same term as general and disagreeable consciousness. He has seized some *typical* pain as determining the generic nature of it, and then, without seeing that pleasure might be the same, has contrasted it with the feelings of vigour and vitality, which are pleasure, in order to assume that the latter appear after pain, because they have, by assumption, no reason to exist until after stimulus, which must produce

* Studies in the Evolutionary Psychology of Feeling. By Hiram M. Stanley, Member of the American Psychological Association. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2 25.

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pain, because stimulus indicates disturbance in the environment. But the present writer sees no reason why stimulus must necessarily produce pain, either local or general, and no reason why the consciousness might not be pleasant before any disturbance from environment entered.

It also sounds strange to make the cognitive functions of consciousness either a differentiation of feeling or a subsequent development. This comes from failure to distinguish between objective and subjective cognition, on the one hand, and between abstract and concrete conceptions of the problem, on the other, making a temporal distinction between feeling and cognition where it is only logical.

One need not dwell upon the points which might be criticised, because they would carry us into too much discussion, and many of them, even when there is much to favour the author's position, would lead us to an examination of psychology in its larger aspects. It must suffice, therefore, to give one or two illustrations of the author's method and results, as precautions to the reader. For the discussion is upon extremely abstruse ground, and every step can be gained only by the most careful analysis, or by the observation of a large number of facts, or by both. The author's analysis is better than his observation of objective facts, though one must confess that it is too subjective, made so evidently by the failure partly to correct self-observation by the observation of others, and partly to understand rightly his own mental operations. But after all this is said there remain the evidence of great scholarly care, the love of truth, patient and thorough study, and opinions that are very suggestive even where we would not wholly accept them. As an illustration of this one might refer to the chapter on Ethical Emotion, where the analysis is excellent. The distinction emphasised in it is that between the function of cognition to give men knowledge, and emotion to move the will, and from it the author concludes that ethics is not a science, but the art of directing and moving the will. The weakness of the position lies in the assumption that the study of ethical phenomena is only for practical purposes, when we may also be interested in their theoretical side, their explanation as well as their utility, their ground as well as their motive efficiency. This is to say that he conceives of ethics as wholly practical, and hence very naturally excludes their scientific field. Apart from this he very justly emphasises that aspect of emotion, its motor and motive efficiency from the passive and speculative character of cognition.

One chapter is hardly pertinent to the subject of the volume—for instance, that on Attention; and the chapter on Induction and Emotion hardly justifies their juxtaposition with each other. But there is a very interesting chapter on the Psychology of Literary Style, in which the author seems at his best.

On the whole, the volume is marked with irregularities, in which merits often balance demerits, and it can be read with both pleasure and profit. It is, however, too scientific to interest the general reader, and requires a natural inclination for psychological analysis to appreciate it fully, a fact which is not a fault of the book, but only a surety that it will be less widely read than it deserves.

James H. Hyslop.

A CANADIAN BIBLIOGRAPHY.*

This massive and handsomely printed volume, which extends to more than 700 pages, is an honour to the author, a credit to Canada, and an indispensable source of information to all who desire to make a scientific study of Canadian history or Canadian literature. It is a list of the works relating to Canada collected by M. Gagnon in the course of the past twenty years, and comprises not only books, manuscripts, and pamphlets, but also prints, maps, plans, autographs, portraits, and book-plates, the whole numbering upwards of 5000 separate items. The Canadian bibliographer has, indeed, a harder task than falls to the lot of most collectors. The fact that there have been comparatively few important libraries in the Dominion, and that some of the best of these have been destroyed by fire, the smallness of the editions of many of the most interesting *brochures*, and the lack of general inter-

* Essai de Bibliographie Canadienne. Par Philéas Gagnon. Québec: Imprimé pour l'Auteur.

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est in their preservation—all combine to discourage the bibliophile, even though he be as learned, as enthusiastic, and as indefatigably liberal as M. Gagnon himself. Again, the late introduction of the printing-press into Canada is another thing to be taken into account, as many of the early books were the product of foreign establishments, and, therefore, especially difficult to secure to-day. The generally accepted opinion is that the first publication actually emanating from a Canadian printing-house was the *Gazette de Québec*, the first number of which appeared on the twenty-first of June, 1764; though M. Gagnon believes, and has some evidence to show, that even under the French *régime*, some years earlier than this, printing was not unknown. At any rate, there are no examples of purely Canadian typography of earlier date than the middle of the last century. Because of all these difficulties in the way of the bibliographer, no such work as this of M. Gagnon had yet appeared; and as he tells us in his interesting preface, a number of writers who intended to deal with certain phases of Canadian history have been compelled to abandon their purpose, discouraged by the lack of proper bibliographic aid.

The works are arranged (with some special exceptions) in alphabetical order, and are supplied by the author with notes which will be of the greatest service to the historical and literary student. There are also some 45 facsimiles of title-pages, autographs, and book-plates. Among the autographs thus reproduced are those of Lord Amherst, Brébeuf, and Christopher Columbus, the last consisting of annotations made by the great discoverer in two volumes that had been in his possession. The book-plates given in facsimile are somewhat less interesting. Altogether, the volume is a distinct gain to the world, and we congratulate the author on the erudite and liberal spirit in which it has been executed.

IN DEFIANCE OF THE KING.*

Has the Romantic wave crossed the Atlantic at last? The question is naturally suggested by Mr. Hotchkiss's story, which is a tale of adventure and a romance of the times of the American Revolution. Let us say at once that *In Defiance of the King* is not a great story, nor is it quite successful as a romance. But let us hasten to add that where Mr. Hotchkiss has succeeded he has done his work remarkably well, and his failure to lift the story into the regions of pure romance is perhaps due to inexperience and immaturity. For a first story it calls for warm commendation, and if Mr. Hotchkiss has it in him to write a romance, and can overcome the impression made by this experiment that the defects of the story are inherent in the writer, none will award him heartier thanks and encouragement than the present reviewer. Faulty construction, false proportion, and crudeness of form can be improved and mitigated, or even admitting the presence of inartistic craftsmanship, sheer force of imagination may overpower these barriers and compel admiration and wonder. The inefficacy of Mr. Hotchkiss's work would seem to arise from the want of that higher quality of imagination which is essential to creation, and which covers a multitude of literary sins in the romantic writers of the day. It is evident that *In Defiance of the King* is the fruit of painstaking effort, careful and industrious historical research, and of considerable warmth of feeling. But it is too veracious to be finely imaginative, and the faults of proportion and construction retard the movement and swing of the narrative, and give a repeated check to the exciting and adventurous portions of the tale. It fails to rise to the romantic mood, and lacks the thrill, the magic touch which transforms mere history into romance and converts photography into art.

In Defiance of the King is deserving, however, of more than negative criticism. There has been a good deal of indiscriminate and fulsome praise lavished upon it in some quarters, for which neither the author nor the reader will be grateful, and it seemed wise to state unpleasant truths first, especially as the work is notable and worthy of careful criticism. It is a long time since we read a tale of the Revolutionary period which has interested us so much; indeed for its peer in this respect we must go back to Fenimore Cooper's *Lionel Lincoln*. The story is confined to the inroads and in-

* In Defiance of the King. By Chauncey C. Hotchkiss. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

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cursions of the British incendiaries along the Long Island Sound, and particularly around the town of New London. The Battle of Lexington, the burning of Norwalk, the meeting with Benedict Arnold, and the storming of New London are described with the fidelity and accuracy of an eye-witness. The adventurous voyages on the *Will o' the Wisp* are among the most exciting and interesting episodes; and Jacob Moon is by all odds the best character in the book. When he falls we feel that he has taken something of us with him. The story begins well, and occasionally reaches heights of dramatic interest as it proceeds; and if it be long in the telling, of few stories can we say, as we can of this one, that it is well worth spending the time over, and will fully repay the reader in the end.

J. M.

CARMINA MINORA.*

Mr. Abbey states in a prefatory note that this, the third edition of his poems, contains "all the poems of mine that I wish to have live." As the book is one of some 290 pages, it will be seen that Mr. Abbey is making quite a large demand on immortality; for how many poets have ever written as much verse as this that can be said, in any proper sense of the word, to have "lived"? Very few indeed, and those only the very greatest. It is, indeed, much if, at the end of a century from his death, any one has left a score of lines that dwell in the hearts and on the lips of men. But, after all, Mr. Abbey only "wishes," he does not necessarily expect, a poetical immortality, so one need not say anything very severe about his natural ambition. As for the volume before us, it is fairly well described by a Latin poet:

"Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura."

The critical reader will probably peruse with most pleasure the least pretentious things that it contains, in which there is often to be found a touch of true poetic feeling and also felicity of expression. But as for the longer poems, they come perilously near to prose. Take this from "Karagwe":

"O rash wife, South! Thy true husband, the North,
Loveth thee yet, though thou wentest astray.
In Truth's great court, where thy trial was held,
To thee was granted no bill of divorce."

This sounds too much like the morning paper. And this from "Gettysburg":

"On his horse Gates shouldered the colours (lest, haply, it should be lost)
Till he knew the chance of its capture was safely weathered and crossed;
For not far from the Seminary, where a stone and rail fence stood,
He again formed line with Biddle, at the edge of a narrow wood.

* * * * *

"There were thirty and five armed thousands, with this savage, warlike will,
Slave-holders and proud work-scorners, and for being that, fiercer still."

This would do very well for a paper to read at a reunion of the G. A. R., but we fear that it will not "live."

Mr. Will Carleton's former reputation has been very much overshadowed of late years by the far more artistic and sympathetic work of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley; but he has also contributed to his own eclipse by attempting to write in a too pretentious vein. Mr. Carleton is not a poet, not even a minor poet; but some of his earlier rhymes were very cleverly put together, and were redolent of a certain native humour. The present volume from his pen shows that the original vein is about worked out, though here and there may still be found bits that are very readable. But as for the seriously intended verses, "why, the bellman could write better lines!" as old Osbaldistone said.

Mr. Richard Henry Savage, the author of *My Official Wife* and *Delilah of Harlem*, appears as a versifier in the handsome volume before us, of which it is perhaps sufficient to say that the literary quality of his verse is fully up to the level of his prose as seen in *Delilah of Harlem*. The bearing of this remark, in Bunsby's phrase, lies in the application.

Mr. Eggleston's collection of songs and verses relating to our early colonial wars,

* The Poems of Henry Abbey. Third edition, enlarged. Kingston, N. Y.: Published by the Author. $1.25.

Rhymes of Our Planet. By Will Carleton. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

After Many Years. By Richard Henry Savage. Chicago and New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

American War Ballads, 1725–1865. Edited by George Cary Eggleston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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the War of the Revolution, the War of 1812–15, the Mexican War, and the Civil War, is, on the whole, a very interesting one, though the title of the book is misleading, inasmuch as not half of the pieces gathered together in it were ever sung, and many of them have no lyrical quality whatever. Yet they possess a certain value of their own, if not always for either historical or literary merit. Mr. Eggleston admits to his collection not only the popular songs of the periods mentioned, but also many of the famous poems that have touched the national heart, such as "Paul Revere's Ride," "Old Ironsides," "The Bivouac of the Dead," and "Barbara Frietchie," and has opened the door pretty wide for many other compositions that are neither famous nor readable. His lack of discrimination is, indeed, very noticeable, for he has left out the inspiring ballad "The Battle of New Orleans," and Whittier's fine poem, "The Angels of Buena Vista" which is by far the best thing called forth by the Mexican War, and Thompson's "High Tide at Gettysburg," and has clogged his pages with such dreary balderdash as Brownell's "Bay Fight," which occupies no less than twenty-two good pages. To include such a production in a collection of "ballads" is too preposterous. But one can forgive even this in his pleasure at finding at last in permanent and attractive form such splendid bits of lyrical history as are embodied in the "Carmen Bellicosum," Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Stonewall Jackson's Way," "Three Hundred Thousand More," and Mr. Stedman's grandly indignant poem, "Wanted, a Man," which President Lincoln read to his Cabinet in the gloomiest hour of the war. Occasional short introductory notes add to the value of the collection, which is also illustrated by a number of rather sketchy designs.

P. K.

NOVEL NOTES.

AFTERMATH. Part Second of *A Kentucky Cardinal.* By James Lane Allen. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.00.

Many books are written from the outside; a few are written from the inside, and it is to this exclusive little company that *Aftermath*, Mr. James Lane Allen's new novel, belongs. The work appears far apart from the hasty, restless kind that marks the vogue of the moment. Its simplicity, its reticence, its tranquillity, and, most of all, the intellectual satisfaction which it gives, seem to pertain to another time and to a finer and more enduring form of art. And yet, as a study of the highest inner life, it is as true to-day as it was yesterday, or will be to-morrow, or during all time, so long as there are noble men and women in the world.

The story is the second part of *A Kentucky Cardinal*, and flows on in unbroken continuity, as though it were not an afterthought, and the two parts had always been one. There is the same deliciously novel love-making as in the beginning, and the same sparkle of fine, fresh, wholesome humour throughout. But this sunny, dainty fun does not detract from the growing earnestness of the story; it only illuminates the depths that are sounded. And these, as revealed in the fulfilment of the destinies of Adam and Georgiana, are the profoundest known to the human heart. Gradually he is drawn farther and farther away from nature, and closer and closer to his own kind. And as they "approach that mystical revelation of life which must come with marriage," they are filled with "a beautiful wonder at what they are, at what love is, at what it means for a man and a woman to live together." Nor when they are husband and wife does the yearning and the questioning cease. Thus it must always go on, this ceaseless effort of one loving soul to reach another "through the throbbing walls of flesh, across the lone impassable gulfs of individual being." And the greater the love, the lonelier the soul—that is the cruelty of love. Yet the mystery never lessens the sweetness—and that is the mercy of love.

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Adam paints pictures of their ideal home life :

"Georgiana's gaze was very deep in the flames. And how sweet her face was, how inexpressibly at peace! She had folded the wings of her whole life, and sat by the hearth as still as a brooding dove. No past laid its disturbing touch on her shoulder. Instead I could see that if there were any flight of her mind away from the present, it was into the future—a slow, tranquil flight across the years, with all the happiness they must bring."

Then on a spring morning, "at dawn, amid such singing of birds that every tree and yard became a dew-hung belfry of chimes," the miracle of maternity deepens the mystery of love; and Adam's heart throbs through his playful words :

"But I gambol in spirit like a hawk in the air. Let me hood myself with parental cares; for I have been a sire for half a day. I am speechless before the stupendous wisdom of my son, in view of his stupendous ignorance. Already he lectures to the old people about the house on the perfect conduct of life, and the only preparation he requires for his lectures is a few drops of milk. By means of these, and without any knowledge of anatomy, he will show us for instance what it is to be master of the science of vital function. . . , He has no cares beyond his needs; all space to him is what he can fill, all time his instant of action. He does not know where he came from, what he is, why here, whither bound; nor does he ask. My heart aches helplessly for him when he shall have become a man and have grown less wise. . . . If I could put forth one protecting prayer that would cover all his years, it would be that through life he continue as wise as the day he was born."

But after this there are no more words, grave or gay, for weeks. Georgiana has passed away, and Adam is silently gathering up the fragments of his shattered life. When he can speak he goes quietly on, saying little about his grief :

"To-day for the first time I went back to the woods. It was pleasant to be surrounded again by the ever-living earth that feels no loss and has no memory; that was sere yesterday, is green to-day, will be sere again to-morrow, then green once more; that pauses not for wounds and wrecks nor lingers over death and change; but onward, ever onward along the groove of the law, passes from its red origin in universal flame to its white end in universal snow. And yet, as I approach the edge of the forest, it was as though an invisible company of influences came gently forth to meet me, and sought to draw me back into their old friendship. I found myself stroking the trunks of the trees as I would throw my arm around the shoulders of a tried comrade; I drew down the branches and plunged my face into the new leaves as into a tonic stream."

At last comes the aftermath—the pale, late growth that overspreads the harvested land, bringing peace like a soft, quiet, cloudless twilight.

THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO. By Anthony Hope. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Mr. Anthony Hope is finding out his enviable position. Do what he will, he has the power to please most people. Whatever be his moods, and whatever the quality of his performance, he is never awkward, and elegance of form in any literary matter popularly interesting is so uncommon that gratitude and admiration are widespread and intense in proportion. Now that he is finding this out, it is not surprising that he should take advantage of it, and give pleasure to his numerous admirers as frequently and with as little trouble to himself as possible. It is impertinent to pry into the state of Mr. Hope's soul to see if it is growing demoralised by easy triumphs, but it is quite justifiable to say that a little more effort than is to be found in his latest book is wanted to keep up the estimate which some sincere but discreet admirers have formed of his powers. The stories here are entertaining, and the youth of fourteen who should disapprove of them would do so from mere dulness. But there are features in it that would lead one to believe they were not written for lads in their early teens. Yet it is not exactly a book for men and women, to whom the tales, excellent in imagining as many of them are, must be spoilt by the artificiality of the mechanism, and the conventionality of all the motives, feelings, and expressions, of the human beings concerned. Mr. Hope is a novelist of power, and he gives us an unimpeachable gift-book of a quality equalled by a dozen boys' story-writers any Christmas. His Antonio he calls an outlaw; but he is the outlaw of a maiden-aunt's or a schoolmaster's imagination—compounded of demi-god and family pastor. True, he appears to us through the narrative of a holy father, but Mr. Hope chose that medium, and if it was unsuitable for the rough record of the wild men who took to the hills, he is responsible. There is no lack of blows and battling, but all the rough play is carried on in so genteel an atmosphere that it sounds like sham-fighting all the time. The manner of the writing is after this familiar style—

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"Therefore he sent word to Antonio, that if he caught him, he would hang him on the hill from the branches of the tree to which Antonio had bound Paul, and would leave his body there for three times three days. And, this message coming to Antonio, he sent one privily by night to the gate of the city, who laid outside the gate a letter for the Duke; and in the letter was written, 'God chooses the hand. All is well.'"

We feel sure there were few erasures in the manuscript. Once having caught the easy swing of this style, there is no reason why one should ever stop. From these unkind observations we except some portions of the *Chronicles*, where Mr. Hope has taken time to be himself; but on the whole his facile grace has here proved itself a snare. Let us genially call this latest story of his a relaxation; yet such relaxations should be anonymous, and they might safely be so, for they have no individuality.

SIR QUIXOTE OF THE MOORS. By John Buchan. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts.

We understand that this is the first piece of fiction by a new writer. If so, it is a decidedly promising bit of work, full of humour and vitality, and it deserves to be successful. It is without doubt one of the best stories that have been issued in the Buckram Series, and we congratulate the publishers on their acquisition. It is hard to say just what Mr. Buchan will yet do, but there are strong evidences of a master hand at work in this delicious little idyll. To be sure he will suffer by comparison with Stevenson and Crockett, and it may be fair to say that but for these writers the tale had never been written. But it is by no means an imitation. There are traces of their influence in his manner, and there are characteristic touches which remind us of Weyman as well as of the writers already mentioned; but there is an individual quality in his work and a certain bewitchment which belongs to the higher forms of imagination. Poor Sir Quixote is very human, and is next of kin to most of us; but we are particularly grateful for the heroine, who is so real as to enlist our sympathies from the first, and whose presence in the story becomes a living memory long after the book is closed. We could never have forgiven the Sieur de Rohaine had he deserted her in the end. The story is told with great delicacy and grace of diction, and pervading it is an air of gentle romance like the fragrant aroma of sweet lavender in an old garden. Whatever defects exist in the story arise from immaturity, but the power of reserve which is evident on every page makes us hope great things of the author. We shall certainly look with eagerness for his next book.

RUSSIAN FAIRY TALES. From the *Skazki* of Polevoi, by R. Nisbet Bain. Illustrated by C. M. Gere. Chicago: Way & Williams. $2.00.

COSSACK FAIRY TALES AND FOLK-TALES. Illustrated by E. W. Mitchell. Selected, edited, and translated by R. Nisbet Bain. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. $2.00.

Mr. Nisbet Bain has added to our knowledge of the folk-lore of an interesting and little worked field of the Continent, as well as contributing to our ever-increasing delight in the old-world stories, which find a home in the hearts of all who have not altogether lost the fresh sense of wonder which is the prerogative of the nursery. When *Russian Fairy Tales* appeared in England the volume met with a generous reception, very gratifying to the editor and translator, for the work was arduous, and, while largely a labour of love, the attempt to bring these exotic stories within the comprehension of English-thinking minds and to hope for their appreciation was still an experiment. The success of this initial work encouraged Mr. Bain to try his hand at a sister volume of stories, selected from another Slavonic dialect extraordinarily rich in folk-tales—the Ruthenian. We venture to think that Mr. Bain has succeeded even better in this volume, chiefly because he has had a greater variety of folk-tale to drawn upon. There is plenty of fun and fancy in the Russian tales, but in the Cossack stories we have more of the fresh spontaneity and naïve simplicity of the primitive folk-tale. Many old myths and folk-lore data are peculiar to the Cossacks consequent on their comparative isolation and remoteness from other European peoples, but this is a matter of interest which affects the professional student more than the reader. The latter will find in these two volumes abundant sources of enjoyment and delectation, and we hope that the fine manner in which both publishing houses have produced these books will be the least reason for awarding them a successful entrance into this country.

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LADY BONNIE'S EXPERIMENT. By Tighe Hopkins. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts.

Mr. Evesdon, *alias* Mr. Menton Pleydell, by which name he is known as the author of a work on horticulture, is suddenly called home from the Continent on legal business, and on the way from Dover to London he impersonates the part of a hero in a melodrama which his friend Clubbe is bringing out, and narrates his pretended adventures in cold blood to an intelligent, refined, and sensitive lady, whom he had met *en route* from Calais to Dover for the first time. The *dénouement* is rather startling for the experimenter, who is hypnotised by the steady stare of his fair listener. He arrives in London and ascertains from his lawyer that an eccentric old lady has just died, leaving her property to the author of *The Jacobean Garden*, which he may utilise by laying out the plans fondly idealised in his book. But there is a contestant in the case in the shape of an unknown lady, who it turns out is unwilling to interfere, but whose father is more than willing. Mr. Evesdon is invited to Dene Farm to visit Lady Bonville for the purpose of assisting her to set up a modern Forest of Arden or Court of Love, as the author conceives it. He finds that Lady Bonnie is identical with the lady who listened to his harrowing tale in the railway carriage, and he falls in love—Lady Bonnie has a husband—with her secretary, who it appears is the niece of the eccentric testatrix, and whose claim stands in the way of the settlement of the will on Mr. Evesdon, the author of *The Jacobean Garden*. The plot thickens with this interesting *contretemps*, but the reader will guess the rest. The story is written in a lively, spirited vein, and does not tax the reader's attention too severely. It must not be taken *au serieux*, or its illusion will be dispelled; but those who want light entertainment will find *Lady Bonnie's Experiment* very amusing.

AT TUXTER'S. By G. B. Burgin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.

This is a story to be thankful for. The characters bear no burdens, nor do they trouble themselves with problems; they are happy-go-lucky, light-hearted creations raised up for the reader's entertainment. Mrs. Tuxter's grocery store was located on one corner, and on the opposite corner stood "The Stoat and Hammer," which provided the means of slaking the phenomenal aridity presumably caused by the food and condiments sold at the provision shop. Tuxter, it appears, was not above frequenting "The Stoat and Hammer" to drink confusion to Mrs. Tuxter, whenever an opportunity offered, and to imperil his "immortual" soul by glancing at the buxom barmaid. Little Drusilla, the infant daughter of Tuxter's niece of that name, winds her childish way into his heart, and gets adopted; Mrs. Tuxter, to get even with her spouse, rescues Thomas Henry from the Foundling Hospital with a five-pound note. He comes well recommended: "the boy is some sort of comfort during the cold nights, if only to keep one's feet warm. Besides, he is useful to throw things at." And so the story starts on this basis with its amusing Cockney characters, in the vicinity of Holborn, and the fun is kept up to the end, although one must admit that there is more humour than human nature in the book, barring the Tuxters and their domestic *entourage*, with whom the reader will be genuinely entertained.

TALES OF AN ENGINEER. By Cy Warman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

As Robert Louis Stevenson felt adventure in the sting of the salt, so this engineer thrills to romantic daring on the iron-road.

> "He loves the locomotive
> As the flowers love the lea,
> As the song-birds love the sunlight,
> And the sailor loves the sea."

Indeed, until one has read the *Tales of an Engineer*, it would be impossible to imagine how full of picturesque allurement the track is, or how companionable and sympathetic a being is the black steam-engine. Cy Warman is like a good sailor, he loves the personality of his engine; and he has nowhere more prettily expressed this than in his account of a journey on a French engine:

> "I missed the sleepy panting of the air-pump and the click of the latch on the reverse lever. There was no bell to relieve the monotony of the rasping phthisicy whistle. I wondered if we could ever understand each other, if she would respond to my touch."

He has also a poetic faculty of setting

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forth the human pathos of the engineer's life in its simplicity and self-sacrificing courage, which is of a piece with the manhood of his book. There are few narratives more telling than that modest account of an engineer's and a fireman's death, which he gives us in the "Death Run." It has the sincerity and simplicity of a report; but it is something better than a report.

The book furnishes some technical information to the profession and those versed in the professional terms. It also gives an estimate of the relation of the employee to the railroad, which, we need not add, is a manly and straightforward utterance. But, beyond these rather practical uses, it is a unique contribution to current literature. Its pages have the energy and the first-hand inspiration of good writing.

THE VILLAGE WATCH-TOWER. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00.

Mrs. Wiggin adopts, more deliberately than heretofore, the manner of serious art in this volume addressed to grown-up readers. And a praiseworthy ambition is this—to quit for a time the condescension to the young person, which, knowing she can manage it with so much grace, Mrs. Wiggin is tempted to make her literary mission. Miss Alcott, too, was not always content to play the part of the good-natured aunt in literature. Yet, in the case at hand, the author has not strikingly justified her departure. These six sketches of New England life seem scarcely to sound a new note. Is that the fate of all belated travellers on the well-worn road of New England country fiction? There are no actual repetitions here of well-worn subjects; yet there is also no particularly novel point of view. "A Village Stradivarius" is the sketch which comes nearest to original power. Moreover, the contents of the present volume are not stories, they are sketches—preliminaries to the real achievement.

The charm of the book is, after all, the old charm which has won Mrs. Wiggin her well-deserved popularity; and that consists in her ease, her humour, and her sweet and wholesome sentiment, rather than in any stronger power. In these qualities it does not fall below the "lovely book," which the author wishes might have borne more worthily her dedication to the "dear old apple-tree." After all, we have other authors to the front who will solve problems in dramatic construction and in difficult passion. We need not overrate the pretensions of this pleasant volume.

RED ROWANS. By Mrs. F. A. Steel. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.00.

Mrs. Steel's work will always command attention, not only for the artistic merits of its composition, but for the independence of its point of view. For, in spite of "art for art's sake," we read problem novels with a confessed interest in the problem *per se*. Perhaps it is the misfortune of our intellectualism, but Mr. George Meredith indulges us in our foibles as well as many another strong writer less unimpeachably an artist. After all, the literature of play - lovable as it is, and very desirable as an antidote for our seriousness—is out of step with the main march. It is not a literary period of pure humanism. And, fortunately for us, there are writers who can make the "problem" a legitimate motive in imaginative fiction. They do not palm off theories on us under a poor disguise of human drapery; they give us living human nature—human nature not distorted on any Procrustean bed of a point of view, yet somehow still so disposed of as to point the moral. And if that moral is irrevocably bound up in the vital passions of life, it rightfully belongs to art.

Two years ago Mrs. Steel's first book, *Miss Stuart's Legacy*, gained favourable comment from the press. It was a novel of English life in India, told with fine regard for the demands of striking and original action in the story and for characterisation, and also with much passion of purpose. The purpose has survived in the present novel. Told briefly in a quotation from the preceding novel, it runs: "Must love always be handfast to something else? Or was it possible for it to exist, not in the self-denying penance of propriety and duty, but absolutely free and content in itself? Why not?" In *Red Rowans* this theme is presented through English and Scottish character against a Scottish background, with less dramatic and picturesque effect than when it was set forth on Indian soil—there is very little action so called in *Red Rowans*—

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yet with a firm control of the motive, which is worked out through strong and subtle contrasts of personality and the personal relation, and with a more ambitious dealing in the complexities of character.

Mrs. Steel's work has a masculine force which is shown not only in her independence of convention and the stock phrase, but in her almost virile appreciation of passion. It is an appreciation, however, which is bounded by an admirable self-restraint. Perhaps what one misses most in her book is the note of real gaiety; it has scarcely more than efforts at gaiety. There are very few women writers deeply in earnest, who can preserve their seriousness and at the same time the irresistible humour which, in a man's case, is quite consistent with his sense of the deepest tragedy or purpose. If there is any criticism to make on the technique of Mrs. Steel's book, we should say that it was needlessly diffuse, seeing that its plot is little relieved by palpable action. Otherwise it is a sound piece of workmanship; a criticism of the old relation between man and woman which deserves respect, and also a vivid picture of life —actual life, though chiefly from its subjective side.

AGAINST HUMAN NATURE. By Maria Louise Pool. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.00.

There is a story told of two ugly men who engaged in a "making-face match." One of them contorted his countenance to a degree which the spectators believed to be unsurpassable; but when the second man "made a face," every one, with one consent, called out to him to "stay as God made him!" This exhortation might almost be taken as the text of Miss Pool's last novel, if it were not too true a bit of drawing to have a text, though the moral is certainly there for such as have eyes to discover it. The daughter of a Massachusetts Yankee and a Louisianian, brought up—no! we mistake!—*growing* up among the wild, free mountains of North Carolina, Temple Crawford believed that because her mother's married life had been unhappy, it was the sheerest madness for any one to marry for love. Far better to begin with mutual esteem and affectionate friendship, since one must, in any case, end with these. As for herself, she is, she says, of a cold temperament, and incapable of love; therefore when she "experiences religion" under the preaching of the young evangelist, Richard Mercer, she quite believes that only religion has happened to her and not love, in the smallest degree. Of course not! This is only a hint of the *motif* of the story; to attempt a bald outline of the sequence of events would be to do the book an injustice. In fact, it is such a spontaneous sort of thing as to be almost unjust to itself; there are no marks of construction apparent, but things "just happen." It is only by remembering Miss Pool's earlier works that we realise the advance she has made as an artist, and that *Against Human Nature* is the result of a close study of its subject and some very real "experiences." The *motif* already indicated (which is handled with a delicacy and exquisite purity that cannot be over-praised), with the evangelistic labours of the Mercers and the tension of the mountain background, constitute a *materiel* which, in the hands of some writers, would have been lurid and unnatural as a transformation scene in an extravaganza. Miss Pool saves herself and us by her wholesome realism and her bubbling fun; she takes her tragedy as "Almina K. Drowdy, of Hoyt, Mass.," takes the mountain air: it seemed as if a person could be taken up for intoxication, just for breathing that air, but she had to breathe it, as it was the only air there was. Yet even the "relaxing woman" and "the abnormal girl," with whom Temple's shattered nerves bring her in contact, are not simply funny. The current of tragedy sweeps steadily on under the inimitable "bits" whose setting is "Hoyt, Mass.," and we realise, as we lay aside the book, that we know better than ever before how the nervous exhaustion of our day is due to a strained and non-natural mode of living, and that nothing in the world is so well worth while as to "stay as God made us." We are glad to recognise Miss Pool as an artist of genuine merit and of a distinctively American type, who in this book has met both Miss Wilkins and Miss Murfree, each on her own ground, and in our opinion has proved herself a better craftsman than either.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

STUDIES OF MEN. By George W. Smalley. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50.

The post of foreign correspondent to a great New York journal, with headquarters at London, is the blue ribbon of American journalism. The winner of it has a good income assured him, an allowance for expenses as great as that of many an ambassador, and his duty is what most cultivated men would regard as pleasure. To mingle with the men who are making history, to know intimately the representatives of great political, literary, and financial interests, and to put himself in touch with the currents of a nations life—surely this is what any man of intellect and broad sympathy would find a rare delight in doing. It is the well-accredited American journalist alone who can enjoy these privileges to the full. He is sufficiently detached from any personal or partisan interest to be *persona grata* to Englishmen of all shades of opinion; yet he is not in any real sense of the word a foreigner, so as to be viewed with suspicion; and he can understand the subtle meaning of what he sees and hears as no Frenchman or German could ever do.

Probably no one who has yet occupied this enviable position was ever better fitted by nature and by training to reap the full advantage of these opportunities than Mr. Smalley, who in this handsome and most entertaining volume writes down some of the observations that he made during his long stay abroad, of the great men of our own time. Cardinal Newman, Mr. Balfour, Tennyson, the German Emperor, Prince Bismarck, Professor Jowett, Professor Tyndall, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, President Carnot, Lord Bowen, Mrs. Humphry Ward—it is enough to enumerate these to show how wide an outlook Mr. Smalley has taken; for they represent the whole world of politics, government, letters, science, scholarship, and art. Of course, from the nature of the case, there are certain restrictions imposed upon a journalist in Mr. Smalley's position; because, being a gentleman and having personal relations with the subjects of his book, he cannot speak of them as freely as could one who had viewed them wholly in an exoteric way; and hence we must expect to find, as we do, his narrative always amiable and optimistic; yet his graceful tact does not prevent him from giving one, on the whole, a very fair and intelligent understanding of the characters that he draws for us, especially as it is not difficult here and there to read between the lines, and to fill in the necessary shadows.

Of all the sketches in this volume, we have been most interested in that of Lord Tennyson, partly because in it Mr. Smalley has written with less reserve than in the others, and partly because it throws a good deal of light upon the personal side of the poet—a side which he himself sedulously and almost morbidly kept secret from the world. His consistently repellent attitude toward the public at large was, in reality, as Mr. Smalley shows, an attitude deliberately taken, and almost a necessity. "He was able to live his own life when once he had established a reputation for moroseness. It was his fixed resolve that he would not suffer his life to be frittered away in mere civilities." Most of the many anecdotes which Mr. Smalley tells of him are new, and they are all extremely interesting, so that we wish we could quote some of them in full. How he once squeezed the Empress of Russia's hand; how he put an omniscient critic of his poems to confusion; how he swigged enormous quantities of port wine; how he drove the hardest kind of bargains with his publishers; how he called Lord Houghton a beast; how he was frequently rude to ladies, and how once upon a time he got as good as he sent—all these things are intensely interesting, and are typical also of the fund of fresh, authentic, and delightful *memorabilia* with which Mr. Smalley's entire book abounds.

ANIMA POETÆ. Selections from the unpublished Note Books of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50.

It would seem at this late day, when nearly two generations have passed away since Coleridge left us, that all

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his writings had been made public. And yet we have here an octavo volume, uniform with the *Letters of Coleridge* published in the spring, full of hitherto unpublished aphorisms, reflections, confessions, and soliloquies, collected under the title of *Anima Poetæ*. From youth to age note-books, pocket-books, copy-books, of all shapes, sizes, and bindings accumulated in Coleridge's possession. They were his "silent confidants," his "never-failing friends" by night and by day. More than fifty of these are extant, and their contents are as various as the versatility of Coleridge's genius could make them. Hitherto but little use has been made of this life-long accumulation of literary material. Gems of thought, rare passages of beautiful diction, autobiographic fragments and other notes of singular interest and beauty have been culled successively for varying purposes, and used in a number of works pertaining to Coleridge, but the bulk of the material has been left for the present editor to glean in. Much in these note-books is of a private and sacred character, but it is nevertheless certain from internal evidence that Coleridge had no mind they should perish utterly. "Hints and first thoughts" he bade us regard the contents of his memorandum-books. "It was his fate," says his nephew, "to wrestle from night to morn with the Angel of the Vision, and of that unequal combat he has left, by way of warning or encouragement, a broken but an inspired and inspiring record."

The selections have been arranged, as far as possible, in chronological order, and an index of proper names and of subjects gives completeness to the plan. The notes begin with Coleridge's literary career and extend down to the summer of 1828, when he visited the Continent with Wordsworth. After that the note-books are taken up almost wholly with metaphysical and theological disquisitions, and are not of general interest. Sufficient in quality and quantity, however, has been gathered to make a rich addition to English literature, also to add one more volume to those profound works marked by that affluence of intellectual light, that free play of imagination, and that literary charm which are peculiar to the genius of Coleridge.

THE SPIRIT OF JUDAISM. By Josephine Lazarus. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

This is a series of essays originally published in the *Century* and in the *Jewish Messenger* during the last two years; they are earnest, thoughtful, and well written. Perhaps the strongest impression one receives from them is of the personality of the author; and next comes deep sympathy, as for the prophet of a forlorn hope. Her division of modern Judaism into three classes, the extreme orthodox, or Pharisees, the reformed or moderate Jews, and the Sadducees, who are mere deists, where they are not pure agnostics, was probably *mutatis mutandis* as true eighteen centuries ago as it is now; in fact, the same classification obtains in every religion and political party, as the French have detected and formulated, as Right, Centre, and Left. But it is a strange world in which even Miss Lazarus half gives up the historic personality of the great Jewish Lawgiver, at the very moment that such men as Sayce and Rawlinson are telling us that the list of the kings of Edom in Gen. 36 was no doubt copied from an official record during the stay of the Israelites in Esau's country; and the Palestine Exploration Society are saying calmly that the Book of Joshua is invaluable to them as an *Itinerarium*. The modern Israelite finds himself placed, as soon as he catches the drift of modern thought, between the horns of a dilemma; either the historic Christ was the Messiah of his nation, or there was no Messiah, and never will be. Miss Lazarus and other pure and devout souls seek to evade both Scylla and Charybdis by announcing Israel himself as the Deliverer, the Light of the World—a position once, indeed, open to him, but forfeited nearly nineteen hundred years ago. The enthusiasm and self-devotedness, the truly enlightened world-patriotism of our author, move one almost to tears; but where will she find the Promethean spark to kindle a like fire in her nation? That Jewish exclusiveness is doomed to self-extinction is probably clear to most of us; that Jewish monotheism is likely to die out into agnosticism seems sadly probable; and once again, as in the old days, a prophet has risen up among them, to warn them of the way of escape from the evil to come; but the

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Jews were never wont to heed their prophets overmuch; will they do so in the end of the days, the time that now is?

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF NUMBER. By James A. McClellan and John Dewey. International Education Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The present volume is designed to explain the psychological nature of number, or better, perhaps, to explain the idea of it, and then to apply it to arithmetic for the purpose of assisting teachers in the work of imparting instruction upon the subject. Professor W. T. Harris, as editor of the series, of which this volume is one number, writes a preface for it. There are two main parts to the work. The first psychologically analyzes and defines the idea of number, and the second shows its application to arithmetic. Both the preface and the main body of the work, however, are governed and pervaded by the notion that all successful teaching of arithmetic is conditioned by the psychology of number. This is distinctly stated in one case. We should flatly deny such a claim, and we can only think that all such conceptions of the subject only confuse scientific methods and objects with the pedagogical. Psychology is a great help in teaching—we might say indispensable; and we should understand number in order to teach arithmetic; but we do not know of what use the psychology of number can be in arithmetic, except to satisfy the curiosity of the learned.

There is much to interest the student in the volume, but this interest is conditioned either by a strong curiosity about very abstract things, or by a desire to make the task of learning and teaching arithmetic much easier than they are. Yet we do not see that the latter purpose is served by the discussion. It savours too much of the fad so prevalent to-day, of trying to overcome the practical difficulties of teaching by stuffing some abstract philosophy down the teacher's throat. The reason that it is difficult to arouse much interest in arithmetic in the minds of most children is not that they lack all knowledge of the psychology of number, but because pure number is one of the most abstract conceptions, and because they may constitutionally possess other interests than are gratified by mathematical processes. Moreover, we can say a great deal about number that is both useless and unnecessary. If we were content to say that it is only the process of individuation in space and time, which it is, and it is nothing more than this, explaining how this distinction in time and space represented it, we should express all that philosophy ever knew about the subject, and present all that any pedagogue would need; and it would even be doubtful whether this could be of any special service to him in his art. Success in teaching depends more upon the power to excite interest, to understand the peculiarities of the student's mind, and to see where a beginning must be made in presenting a subject, than upon the psychological basis of the science taught. Yet there is no trace of this assumption found in this book. That it is an interesting and useful book we do not question, but it will hardly accomplish what it is designed to accomplish. It can only encourage abstract philosophy in regard to the idea of number, and lead to a false method of studying the minds of students who do not like mathematics.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1848. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. With portraits. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

To read this book at the same time with any life of the first Napoleon is almost to convince one's self that the greatest of human virtues is efficiency. However one may recognise Napoleon's real baseness in the sphere of morals, it is impossible not to forget it all in the contemplation of his supreme mastery of opportunity; and however one may eulogise the personal amiability and goodness of Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie, it is impossible not to grind one's teeth over their utter fatuity in the presence of such a crisis as that which drove them from the throne. This imbecile inefficiency is well brought out in the volume before us. On February 22d of the revolutionary year 1848, the French king had everything in his hands—a loyal and well-disciplined force of regular troops, officers ready to carry out the most energetic orders, and a mob still self-distrustful and ready to slink back to its holes at the first blaze of cannon-fire. The vacillation, the de-

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lay, above all, the suicidal policy of calling out the National Guard who were only the revolutionists themselves in uniform, lost Louis Philippe a throne and lost France a constitutional monarchy, a *régime* which is of all things best suited to the national temperament. Had Paris but been strongly occupied in accordance with the fine military plan of Marshal Gérard, and had a few thousands of the foul ruffians of the barricades been blown to perdition by the necessary grapeshot, France would have been spared the long debauch of the Second Empire and the putrid scandals of the Third Republic. The book is very interesting, and the translation is well done, except for a few infelicities, such as one always finds when women translate books relating to military or political subjects. There are four good portraits of Louis Philippe, Marie Amélie, Lamartine, and Ledru-Rollin.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETRY OF ROBERT HERRICK. Edited by Edward Everett Hale, Jr., Ph.D. Athenæum Press Series. Boston: Ginn & Co.

This is a very excellent collection of the quaint and curious things in Herrick, and is the more truly representative because Dr. Hale, as he says in his preface, has by no means restricted himself to the best examples of the poet's work, but has also given extracts that show him nodding. The Introduction in seventy pages is admirably done, giving a very appreciative account of Herrick and his poetry, and a good bibliography. The notes are somewhat less to be commended, and we do not think that in their preparation the editor taxed his mind too severely; for many of them are much too obvious and some not obvious enough. For instance, the note on "hoofy Helicon," in the "Farewell unto Poetry," says merely, "The reference is, of course, to Pegasus, the winged horse of the Muses." Now, the classical scholar does not need this note, while the non-classical scholar needs a fuller explanation about the *fons caballinus* to make it clear just how Pegasus made Helicon "hoofy." "Hoofy," by the way, is good. We like "hoofy."

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Chinese Characteristics, by Arthur H. Smith, is a very thorough and satisfactory study of the Chinese by one whose intimate acquaintance with them gives him much authority. Some of the chapters, such as those entitled "The Absence of Nerves," "Contempt for Foreigners," "Flexible Inflexibility," and especially "The Absence of Public Spirit" and "Mutual Suspicion," are curiously illuminative of many events of the past year, and should be read by all who believe, as we do, that the Chino-Japanese War was only the prelude to a great political and military drama in the Far East. The book is published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, this being the third (revised) edition. There are sixteen fine illustrations from photographs. The price is $2.00.

American Steam Vessels is an album-shaped volume of 496 pages, giving illustrations and brief descriptions of pretty nearly every type of successful steam vessel that has been constructed in the United States, from Fulton's first steamboat down to the battleship *Indiana* and the American Line steamer *St. Paul*. It is published by Messrs. Smith and Stanton, of New York City, and the price is $5.00.

The Merriam Company of this city publish *Among the Pueblo Indians*, by Carl Eickemeyer and Lilian W. Eickemeyer, a beautifully printed and lavishly illustrated volume of 195 pages, containing a pleasantly written narrative of a journey made by the authors in a "prairie schooner" to the Pueblo territory in New Mexico. It gives a good many interesting details of the Pueblos mingled with personal experiences and observations. Price, $1.75.

——The American Baptist Publication Society of Philadelphia send us *Quick Truths in Quaint Texts*, a collection of discourses preached at various times by the Rev. R. S. MacArthur, and representing a certain style of pulpit oratory that some persons regard as stimulating. To this estimable class we fear that we do not belong. The following is a specimen brick: "God knows streets in cities. He knows Fifth Avenue, he knows Fifty-seventh Street. He knows the houses in the streets." This is interesting information. One needs to pay $1.25 for a book of sermons in order to be assured that an omniscient Deity is aware of the location of Fifty-seventh Street. The title of the last sermon, "Divine Heartburn," is perhaps even more characteristic of how

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far the Rev. Mr. MacArthur appreciates the requirements of reverence and good taste.

The Messrs. Harper have added two more volumes to their substantial edition of Thomas Hardy's novels. The publishers are doing a good thing, and one that we fear is not adequately recognised, in issuing a uniform edition of Hardy's works; hitherto, no such edition has existed in this country. The two new volumes are *The Return of the Native* and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. And this gives us an occasion, which is opportune, to quote apropos of these two novels from an old letter of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's, written some time ago from abroad. "There is no man," she says of Thomas Hardy, "who writes of peasant life with such insight, such power, such absolute comprehension as does the author of *Tess*. I heard him speak once of a book it was just then the fashion to praise, and which dealt with a tragedy in humble life. 'It's not the right thing,' he said. 'She looks down at her people and pats them on the head. Her attitude is all wrong.' Hardy does not pat his peasants on the head—he does not look down at them, but with level gaze straight into their eyes—straighter still into their hearts. The angel of Justice could hardly know them better—the angel of Mercy could hardly deal with them more generously and gently. Hitherto *The Return of the Native* has seemed to be Hardy's masterpiece, but I think even that is surpassed by *Tess*, so splendid, so terrible, and yet so piteous."

There are several cheap and excellent reprints going on at present. There is the collective edition of Henry Kingsley's novels, edited by Clement K. Shorter and published by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden, which has just reached completion in twelve volumes; and the Messrs. Macmillan are issuing a delightful reprint of Charles Kingsley's works in the most tasteful little volumes. It would have been preferable had the novels been complete in one volume. *Hypatia* has been already published, and to this is now added *Alton Locke*, *Two Years Ago*, and *Westward Ho!* in all six volumes. The binding and size are simply perfect, and the type and paper do not leave much to be desired. Price, 75 cents per volume.

——Two more useful and pretty series, which the Macmillans are issuing, are the Romances and Narratives of Defoe, and the Illustrated Standard Novels. To the former they have just added *The Fortunate Mistress*, in two volumes ($1.00 each), which purports to be a history of the life of Mademoiselle de Beleau, known by the name of Lady Roxana. It is curious to note the argument for "free-love," as compared with marriage in this romance of a bygone day; but Defoe put such pleas only into the mouth of Roxana in her unrepentant state. Nobody has succeeded yet in identifying any one as the original of Roxana, at least so says Mr. Aitken, whose excellent and thorough-going editing gives us reason to rely on all his statements. Mr. Yeats's illustrations continue to make the volumes exceedingly attractive. A volume of *Popular Tales*, by Miss Edgeworth, is the latest addition to the Standard Novel Series, with illustrations by Chris Hammond and an introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie, than whom no better person could be had to do the work more graciously and with admirable competency. Mrs. Ritchie characterises these tales neatly in her opening sentences: "We all of us sometimes want literature not only for ourselves, but for simpler souls, for sick and sorry people, for quiet folk laid by and wanting distraction, for village libraries, and for children and servants. Few books would seem more suited to such needs than some of the shorter and simpler tales by Miss Edgeworth." Price, $1.25.——*Rambles in Japan*, by Canon Tristram, and published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, is an attractive and entertaining volume of travel. The primary object of the author's rambles was to master thoroughly the position of missionary work in Japan, and his love of natural science, at the same time, led him into many pleasant by-paths, which taken together help to contribute to our knowledge of a race "destined to be the British of the Pacific." It contains many illustrations by Edward Whymper. Price, $2.00.

Eugénie Grandet has just been added to the Dent edition of Balzac (Macmillan), which so far—this is the fifth volume—has appeared with admirable regularity. It is superfluous to say that where Balzac meets with detractors and

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depreciators, here they meet in a common recognition of Balzac's great merit and excellence. And it is gratifying to read that on a more complete and methodical study of the whole works Mr. Saintsbury's "estimate of Balzac's goodness has gone up very much—that of his greatness had no need of raising." (Price, $1.50.)——This sanest of critics has edited and Chris Hammond has illustrated very cleverly a beautiful edition of *Marmontel's Moral Tales* ($2.00), bound in attractive covers in black and gold, with full gilt edges, which the Messrs. Macmillan publish. ——The latest volume of the Lyric Poets Series is a selection from the poems of Sir Philip Sidney, edited by Ernest Rhys. (Price, $1.00.)——In Year Books we have *Dr. Miller's Year Book*, from the Messrs. Crowell; *The Canon Farrar Year Book*, published by the Messrs. Dutton, and *The Helen Jackson Year Book*, with the imprint of Messrs. Roberts Brothers. The two first mentioned come in white cloth covers with design in gold.

Mary Ronald's Century Cook-Book, with 150 illustrations pertaining to the culinary art, comes from the Century Company. It is of an encyclopædic character, as one would expect from the imprint of these publishers, and is intended to be practicable for the kitchens and dining-rooms over the whole country. Susan Coolidge has descended to the New England kitchen and given that domestic domain her entire attention. There are 587 pages, and the price is $2.00.

WATCH THEREFORE.

In Palestine the moonbeams shine
  Upon each lonely hill,
Where shepherds keep their drowsy sheep,
  And all the land is still.

But through the night a path of light
  Streams out across the way,
While servants feast until the East
  Gives warning of the day.

"Full many a year, in hope and fear,
  A band of slavish men,
We watch for him with eyes grown dim,—
  He will not come again!"

Far away, at the dawn of day,
  I hear the master come,
And the rhythmic beat of his horse's feet,
  Nearer and nearer home.

But no one waits at the castle gates,
  And on the castle floor
The sunlight creeps, while the porter sleeps
  Till his Lord is at the door!

Herbert Müller Hopkins.

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SOME HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

Two sumptuous books, imported by the Messrs. Macmillan from the old and reliable house of Messrs. Archibald Constable and Company, deserve honourable mention in any list of seasonable publications. *Ice-Bound on Kolguev* and *The Alps from End to End* are both marvels of substantial and artistic bookmaking. The former is a vividly descriptive account of the first exploration by any Englishman of the large island of Kolguev, which lies off the coast of Arctic Europe. Mr. A. Trevor-Battye, the author, made a voyage there in the summer of 1894 in a little yacht, which through risk of Polar ice was compelled to return, leaving him and a companion alone on the island. Their subsequent adventures and rescue by a solitary trader bartering for furs provide exciting entertainment, while, Mr. Trevor-Battye's object having been a scientific one, some valuable chapters have been contributed to our meagre knowledge of Arctic subjects, devoted especially to ornithology, flora, geology, and the native language of the island, which until then was not known to be inhabited. There are three maps and numerous illustrations, many of them from sketches by the author. *The Alps from End to End* is Sir W. Martin Conway's book, which is a description of three months' climbing in the Alps "from end to end," starting from the first snow-peak of the Maritime Alps, crossing Switzerland and Tyrol, to the last snowy Alpine peak, in all about one thousand miles. The climbing was done between June and September, 1894, so that the volume is one of the freshest and most comprehensive in its scope that has yet been contributed to Alpine literature. The work is largely picturesque, being profusely illustrated, one hundred of the pictures having been made by Mr. A. D. McCormick, and reproduced to the full size of the page and printed on fine plate paper. Both volumes are large octavo in size, and the price of each is $7.00.

The happy possessor of Timothy Cole's *Old Italian Masters*, which achieved distinction as one of the most successful art works ever issued in America, will welcome his *Old Dutch and Flemish Masters*, which forms a companion volume to his first superb work, published in a royal manner by the Century Company. Readers of the *Century Magazine* are familiar with Mr. Cole's wood-engravings, which have spread abroad his fame in other lands beside his own. Professor J. C. Van Dyke furnishes the main portion of the text, which also includes Mr. Cole's elucidatory notes on the pictures engraved by him. The title-page is ornamented with a delicately tinted old Dutch border that will recall fond reminiscences of Delft to many readers. It is a rare occasion that brings us such a superior and magnificent work of art as is treasured in this volume. Price, $7.50.

The Century Company have added three new volumes to their delightful and ingenious little Thumb-nail Series. (Price, $1.00 per volume.) Mr. Edwards reappears in the series, as is his right, and there is something harmonious and consistent in giving his work this form. *The Rivalries of Long and Short Codiac* contains ten sketches which have recently appeared in the *Century Magazine*, all pertaining to the romantic life of the fisher-folk on the islands that lie off the coast of Maine, which he depicts with a touch no less delicate and tender than that which he makes with his brush. In this field, too, Mr. Edwards is his own master, and has no rival. In *Notes of a Professional Exile*, by E. S. Nadal, there is collected a series of sketches in which fancy, frolic, and familiarity mingle with the various types of character and phases of life observed at an imaginary watering-place in Europe. The sketches give the pleasant and unusual impression of having been composed in a leisurely way, and many quaint conceits appear in the rambling, garrulous narrative about men, women, and books. For there never was an exile who did not contrive to get hold of books of some sort; and on reading Carlyle's *Autobiography*, edited by Froude, Mr. Nadal is moved to reflect on the autobiographies that have appeared during the last ten years, and to conclude that the position of the autobiographer has been in nearly every case the same—namely, "that God did

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a good thing when He made him!" Not the least charming feature in the volume is the gracious portrait of a certain young lady, which is exquisitely drawn in the "dedication." The remaining volume in this series to be mentioned is *A Madeira Party*, which contains a chapter of quaint lore about Madeira wine, discussed in all seriousness by a group of *gourmets* in Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's entertaining manner; also a dramatic tale of the French Revolution, in which Dr. Mitchell has surpassed himself and given his readers a fresh surprise. The story should be read some winter night when the wind is howling around the house and the casements are rattling about your ears, but all is still within save the sound of the crackling logs and the occasional gurgle of the wine, as you hear the courteous voice of the Duke's, "A little more Burgundy, Monsieur?"

If Henry Van Dyke is as magnetic in the pulpit as he is out of it, those who sit under him are to be envied. Nowhere in his "book of essays in profitable idleness," as he whimsically calls his latest work, *Little Rivers*, do we find the prating preacher in evidence. Every page is suffused with an honest, out-of-doors spirit of indulgence in the "sensations sweet" which Nature gives with lavish hand to her votaries. "If an open fire is, as Charles Dudley Warner says, the eye of a room, then surely a little river may be called the mouth, the most expressive feature of a landscape." Thus the keynote, which he strikes in the prelude to the joyous rambles which he takes through the book by the little rivers of diversified scenes and characteristics. And we thank him, to whose apt scholarship and tenacious memory we owe thanks for so many choice bits of literature with which he has bejewelled his writings, for that passage from Stevenson's "Prince Otto," which, in spite of so much late Stevensonia, we dare to quote: "There's no music," says Stevenson, "like a little river's. It plays the same tune (and that's the favourite) over and over again, and yet does not weary of it like men fiddlers. It takes the mind out of doors; and though we should be grateful for good houses, there is, after all, no house like God's out-of-doors. And lastly, sir, it quiets a man down like saying his prayers." The Messrs. Scribner, who publish *Little Rivers*, have made a delightful book of it; the cover especially deserves an encomium to itself, and the presswork and pictorial features are in excellent taste. If we are not mistaken in the price (it is marked at $2.00), the book is remarkably cheap for the money.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company have prepared an exquisite series of reproductions in colour-work after original designs by expert artists for the delectation of those who indulge in art products. The price of *Pansies* and *Roses* is $2.00 each; *Dogs* and *Cats*, $1.75; and *Facsimiles of Water Colours*, by W. Granville Smith, is $5.00. They are beautifully bound in specially designed covers, and are neatly encased in card-boxes. They make a most alluring display, and are admirably suited for holiday gifts.

When the publishers of that deservedly popular book, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, conceived the idea of taking the concluding chapters and issuing them separately as a holiday book, with illustrations from drawings made at "Drumtochty," they did something for which the admirers of Ian Maclaren will feel exceedingly grateful. *A Doctor of the Old School*, with its beautiful artistic setting and characteristic drawings, is not a book to pass away with the holiday fever; it will take as firm a place among books of permanent interest as Dr. John Brown's little classic, *Rab and His Friends*, to which it will form a delightful companion, and which, indeed, is said to have suggested this definitive form for the story of "Doctor Weelum MacLure." Mr. Frederick C. Gordon, who made the drawings, imparts in "A Visit to Drumtochty," on another page, some interesting information relating to the originals of the characters and places of the *Bonnie Brier Bush* stories. Price, $2.00.

Standish of Standish has always been the most popular of Mrs. Austin's historical novels of the Old Plymouth Colony. The story of Myles Standish, with the knightly fervour stirring in his blood, has an entrancing interest for us; the history of his times is made up of stern facts, indeed, as Mrs. Austin gently reminds us; but mingling with them is a thread of sweet and tender romance. We love the flower with a special affection which has its roots deeply imbedded in the crannied rocks, and its bloom has a beauty for our eye

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which gains by its floral asceticism. Among the new editions of standard works which have come to us, these two volumes rank high in the beauty and delicacy of their workmanship; everything about them is in good taste, and the twenty photogravures by Frank T. Merrill are among the best specimens of this mechanical process which we have seen. And Mrs. Austin's book is worthy of it all. The price is $5.00, and the publishers are Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company.——In our last number we had occasion to commend the illustrated holiday edition of *Hiawatha* issued by this firm. Since then we have received from them a companion volume, bound in much the same style, containing the poet's *Courtship of Miles Standish*. It is printed in clear type on superfine paper, and a profusion of half-tone vignettes and several full-page illustrations are scattered through the pages. Price, $1.50.

Émile Zola's *Une Page d'Amour* has been honoured, under Mr. Vizetelly's translation, entitled *A Love Episode*, to enter the lists for emprise among holiday books. Under the auspices of the J. B. Lippincott Company, who publish the sole authorised English version, M. Zola's famous novel makes a gay appearance with one hundred wood-engravings, of a piece with the character of the work. It is of this novel that Zola made the remark to a friend: "I will make all Paris weep." Mr. Vizetelly claims that in the entire domain of fiction it would be difficult to find a more pathetic story than that of Hélène Grandchamp's struggle with passion, her fall, and bitter punishment. He likens its moral effect to that of *Adam Bede*, the pathos of which it more than rivals. But the finish is not such as George Eliot would have made it; M. Zola is, above all, a realist from first to last. The story is in one volume—a rather bulky one—but it holds well together, and the price is only $2.00.——It will not be irrelevant to notice here a volume containing half a dozen short stories by Zola which Messrs. Copeland and Day have published, for the reason that the book is a fine example of dainty bookmaking, and the cover is unique, being in imitation of the French style. Mr. William Foster Apthorp, who has translated the stories in this volume, which bears the title of the first tale, *Jacques Damour*, is a well-known French scholar of Boston, and this adds literary value to these stories, in which M. Zola is considered by many critics to be at his best.

Who does not remember vividly the first time he read *The Wandering Jew*, and how the bewilderment of the opening chapters gave way before the insinuating mystery which crept upon him and held him with a fierce and terrible fascination! Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company have just brought out an illustrated edition of Eugene Sue's universal favourite in two volumes, the text of which is reprinted from the original Chapman and Hall edition, which is by far the best translation that exists. A good library edition of this French masterpiece has been much needed, and these publishers have given us one which is creditable to their enterprise. The volumes are a little large, to be sure, but that is not a serious objection when the book is one that is easily handled; besides, good, clear type is the first essential, and that takes space. The binding is substantial and meant to stand frequent usage, which is sensible, and there are eighteen full-page illustrations. Price, $3.00.

We welcome an old favourite from the press of the same firm in Jane Porter's enthralling historical romance, *The Scottish Chiefs*. In 1840 the author wrote a "Retrospective Preface" to an illustrated edition which then appeared, in which she referred to the first appearance of her story (in 1809), and reflected that "its probable last edition" had now been called for. And yet innumerable editions have been published since then; it has been translated into several languages, and circulated all over the world; and it has received the stamp of approbation and found favour during successive generations from eminent critics and authors. And now we have it again in a handsome form, in two volumes, with numerous illustrations of the scenes made famous in the history of Sir William Wallace and Robert Bruce, printed on fine plate paper. As in *The Wandering Jew*, the typography is excellent, and there are two frontispiece photogravures; the price is also the same. It is one of the best tales of adventure that can be put into the hands of young people, but none can resist its brilliancy and power.

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For elegance in form and embellishment, and for attractiveness in manner and matter, one might go far to seek dainty models of bookmaking, such as one finds in the volumes of the Faïence Library, published in a uniform edition, at $1.00 per volume, by the Messrs. Crowell. Four volumes have just come to hand in this series—namely, *The Faïence Violin*, by Champfleury; *L'Avril*, by Paul Margueritte; *La Belle Nivernaise and Other Stories*, by Daudet, and the same author's famous *Tartarin of Tarascon*. The illustrations are very clever, and their artful interspersion among the text makes quite an attractive page.

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have made a valuable and permanent contribution to the library in their edition of Charles Lever's novels of adventure, which are issued in continuance of, and uniform with, their edition of Lever's military novels. The novels of adventure have been considered by many to contain Lever's best work, and they have enjoyed an extensive popularity. Of course, no one expects nowadays to become wildly enthusiastic over Lever, but he fills a place in Irish literature which is indisputably his own, and his work will always find readers who enjoy an old-fashioned story of love and adventure, of mirth-provoking laughter, and entertaining fun on a broad scale. *Maurice Tiernay, the Soldier of Fortune*, deals largely with Napoleon and the early days of the Empire; *Sir Jasper Carew*, the scenes of which are laid in Ireland and France, is one of Lever's most powerful stories; *The Confessions of Con Cregan* is highly amusing. It is related that the humourist tried the experiment of publishing this novel anonymously, with the result that it was hailed at once as the work of an author who would eclipse Lever! *Roland Cashel*, as also *Con Cregan*, are in two volumes, making in all six volumes. The publishers have made a durable as well as a reputable set of books, and the illustrations and etchings, the former from drawings by "Phiz," and the latter by E. Van Muyden, increase the value and literary interest of this edition. Together, six volumes, price, $15.00.

What so rare in illustration for the eye to feast upon as a fine old wood-engraving! Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company have collected thirty of Birket Foster's delightful engravings, and accompanied them with selected passages in prose and poetry under the title, *Pictures of Rustic Landscape*. Mr. John Davidson, one of the strongest of the new school of poets, has made these selections, and has done his work as only a poet and a scholar of eclectic tastes and refined sensibilities could be expected to do it. The choice passages are confined for the most part to the works of our best artistic writers, and are remarkable for their suggestiveness of the beautiful, graphic presentation of landscape features, delicacy of light and shade in the use of word-painting, and fine imaginative quality. Among these writers we have Richard Jefferies, Stevenson, Hamerton, Pennell, Carlyle, Gilbert White, Wordsworth, Arnold, and Tennyson. Mr. Davidson also contributes two prose poems to the collection. The book is well bound and beautifully printed, and the price is $3.50. An engraved portrait of the artist is given in the frontispiece.

The publishers of *The Christ Child in Art*, by Henry Van Dyke, have just issued a dainty volume by the same author which centres about the Babe of Bethlehem. *The Story of the Other Wise Man* realises afresh the point of view which is hard for us to grasp at the end of nineteen centuries. The story of Artaban, the Median, the fourth Wise Man who failed to reach Bethlehem with his friends, is told with great tenderness and with wonderful verisimilitude. We follow his quest for the King through the temptations and disillusionment which bring discovery at last, with unabated interest; and the new light which the narrative throws upon the beauty of Christian charity is seasonable. The Messrs. Harper have made an uncommon and beautiful piece of book-making of Mr. Van Dyke's Christmas message, and the illustrations by F. Luis Mora add to its suggestiveness. The price is $1.50.

The ever-popular *Beauties of Shakespeare* has been decked out by the Messrs. Crowell for the holidays, with binding and photogravure illustrations to tempt the eye. It was through reading Mr. Dodd's *Beauties of Shakespeare* that Goethe was led to study the great English dramatist. It is issued in two neat little volumes, and the price is $2.50.

Of all that La Motte Fouqué has writ-

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ten, his *Undine* will perhaps alone live, but that assuredly. Goethe, who found little to commend in the other writings of Fouqué, said that on this occasion the author had struck gold, and Heine, who laughed unmercifully at him, raved about *Undine*, and called it a "wonderfully lovely poem. It is a very kiss; the Genius of Poesy kissed the sleeping Spring and he opened his eyelids with a smile, and all the roses breathed out perfume, and all the nightingales sang—this is what our excellent Fouqué clothed in words and called *Undine*." The story has been translated from the German and published by the Messrs. Stokes to meet the demand for a fine edition of this literary *immortelle*. Edmund Gosse contributes a critical introduction, and W. E. F. Britten a number of illustrations. The book is printed and bound in a perfect manner. The price is $5.00.——We have also to notice a work from the same firm, which commands our respect for its courage and enterprise in issuing a number of holiday publications which entail great expenditure in their lavish production—the work in question being Saint-Juirs' *Tavern of the Three Virtues*, with sixty drawings by Daniel Vierge. Edmund Gosse has laid his approval on this book also; the book itself is a sumptuous affair, and but for the fact that it is in English it might have come direct from Paris. As a work of art, it will be prized highly; we understand that only 125 copies have been bought for the American market. The price is $15.00.—— *The Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, rendered into English by Jane Barlow, and illustrated by F. D. Bedford, is published by the Messrs. Stokes. Mr. Bedford's decorative designs are instinct with humour and phantasy, and are truly delightful; the type is beautiful to behold, but very trying to the eyes in reading. We rather fear that the interest of the book will lie with the artist; and this is a pity, for Miss Barlow's work bears the inimitable stamp which all her writing carries.

There are many who will find in Messrs. Revell and Company's illustrated holiday edition of F. B. Meyer's *Shepherd Psalm* ($1.25), and in *The Star of Bethlehem* ($1.50), by Lyman Abbott, with designs by Doré, Delaroche and others, published by John Knox McAfee, suitable gift-books for Christmas-tide. The text is in fine, clear type on plate paper, and the cover designs are in exquisite taste.

The J. B. Lippincott Company have published two daintily made little books which offer an attraction among holiday books. *A Literary Pilgrimage* and *Literary Shrines*, by Dr. Theodore F. Wolfe, contain the record of the author's sentimental journeys to the scenes commemorated in literature by eminent and well-beloved authors, and to their homes. The former work is confined to English places, as the latter is to American. There is a pleasant air of familiarity and reminiscence in these books, also much that is helpfully suggestive, much that was worth recollecting in correspondence with some of the authors or in gossip with their friends or neighbours. The bindings are neat and elegant, and the photogravures of historic places enhance the merit of the work. In uniform binding, price $1.25 each.

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have selected from the numerous romances of that gifted genius who styled herself George Sand, those works of hers which may be called her masterpieces, for publication in a very attractive, uniform edition, consisting of four volumes. The titles are *François the Waif*, *The Devil's Pool*, *Fadette*, and *The Master Mosaic Workers*. The edition is limited, and the workmanship in the making of the books is executed worthily and in excellent taste. Price, $6.00 net.——Two books of permanent worth as well as of holiday interest come to us from Messrs. Roberts Brothers in Philip Gilbert Hamerton's *Painting in France* and *Contemporary French Painters* (price, $3.00 each). Mr. Hamerton's position as an art critic and a writer of polished and dignified English prose is too well known to need comment, but we would like to call attention to the photogravures of the fine examples of French painting which accompany the text. There are thirty of these in the two volumes, all choice subjects and representative of the best product of contemporary French art. ——John C. Winston and Company, of Philadelphia, have issued an attractive pictorial book about *Westminster Abbey and the Cathedrals of England* (price, $3.50), which is largely illustrated from photographic views of the Cathedrals and from portraits of the dignitaries as-

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sociated therewith. The contributors to the historical and graphic descriptions elucidating these views and portraits include some reverend and dignified names, such as Dean Farrar, Dean Milman, Dean Stanley, Venables of Lincoln, and the Dean of Winchester. ——Messrs. Lovell, Coryell and Company send us their editions of Green's *History of the English People* and Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times;* the former in four volumes (price, $5.00) and the latter in two (price, $3.00). Illustrations play an important part in these volumes, and the editing has been especially well done in order to bring the works of these authors within the practical range of the average reader. These popular editions of well-known standard works are admirably adapted to the holiday wants of those whose taste and inclination may run in this department of literature.——One of the most important books of the season, and one that will be eagerly read by observant students of present-day history, is Professor Grosvenor's able and comprehensive work on *Constantinople* (price, $10.00). The two volumes are superbly and profusely illustrated with 250 pictures, and there is an introduction by Lew Wallace. These two authors explored the field together for years, and constantly stimulated each other in his special work by congenial and inspiring companionship. We hope to give an extensive and careful review of Professor Grosvenor's work in our next number, the book having appeared just as we go to press.

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

An unprecedented number of new books and stories for boys and girls has already been published, and still there are more to follow before the season's list is exhausted. Surely young people were never so well catered for in the matter of literature as they are nowadays. They represent a class whose needs are being better understood every year, and the consequence is that a new and more carefully trained band of writers is constantly coming to the front. Besides, there is no more severe critic than your fresh-minded boy or girl, and he or she is at no pains to tell you frankly—with a brutal frankness, the author might think—what is his or her opinion of a book. The old authors are well represented, and many new and untried ones appear on the list of juveniles that follow. As far as possible we have sought briefly to indicate the contents of each and to present its features succinctly, so as to enable the reader to judge of the merits and nature of the book. This list by no means includes all the new juveniles, but it does contain all books that have been sent to us up to November 8th.

Christmas Week at Bigler's Mill, by Dora E. W. Spratt, is a charming little sketch of a Southern Christmas, told largely in dialect, and with simplicity and truth to life. It is prettily bound and illustrated. (American Baptist Publication Society. 75 cents.) The Century Company publish the following four books in an admirable style, with choice covers and illustrations by the best artists: *Jack Ballister's Fortunes* gives a vivid picture of early colonial life in Virginia, and tells the story of an English lad who is kidnapped and sold as a servant on a Virginia plantation, from which he runs away only to fall into the hands of pirates. He escapes and at the same time rescues a young woman who had been captured and held for ransom. Mr. Howard Pyle's story, as it appeared in *St. Nicholas*, has been expanded in book form, and his clever illustrations are also given, suffering somewhat from their reduced state. (Price, $2.00.) *A Boy of the First Empire*, by Elbridge S. Brooks, which also appeared in *St. Nicholas*, will hardly prepare the mind of the young reader for the reception of the real Napoleon which must come later to his knowledge. It will be a rude shock to descend from the noble picture herein painted of the Emperor to the true character in his ignoble relations to history. But the romantic idealism of the story will heighten interest in human life apart from its particular setting, and is calcu-

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lated to arouse the imagination and to stimulate admiration for bravery and loyalty in action and a high conduct of life. It is richly illustrated by Mr. Ogden's pictures, also taken from the magazine. (Price, $1.50.) In *The Horse Fair*, by James Baldwin, we are taken to the magic land of Morgan the Fay, where every noted horse known to legend or history passes through a glorious show before the wondering eyes of a little American boy. Mr. Baldwin's deep affection for the horse and his wide knowledge of the famous steeds of antiquity and in literature and history have gone to the making of a book that will astonish the reader by its countless entries in this marvellous fair, and will appeal to all who love horses, brave adventure, and stirring engagements on the battlefield. The uniqueness of the idea will add to the surprise which the book has in store for its young readers, and older ones will certainly profit by it as well. The illustrations are very good. (Price, $1.50.) There are twenty-six stories founded on heroic incidents in American history in *Hero Tales*, by Henry C. Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt, fully illustrated. The purpose of the book, say the authors, is to hold up the lofty ideal which moved these heroes of our land to "the stern and manly qualities which are essential to the well-being of a masterful race, the virtues of gentleness and of patriotism." (Price, $1.50.) From H. T. Coates and Company we have *Under the Red Flag*, by Edward King; *Adrift in the City*, by Horatio Alger, Jr.; and *The Young Rancher*, by Edward S. Ellis, stories of ordinary interest and mediocre ability; perhaps we should except the first volume, which narrates the adventures of three American boys during the insurrection of the Paris Commune, in 1871. Its descriptions are drawn with the directness and strength which an eye-witness of the scenes could well convey with the ready facility of the special correspondent's pen. (Price, $1.25 each.)

We welcome the new edition of Miss Hapgood's translation of De Amicis's *Cuore*, with its beautiful illustrations, said to be the work of clever Italian artists. This Italian schoolboy's journal deserves to become a classic among juveniles, as indeed it promises to be, there having been over one hundred and twenty-five editions within the last ten years. *Cuore* is the Italian for "heart," and through the heart of a young Italian schoolboy the author has found his way to the hearts of all boys, whatever their nationality. (Price, $1.50.) *The Three Apprentices of Moon Street* is a translation from the French, accompanied, if we are not mistaken, by the original illustrations, which have all the vivacity and peculiar characteristics of French pictorial art. The story is wholesome and natural, the three lively youngsters being as fond of mischief and of getting into scrapes as is the real boy, and yet we like them and find their experiences very amusing and their conduct instinct with good nature and honesty. (Price, $1.50.) A new edition of *Half a Dozen Boys*, with some cleverly drawn illustrations by Frank T. Merrill, ought to gain a host of new readers for Anna Chapin Ray's bright story, which was published five years ago. The author's little greeting to her "boy and girl friends" has a touch of pathos in it, and reveals the secret of the wholesome reality of her deservedly successful story. "They are real boys still," she says of her characters, "and to-day our friendship is as firm as ever; but in the tall, dignified young students I miss the old harum-scarum Teddy, the irrepressible Phil." (Price, $1.50.) These three books are uniform in binding and style, which are in the best taste. *Jack Alden*, a story of adventures in the Virginia campaigns (1861–65), is a thoroughly wholesome and interesting tale. We feel that too high praise cannot be given Mr. Warren Lee Goss for this series of war stories, and we are sorry to learn that this volume is likely to be the last; but other fields of action may allure his pen in the future. By his *Jed* and *Tom Clifton*, and now his *Jack Alden*, he has more than any writer we know illustrated in no ordinary fashion the lesson of the Civil War, with all its inspiration of patriotism, endurance, generosity, and broad feeling. Many of the descriptive scenes are drawn with fidelity and vivid imaginative power, and are, we can well believe, "unexaggerated recitals of real occurrences." It is a great pleasure to put such books into the hands of boys and girls. (Price, $1.50.) Miss Sarah E. Morrison follows up the adventures of the young pioneers to whom we were introduced in *Chilhowee Boys* in a new volume entitled *Chilhowee Boys in War*

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Time, which brings them into the exciting days and hardships of living during the War of 1812. Miss Morrison tells her story with genuine feeling and appreciation of historical facts, and she keeps her boys in a pretty lively state while she has them in hand, so that the story neither suffers from dulness nor exaggeration. (Price, $1.50.) Both these books contain illustrations by Frank T. Merrill. A dainty gift-book either for old or young is *Dear Little Marchioness*, which enshrines the touching story of a child's simple faith and love, and, as Bishop Gailor says truly in his preface (the story is anonymous), it will appeal to those who, in passing through dark waters, have found their help and blessing in the unquestioning trust of childhood." It is none the less a child's book. (Price, $1.00.) The above books are published by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have added to their several juvenile series, *Elsie's Journey on Inland Waters*, by Martha Finley ($1.25) ; *A Sherburne Romance*, by Amanda M. Douglas ($1.50) ; *Witch Winnie at Versailles*, by Elizabeth W. Champney, with many illustrations ($1.50) ; *Paddy O'Leary and his Learned Pig*, a bright little Irish story by the same author, with several clever illustrations ($1.00). *Cormorant Crag*, by George Manville Fenn, is an unusually interesting tale of adventure of the time known as the smuggling days in the Channel Islands lying between the coasts of France and England, with numerous illustrations. (Price, $1.50.) *Roger the Ranger*, by Eliza F. Pollard, combines the exciting romance of Red Indian adventure which every boy loves with veracious accounts of the war on the Canadian frontier, in which Montcalm and Wolfe appear. The narrative is remarkably well done ; the illustrations are not. (Price, $1.25.) A much warmer word of praise must be said for Standish O'Grady's *Chain of Gold*, a brilliantly written tale of adventure on the wild west coast of Ireland, among the savage islanders whom we met not so long ago in Miss Lawless's *Maelcho*. The mysterious "chain" is not introduced until near the end, and the author's disposal of it is a striking example of that charming realism and higher imaginative power which differentiate him from Mr. Ballantyne and Mr. Henty, who would have wrought extravagant wonders out of Mr. O'Grady's "chain of gold." Among the story-books of the year there are not likely to be many more interesting or fascinating than *The Chain of Gold*, which may be read with equal pleasure by old and young. (Price, $1.25.)

Kirk Munroe's latest story, *Snow-Shoes and Sledges*, begins where *The Fur-Seal's Tooth* left off, and, like that book, will hold the interest from beginning to end in spite of many pages of descriptive writing. The expedition up the Yukon and the journey across the Chilcoot Mountains during the winter afford opportunities of plucky conduct and adventurous daring for his young heroes, Phil and Serge, which are not neglected, while in the old Yankee sailor, Jalap Coombs, he has introduced a character of racy humour, if he is a type, who brightens the story with his comical sallies and ready wit. The book is profusely and excellently illustrated. (Price, $1.25.) An excellent scheme of New Testament instruction has been adopted in *A Life of Christ for Young People*, by Mary Hastings Foote, which is composed of short and simple questions and answers, following the events of Christ's life as nearly as possible in the order in which they occurred. It will prove to be an indispensable book in the home or in the school. We are pleased to see that an index has not been neglected. (Price, $1.25.) Both books are published by the Messrs. Harper.——Laird and Lee send us a cheap edition of De Amicis's *Cuore*, which they have entitled *The Heart of a Boy ;* also a story of adventure called *Dick and Jack's Adventures on Sable Island*, by B. Freeman Ashley, both with a number of illustrations, full page and in the text. (Price, 75 cents each.)

Messrs. Lee and Shepard have a goodly array of juvenile publications this season. First and foremost there is the inevitable Oliver Optic book, *Half Round the World*, which was made necessary by the initial volume of the series which appeared in the spring. Need we say that the story will be welcomed eagerly by Mr. Adams's large following? (Price, $1.25.) Then we have another addition to the War of 1812 Series in *The Boy Officers of 1812*, by Everett T. Tomlinson, which succeeds *The Boy Soldiers*, also issued in the spring. (Price, $1.25.) Of course the usual illustrations and carmine-coloured

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covers make brighter the attraction of these books. Three new stories in the convenient little volumes issued by this firm for children are *Little Daughter*, by Grace Le Baron, which, like its predecessor, *Little Miss Faith*, in the Hazlewood Stories, is a sweet and wholesome tale; *Kyzie Dunlee*, by Sophie May, whose charming stories for children have brought pleasure into many homes, and *Young Master Kirke*, by Penn Shirley, who shares with her sister, Sophie May, the clever knack of amusing and interesting the young folks in her pleasant stories. (Price, 75 cents each.) *The Lottery Ticket*, by J. T. Trowbridge, is for older children, and appeared in the *Youth's Companion* in serial form, but is now expanded with the addition of several chapters which swell the original story to the necessary proportions of a book. It is long since Mr. Trowbridge won the hearts of boys, and girls too, by his lively and interesting stories, and the present one will enhance their pleasure. (Price, $1.00.) These books are all prettily illustrated.

The popular author of *Colonial Days and Dames* has contributed to juvenile literature a book of stories that is worth more than passing mention. To begin with, it is a beautifully made book—such a child's book as would delight Ruskin, who holds that you cannot begin too early to educate the taste of children even in the matter of good book-making. *A Last Century Maid and other Stories*, by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, contains half a dozen stories and as many full-page illustrations which illustrate and are not there simply for embellishment. In a preface she makes some explanations with reference to certain anachronisms "to satisfy the historic instincts of any grown persons who may chance to scan these pages." One "grown" person at least can testify that under the author's charm he has followed unquestionably the guidance of her wand, as if 'twere a kingdom of Bohemia, with no *factum* in real life behind the illusion that held him spellbound. (Price, $1.50.) The J. B. Lippincott Company, who publish this enviable book, also have their imprint on *A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes*, which derives its great value and attraction not so much because of Mr. Baring-Gould's enthusiasm as an editor, as from the decorative illustrations lavished upon every page by members of the Birmingham Art School under the direction of Arthur J. Gaskin. The whole production is dominated by the new movement in art, and the book, printed on hand-made paper and bound in black linen with cover design in gold, is but a featherweight in the hand. (Price, $2.00.) The same firm publishes a new story for girls by Rosa Nouchette Carey, entitled *Cousin Mona* ($1.25), and two boy's stories, one, *Hugh Melville's Quest*, by F. M. Holmes ($1.25), being a tale of adventure in the days of the Armada, and the other, *The Wizard King*, by David Ker, a story of the last Moslem invasion of Europe, told with vigour and realism, and written with unusual power. This is also a book that "grown" persons would thoroughly enjoy. (Price, $1.50.) These stories are fairly well illustrated.

A new volume from that charming writer of stories for the young, Miss Nora Perry, is something to be sincerely grateful for. In *A Flock of Girls and Boys* she has given us eleven stories, accompanied with a number of fine illustrations, which, like all she has written, are full of delightful interest and entertainment. Miss Perry knows how to keep on the natural plane and yet make her pictures of life bright and unusually attractive. The book has an excellent cover, with that tone to it which distinguishes the aristocratic book from the plebeian. (Little, Brown and Company, $1.50.)——Messrs. Lovell, Coryell and Company have issued *A Dash to the Pole*, by Herbert D. Ward, which is an exciting adventure *à la* Jules Verne. (Price, $1.00.)

Country Pastimes for Boys, by P. Anderson Graham, is the sort of book that lots of boys—we should like to say all boys—will covet, and its handsome cover, gilt edges, and numerous illustrations (252 of them) will make it positively fascinating to the boy who has any love for natural history, and what boy hasn't? It is published by the Messrs. Longmans. (Price, $2.00.)

The Lothrop Publishing Company, under its new organisation, is evidently going to make things "hum" in the world of children's books. The list of eight new juveniles which follows demands a more extensive notice than can be given here with the limited space at our command. The reader may take it

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that these books are not only worthy of attention because of their literary merit—in some cases unusual, and in all more than ordinary—but by reason of the care and artistic taste which has been expended on the exterior of the books. *The Boy Life of Napoleon* is adapted from the French of Madame Eugénie Foa for American boys and girls ($1.25); *Child Sketches from George Eliot* is the work of JuliaMagruder ($1.25), with illustrations by R. B. Birch and Amy Brooks; *The Children's Wonder Book* and *The Children's Nonsense Book* (price, $1.50 each) are choicely illustrated, and their reading matter composed of judiciously selected nonsense rhymes and stories; *The Partners* ($1.50) is a capital story for girls by the popular writer, William O. Stoddard; *The Impostor*, a football and college romance by the late Charles R. Talbot ($1.50), is a breezy and entertaining story. *The Hobbledehoy*, by Belle C. Greene ($1.25), occupies an unusual field in juvenile fiction, that of the boy just turning man, whose awkward yet honest, groping ambition is skilfully and sympathetically rendered by the author. Maurice Thompson has written a story of Florida town and forest life called *The Ocala Boy*, in a merry and delightful vein which has the advantage, being a Southern story, of having Mr. E. W. Kemble for illustrator ($1.00). All the illustrations of these books have been contributed by carefully selected artists, some of whom are famous in juvenile art work.

The Messrs. Macmillan publish *The Carved Lions*, by Mrs. Molesworth, a great favourite with children, whose stories are always acceptable. It is illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke ($1.00). —*The Child's Garden of Song* is a very beautiful and picturesque piece of work, but unless there is a New Child arising, we fail to see how children can be especially attracted by it. It will be most appreciated by those from whose sense of wonderland the "clouds of glory" have not all departed. Still, adapted as the songs are to the voices of children and to the refinement of sentiment, we may be mistaken in thinking that the work may not prove useful as well as pleasing to the child. (A. C. McClurg and Company, $2.00.) *Jack Midwood; or, Bread Cast upon the Waters*, by Edward S. Ellis, is another of the wildly extravagant stories from this writer, who mistakes coarse fun for humour too often to be very wholesome. (The Merriam Company, $1.25.)

Messrs. Roberts Brothers are well represented in books "for the youngsters," as their advertisement invariably runs. *The Keeper of the Salamander's Order*, by William Shattuck, is a remarkably well-written and strongly conceived tale of strange adventures in unknown climes, at least the geographical descriptions are indefinite enough to "hitch" the scenes to any known point on the globe. There are nearly 100 illustrations ($2.00). *Through Forest and Plain*, by Ashmore Russan and Frederick Boyle, is a rather extravagant tale of the adventures which befall an orchid collector and his party while in search of a rare exotic specimen; it must be said, however, that it is intensely interesting ($1.50). Evelyn Raymond has given us another elevating and entertaining story in *The Mushroom Cave* ($1.50); and the author of *Miss Toosey's Mission* has increased her volume of good work and her reputation for thoroughly sweet and wholesome writing by *My Honey* and *Don*. (Price, $1.00 each.) *Frowzle the Runaway* is a delicious fable for the little ones, told with fine simplicity by Lily F. Wesselhoeft ($1.25); *A Jolly Good Summer*, by Mary P. W. Smith, is a continuation of her *Jolly Good Times To-day*, and it is delightful to see how the author's story-telling instincts are strengthened by a real knowledge of children and by a sympathetic understanding of their ways which will win the affection and make active the better nature of her young readers. (Price, $1.25.) *In the Okefenokee*, a story of war time and the great Georgia swamp, is by Louis Pendleton, and is neither better nor worse than the ordinary adventure story turned out with the regularity of clock-work by industrious writers. *Joel: A Boy of Galilee*, by Annie Fellows Johnston, is a story of the times of Jesus of Nazareth, and the events and characters of the Gospel narratives are freely used. Joel is a little cripple who is made whole and straight-limbed by the Rabbi Jesus. It is an honest tale plainly told, and will appeal to children; but the older reader will miss too much that he would wish to see there, and find more than he would see to thoroughly enjoy the book ($1.50). *Dorothy and Anton* is a sequel to *Dear Daughter Doro-*

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thy, by A. G. Plympton, with the author's own illustrations ($1.00). Three little books (square sixteenmo, 50 cents each), *Goostie ; Yan and Nochie of Tappan Sea*, and *Under the Stable Door*, a Christmas story, all by M. Carrie Hyde, exhaust the Messrs. Roberts's list. The work of illustration is, on the whole, well done, especial care having been given to the ten pictures realising New Testament scenes in *Joel : A Boy of Galilee*.

Messrs. George Routledge and Sons have issued four juveniles with their London imprint which are of unmistakable English manufacture. *Fighting his Way*, by a popular English writer, the Rev. H. C. Adams, is a tale of clerical life which relates the spiritual and moral conflict of a young curate who presents a noble example of manly conduct and of the perseverance of the saints. It is a book of special interest, and yet it is of profound human interest to all, particularly to the high-minded youth who has to measure life's fruition not only by his ideals, but by a wise recognition of the truth that "growth is slow where roots are deep." (Price, $1.50.) *Every Boy's Stories ; Every Girl's Stories*, and *Every Child's Stories* are composed of selections adapted to each grade of reader from the class of authors known as safe and combining pleasure with profit, sometimes also information. Numerous pictures are scattered over the pages, which number over 500 in each volume. Covers dipped in strong primary colours encase their respective contents, and arrest immediate attention. (Price, $2.00 per volume.)

Four volumes from the press of the Scribners lie on our table. Three of their juveniles have already been noticed in the November BOOKMAN. Chief among those left is Mrs. Burnett's *Two Little Pilgrims' Progress*, which is written in much the same delightful manner as all her stories (we except *Little Lord Fauntleroy* as a *tour de force*), gaining something, perhaps, by the fact that Mrs. Burnett has sought in her novel way to make capital out of the Chicago Exposition. For the City Beautiful, to which her two little pilgrims, their fresh minds afire with reading Bunyan's allegory (a book, by the way, which ought to be in every child's library), set out, is none other than the White City of which they have heard. The Fair has just receded far enough into the distance to give Mrs. Burnett a safe perspective, and yet it is still so near to our remembrance as to insure immediate interest in her story. The illustrations of course are by Birch. (Price, $1.50.) In *The Garden Behind the Moon* we prefer Mr. Howard Pyle's pictures to his print. The book is, as would be expected where Howard Pyle is concerned, beautiful throughout ; and if one may weary of the text, one finds compensation in lingering over the work of the artist ($2.00). *The Kanter Girls* is a fairy tale told by Mary L. B. Branch to the accompaniment of many illustrations drawn by Helen M. Armstrong, and is very attractively bound and printed ($1.50). A volume of *Children's Stories in American Literature* has been compiled by Henrietta C. Wright, comprising the literary lights between the years 1660 and 1860. (Price, $1.25.)

The story of *Zelinda and the Monster ; or, Beauty and the Beast*, retold after the old Italian version, and finely illustrated in photogravure by the Countess of Lovelace, is another of those delicately produced books which we hesitate to put into the hands of children. It is, we fear, to the "children of riper years," to whom the preface is addressed, that we must look for the fine appreciation of the excellent artistic beauty lavished on this work. Messrs. F. A. Stokes and Company import *Zelinda* from the press of Dent, in London, which is a criterion of its worthiness as a work of art.—— *Wayne and his Friends*, by J. Selwyn Tait, author and publisher, is a book of nine stories, one long and eight short, which are more than ordinarily interesting, and appear to be written from the inside by one who knows children, but loves them better than he knows, for tenderness is one of the notable qualities in the work. It contains some good illustrations, and is well printed and bound. (J. Selwyn Tait and Sons, $1.25.) ——*The Desert Ship*, by John Bloundelle-Burton, is an evidence that the wonderful in imaginative work is still capable of surprises. Here we have a story of adventure as strange and marvellous in its setting as anything yet imagined, and the more surprising is it that the invention is not purely imaginary, but is founded on tradition and apparently substantiated by scientific research. But we leave the reader, boy or man, to explore the mysterious region described in

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this story for himself. (Frederick Warne and Company, $1.25.)

Thomas Whittaker have published the following stories, all by writers who have already won a hearing from boys and girls: *The Rebel Commodore* ($1.25), being memoirs of the earlier adventures, ashore and afloat, of Sir Ascott Dalrymple, by David L. Johnstone, which touches on a subject already made famous by Mr. Crockett's *Raiders; Where the Brook and River Meet*, by Nellie Hellis, a story for girls, inculcating the truth that "highest beauty lies in doing simplest duty" ($1.25); *Thistle and Rose*, by Amy Walton, also a girl's story, with much the same moral, but inferior in quality to the former ($1.00). *The Brotherhood of the Coast*, by the same author as *The Rebel Commodore*, is a story of the times of the Commonwealth in England, and Charles the Second. History and romantic adventure in foreign parts are interwoven. Mr. Johnstone writes with ease and dignity, and a lofty tone pervades his stories, which are adventurous without extravagance, and exciting in interest without exaggeration ($1.50). *Two College Boys*, by the Rev. Edward A. Rand (75 cents), and *White Turrets*, by Mrs. Molesworth ($1.00), concludes Mr. Whittaker's juvenile list, which sustains its high repute for purity of principle and sweet, wholesome feeling.

RECENT EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS.

The present widespread interest in Froebel is amply testified to by the rapidity with which excellent books on the man and his educational theories come from the press. Following hard upon Mr. Courthope Bowen's standard critique, there have appeared in quick succession Miss Blow's really profound little book on *Symbolic Education*, a translation of Froebel's *Pädagogik des Kindergartens*, and now a capital version, also by Miss Blow, of the *Mutter- und Kose-Lieder*. The title of the last-named book is *The Mottoes and Commentaries of Friedrich Froebel's Mother Play* (New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50). The value of the book is enhanced, as is that of all the volumes of this International Education Series, by the editorial preface from the pen of Dr. William T. Harris. The difficulties in rendering Froebel's uncouth German and his often ridiculous symbolism are well-nigh insurmountable, and Dr. Harris is quite right in saying that in this volume Miss Blow has transplanted rather than translated the ideas of Froebel. The Kindergarten movement in Great Britain and America has suffered from two mutually exclusive causes—ignorance of Froebel on the one hand, and blind, uncritical adherence to his dogmas on the other. Just now the second cause is most active; and it will be well if parents and teachers can be brought to read and reflect upon such sane judgments of Froebel as writers like Mr. Bowen and Miss Blow give. The strength of Froebel is to be found in his sympathy with children and his insight into their nature. These *Mutter- und Kose-Lieder* are a wonderful testimony to this power. It is literature for mothers and children alike. Miss Blow's enthusiasm is hardly extreme when she writes (p. 39): "As a child's book this little collection of songs and games is unique in literature. As a mother's book likewise it has no ancestry and no posterity. It is the greatest book for little children and the greatest book for mothers in the world."

The *Deutsche Zeitschrift für Ausländisches Unterrichtswesen* is the title of a new pedagogical quarterly appearing this month, and announcing as its purpose the study, from the German standpoint, of educational systems and educational problems as they present themselves in other countries. Although claiming that the German educational system has long been universally acknowledged as the foremost in the world, the prospectus of this new periodical confesses that in many respects there exists in this system a tendency to one-sidedness. To correct this tendency it is deemed appropriate to give more attention to education elsewhere. Among several subjects worthy of immediate attention are mentioned the phenomenal growth of systems in other countries,

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especially France, during the last twenty-five years; the education of woman, in which Germany is far behind her neighbours and the countries of the New World; and the popularization of learning by such methods as university extension, Chautauqua circles, etc. The work of the periodical will be carried on under two distinct heads: first, reports from all sorts of educational institutions, from the university down to the primary school; second, scientific articles by the foremost educators of the world; and in a long list of those who are announced as contributors are found the names of the following Americans: Professors Butler, of Columbia; Hall, of Clark; Munroe, of Leland Stanford; Montresor, of City of New York; Russell, of Colorado; and Thurber, of Chicago. A large number of papers on interesting subjects are announced, and among them America seems to receive her full share of consideration. Careful attention will also be given to educational literature from all lands. The management of the new venture is to be under the care of Dr. J. Wychgram, Director of the Girls' City High School in Leipsic, who has long been occupied with the discussion of educational questions, and who has contributed much to educational literature, especially on the education of women.

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The Aguilar Library, which is one of New York's free public libraries, circulating annually over 255,000 volumes, will conduct a table at the large Fair of the Educational Alliance, to be held from December 9th to December 21st inclusive, at the Madison Square Garden. One of the branches of the library is situated in the Alliance Building on East Broadway, and forms a component part of the work of the Alliance.

This corner of the Garden will be a shrine for all book-loving pilgrims. Here will be found a cosy library, where the weary visitor may seat himself and wish he owned all the charming things about him. Here he may purchase desks and dictionaries, table lamps and desk-chairs, scrap-baskets and lamp-shades, all kinds of stationery, book-cases and portraits, autographs, magazines, and magazine-holders. Among the magazines which donate a year's subscription to the table are THE BOOKMAN, *Scribner's*, and *The Forum*.

Also the devoted reader may cast his vote (repeating being not only permitted, but encouraged) for the most popular American author, and may have the satisfaction in assisting in placing upon the victorious desk a beautifully hand-painted desk-set.

Upon the shelves of this unique library will be presentation volumes that will fairly craze the ardent autograph collector, from W. D. Howells, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, John Fiske, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, H. C. Scudder, W. C. Brownell, Hamilton W. Mabie, George Woodberry, John Burroughs, Isabel Hapgood, Kate Douglass Riggs, Mary Hallock Foote, Henry Fuller, Hamlin Garland, Septima Collis, William Winter, Carl Schurz, E. C. Stedman, Charles Dudley Warner, Maud W. Goodwin, Frances Hellman, Helen Grey Cone, Frank Stockton, Oscar S. Strauss, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Margaret Deland, Anna Brackett, Mary Putnam Jacobi, George Haven Putnam, Emily James Smith, R. W. Gilder, Edward Eggleston, Alice Wellington Rollins, Clara Stranahan, Lilian Bell, Mrs. James T. Fields, Felix Adler, E. D. Cheney, George Du Maurier, Edward Bellamy, John Kendrick Bangs, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, Maria L. Poole, Harriet C. Wright, Theodore Roosevelt, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Vida Scudder, Kate Sanborn, Anne H. Wharton, Lilian Whiting, Noah Brooks, Howard Pyle, E. W. Townsend, W. O. Stoddard, Mary Mapes Dodge, Margaret Sangster, Kate E. Clark, William Winter, Sarah K. Bolton, and many others.

Most of these chose to sign their name, perhaps adding "yours sincerely" or "faithfully," as the case might be; some others, however, added interesting and clever inscriptions. This is from Charles Eliot Norton:

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"Given to the Fair for the benefit of the Aguilar Free Library, by Charles Eliot Norton, with the wish that some one may feel with Master Slender, 'I had rather than forty shillings I had (this) Book of Songs and Sonnets.'

"Shady Hill, Cambridge, October 19, 1895."

In one of his books Brander Matthews warns the purchaser,

"See that the signature is blown in the bottle."

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney

"sets her mark here for the Aguilar Free Library of New York, on the 20th October, 1895."

Edmund Clarence Stedman quotes his own definition of poetry.

Frank Stockton writes,

"With kind regards to the purchaser of this book."

Goldwin Smith, on the fly-leaf of his *United States*, quotes Bacon:

"These times are the ancient times when the world is ancient," etc.

Elbridge S. Brooks sends a copy of his *Leisler*—

"With the best wishes of the author, this story of a forgotten New York patriot is offered as a spur to true Americanism."

Palmer Cox trusts

"the owner of this Book may take as much pleasure in perusing its pages as the author did in preparing them."

There will be found also many interesting autograph letters for sale, from Austin Dobson, Max O'Rell, Stepniak, Edward Freeman, Madame Adam, Jules Claretie, Jules Verne, and others. Chief in interest is a four-page letter from Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is dated Beverly Farms, August 8th, 1888. Among other things it says:

"I am passing a quiet and refreshing summer at this pleasant seaside retreat, with only my daughter, who lives with me both summer and winter, having let her own charming house to come to me.

"I am not writing anything but letters, of which I have always a good many to attend to. How much longer I shall be able to do it I cannot say, for my eyes are getting more and more dim, and one of them is shirking its work almost entirely, so that the other is liable to be overtaxed, and I am beginning to think of a staff and little dog if I have to grope my way in this lower sphere of life much longer.

"But do not shed the sympathetic tear for my poor eyesight, for you see that I can write almost legibly; and though the landscape has a mistiness about it, I can still enjoy my view of the ocean and the noble trees, which I look upon every day."

This letter was presented to the table by Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins, to whom it was addressed. It is marked $25.00, which, considering the quality of the letter, as well as the good cause it assists, is certainly a modest price.

Besides Mrs. Rollins, a number of other well-known *littérateurs* will assist in presiding over the library and its fascinating wares—Mrs. Kate Douglass Riggs, Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, Miss Marguerite Merington, Miss Hapgood, and Mrs. Margaret Sangster, as well as some ladies better known in other spheres—Miss Emma Thursby, Mrs. Charles Barnard, and Miss Ragna Boyesen.

Annie Nathan Meyer.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

In the July number of THE BOOKMAN we gave a list of the works of several popular English authors as they appeared in England in book form, and in response to requests from several correspondents for a similar list of R. D. Blackmore's books, we append the following:

Poems by Melanter. 12mo. 1854.
Epullia, and Other Poems. 8vo. 1855.
The Bugle of the Black Sea. 12mo. 1855
The Fate of Franklin: A Poem. Foolscap 8vo. 1860.
The Farm and Fruit of Old: A Translation in Verse of the First and Second Georgics of Vergil. By a Market Gardener. 1862.
Clara Vaughan. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1864.
Cradock Nowell. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1866.
Lorna Doone: A Romance of Exmoor. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1869.
The Georgics of Vergil. Translated. 12mo. 1871.
The Maid of Sker. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1872.
Alice Lorraine: A Tale of the South Downs. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1875.
Cripps the Carrier: A Woodland Tale. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1876.
Erema; or, My Father's Sin. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1877.
Mary Anerley: A Yorkshire Tale. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1880.
Cristowell: A Dartmoor Tale. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1882.
The Remarkable History of Sir Thomas Upmore, Bart. 2 vols., post 8vo. 1884.

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Springhaven: A Tale of the Great War. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1887.
Kit and Kitty: A Story of West Middlesex. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1890.
Perlycross: A Tale of the Western Hills. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1894.
Fringilla: Some Tales in Verse. 8vo. 1895.
Slain by the Doones. Post 8vo. 1895.

FALSE CHORDS.

I listen, but I listen all in vain,
Amid the jangle of beribboned lyres
(The which our modern poets strum upon)
For some heart-note, some echo of great thoughts
To thrill me and uplift me like the breath
Of sudden brine from out old ocean's breast,
Fresh-dashing in my face a kiss of dawn.

But so it is, that all I hear—good God!
Is art, art, art, and sickly plaintive runes
Of flowers, and birds, and lovelorn serenades,
In cunning form, fine moulded for the ear,
Frail word-mosaics of these lesser days;
Or, failing that, there comes a mystic chant
Of dense, dull verse, whose secret lies in gloom,
Swathed like a mummy in his cerements.

And these are nothing but false chords, I know;
For true-born singers smite Apollo's harp
With something of the spirit of a god,
And give their very life-blood to the song.

O, muse of mine, let not my lyre sound
To such vain pipings; grant its varied moods
A touch of tears—a voice of nature's own
As lucid, and as free and undefiled;
And give it steel, and iron, like the strength
Of clashing sabres and of bayonets
And black-mouthed cannon, wreathed in thunder clouds,
Whose music rolls a menace o'er the skies
Where earth is shaking to the tread of Mars.

Ernest McGaffey.

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THE BOOK MART.

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, November 1, 1895.

The month opened with a continuance of the sale of higher grade text-books for colleges and private schools. The expected revival in library business manifested itself, and the requests for catalogues and price lists were followed by numerous orders of recently published works by the older libraries, while the new ones generally start with the standard authors of the past.

The customary number of buyers from the smaller towns, who take the opportunity between the seasons to make their purchases for autumn and holiday trade, have been noticed in the city. Their orders are mostly confined to the editions of twelvemos, sixteenmos, and sets in the cheaper bindings, together with an assortment of booklets, calendars and the various styles of juvenile publications.

Many of the publishers have adopted the plan of issuing for the holiday trade fine editions of their more popular works, generally in two twelvemo volumes, and always handsomely illustrated and attractively bound. *Standish of Standish*, by Austin; *Tales of a Traveller*, by Irving; *The Wandering Jew*, by Sue, and *Spain*, by De Amicis, are among this year's publications. Poetry does not seem to be quite so popular at present as in the past, but *Last Poems*, by James Russell Lowell, and the *Victorian Anthology*, by E. C. Stedman, are having a ready sale.

Books for the young form a large proportion of the season's publications, and many new ones were brought out during October. Mrs. Burnett's *Two Little Pilgrims' Progress* will probably lead in point of sale, closely followed by Palmer Cox's *The Brownies Through the Union*, and Joel Chandler Harris's *Mr. Rabbit at Home*. *Snow Shoes and Sledges* and *Half Round the World* are attractive for boys, while *Elsie's Journey* and *A Flock of Girls and Boys* should please girls. *The Garden Behind the Moon*, *Little Miss Phœbe Gay* and *The Child's Garden of Song* are for the tiny ones.

In noting the new books of the month one is almost alarmed by their numbers—so great, in fact, that some books worthy of a good sale must of necessity be crowded out before receiving due attention.

Fiction is, as usual, in excess of all other subjects, the most prominent of which have been *The Chronicles of Count Antonio*, by Anthony Hope; *A Daughter of the Tenements*, by Edward W. Townsend; *In Defiance of the King*, by C. C. Hotchkiss, and *A Gentleman Vagabond and Some Others*, by F. Hopkinson Smith. More substantial reading is represented by *Menticulture*, by H. Fletcher; *Electricity for Everybody*, by Philip Atkinson, and *Higher Criticism of the Pentateuch*, by W. H. Green.

While sales for the month have been good, and compare favourably with previous years, the boom predicted by some has not yet been felt, and it remains for the next two months to show whether there is to be any exceptional increase in this year's business.

The popular books of the month, in the order of demand, have been as follows:

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. $1.50.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

The Village Watch Towers. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.00.

The Men of the Moss-Hags. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.

College Girls. By Abbe Carter Goodloe. $1.25.

Don. By the author of Laddie. $1.00.

Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Anthony Hope. $1 50.

A Daughter of the Tenements. By Edward W. Townsend. $1 75.

The Wise Woman. By Clara Louise Burnham. $1.25.

The King's Stratagem. By Stanley J. Weyman. 50 cts.

A Gentleman Vagabond and Some Others. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.25.

About Paris. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25.

My Lady Nobody. By Maarten Maartens. $1.75.

Princeton Stories. By J. L. Williams. $1.00.

The Little Huguenot. By Max Pemberton. 75 cts.

Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.

WESTERN LETTER.

Chicago, November 1, 1895.

The conditions of business have not changed to any material extent since our last report, and much that was said regarding September will apply to the month which has just closed. Trade, as a whole, continues steady, and although sales are fairly good, they might be, and ought to be, a great deal better. In regard to wholesale trade, the country bookseller still confines his purchases principally to current literature and such books as are always in demand, and he seems very reluctant to invest in what is technically termed holiday stock. The various cheap lines of twelvemos and sixteenmos are selling remarkably well, particularly those which are novel and attractive in binding. Juveniles are being bought largely, and are, upon the whole, selling better than any other class of books; in fact, juvenile books more than hold their own, and it would seem that hard times, either fancied or real, make no difference to the rising generation. Cheap sets of standard authors are going fairly well, but the better grades of sets seem to move more slowly every year, until just before Christmas, when there is

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usually quite a rush for them. Trade in Christmas booklets and calendars is fairly active, and would be better if there were not such a sameness in design and so comparatively few novelties this year. Retailers complain that autumn business is slow in opening up, and most of them would like to be busier than they have been this month. They are hopeful, however, and think that the good time is only postponed, and that this month's slowness will be made up later on.

Two Little Pilgrims' Progress, a very happy title, was undoubtedly the book of the month. It will probably be the juvenile of the season. Prominent books of the month were *A Village Watch Tower*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin; *The Wise Woman*, by Clara Louise Burnham; *The Men of the Moss-Hags*, by S. R. Crockett; *Chronicles of Count Antonio*, by Anthony Hope; another Brownie book, entitled *Brownies Through the Union*, by Palmer Cox; *The Bachelor's Christmas*, by Robert Grant; *Constantinople*, by Mario Crawford. Other books published previous to last month which are selling largely are Carleton's *Rhymes of our Planet*, *The Stark Munro Letters*, *Memoirs of a Minister of France*, and *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. This last book was ahead of everything last month, and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* is being very impatiently demanded by Ian Maclaren's numerous readers. The craze for the *Chimmie Fadden* books still continues, but Mr. Townsend's new book, *A Daughter of the Tenements*, is not yet meeting with as great success. A fair demand for *Trilby* comes from the far Western States, otherwise its sale has been ordinary, and *The Manxman* has also dropped off a little.

The whist season is now fairly started, and books on the game are in lively demand. Cavendish leads the van, and appears to be the favourite. He is closely pressed, however, in popularity by Foster, whose *Whist Manual* is undoubtedly the best American book on the game, and his *Whist Tactics*, which has just been published, should sell well.

Appended is a list of the books which were most in demand during the month, and in addition to these there was quite a good call for anything relating to the South American Republics, caused, no doubt, by the Venezuela trouble. Many people, too, wanted a history of Cuba and the present Cuban revolution, but unfortunately they could not be accommodated. South Africa also came in for its share of attention, and books of travel in that region sold well.

Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. $1.25.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Brush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

Rhymes of Our Planet. By Will Carleton. $1.25.

Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

The Village Watch Tower. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.00.

The Wise Woman. By Clara Louise Burnham. $1.25.

Men of the Moss-Hags. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.

Bachelors' Christmas. By Robert Grant. $1.50.

Trilby. By G. Du Maurier. $1.75.

The Stark Munro Letters. By Conan Doyle. $1.50.

Chimmie Fadden, 1st and 2d series. By E. W. Townsend. Each, cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts.

Menticulture. By Horace Fletcher. $1.00.

The Child's Garden of Song. By W. L. Tomlins. $2.00.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Brownies Through the Union. By Palmer Cox. $1.50.

Joan Haste. By H. Rider Haggard. $1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, September 23 to October 19, 1895.

The opinion of the competent judges referred to in the last report has so far proved to be correct, for a welcome revival has taken place in business generally, home and foreign trade sharing alike in the improvement. At the moment of writing there is a slight falling off, but this is according to the experience of previous years.

The practice of issuing novels for the first time at 6s. has developed this branch of the trade into a very important one. Each month this class of publication heads the list of best-selling works, and is likely to do so.

New books for the season are now being delivered in good earnest, more than one thousand having been published during the period indicated above. All branches of literature are represented, fiction claiming about two-thirds of the number stated.

In all branches of literature there is considerable activity, noticeably so among the more advanced works on Natural History, especially on Birds, Insects, and Fishes. There are several very choice publications of this class.

Volumes of minor verse are conspicuous by their number. All the skill of the printer and binder has been lavished upon them, but it avails not to secure the patronage of an appreciative public.

In the list of works enjoying the public favour at the present moment the six-shilling novel appears in strong array. Many of the works mentioned have figured on the list for some months, and this is a gratifying occurrence in an age of ephemeral literature. Indeed, the short lives of the majority of publications is a very, very serious matter with *booksellers*, that is, for those who endeavour to keep a well-assorted stock, as distinguished from tradesmen who simply procure to order what is required.

Chronicles of Count Antonio. By A. Hope. 6s.

Men of the Moss-Hags. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.

Lilith. By G. Macdonald. 6s.

Joan Haste. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s.

From the Memoirs of a Minister of France. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.

Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. 6s.

Trilby. By G. Du Maurier. 6s. (Selling as freely as ever.)

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.

When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By G. Parker. 6s.

Gerald Eversley's Friendship. By J. E. C. Welldon. 6s.

Platform, Press, etc. By T. H. S. Escott. 6s.

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The Wonderful Visit. By H. G. Wells. 5s. net.
Clarence. By Bret Harte. 3s. 6d.
The Carbonels. By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d.
A Woman in It. By Rita. 3s. 6d.
The Woman Who Wouldn't. By Lucas Cleeve. 3s. 6d.
All Men are Liars. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d.
At Market Value. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d.
The One Who Looked On. By F. F. Montrésor. 3s. 6d.
College Sermons. By B. Jowett. 7s 6d.
Plea for a Simpler Life. By G. S. Keith. 2s. 6d.
The Teaching of Jesus. By R. F. Horton. 3s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between October 1 and November 1, 1895.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. College Girls. By Goodloe. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Uncle Remus. By Harris. $2.00. (Appleton.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans.)
6. About Paris. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Bachelor's Christmas. By Robert Grant. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Casa Braccio. By F. M. Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
4. Second Jungle Book. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century.)
5. Father Stafford. By Hope. 75 cts. (Neely.)
6. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1 25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. About Paris. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
4. In the Midst of Alarms. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
5. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Life of Nancy. By Jewett. $1.25. (Houghton).
2. Coming of Theodora. By White. $1.25. (Houghton.)
3. Margaret Winthrop. By Earle. $1.25. (Scribner.)
4. Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
5. Sónya Kovalévsky. By Leffler. $1.50. (Century.)
6. Cruising among Carribees. By Stoddard. $1.50. (Scribner.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Heart of Life. By Mallock. $1.25. (Putnam.)
3. King's Stratagem. By Weyman. 50 cts. (Platt & Bruce.)
4. Meadow-Grass. By Alice Brown. $1.50, net. (Copeland & Day.)
5. Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longman.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Golden Age. By Grahame. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By Parker. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Tryphena in Love. By Raymond. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
5. A Set of Rogues. By Barrett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. A Wise Woman. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Village Watch Tower. By Wiggin. $1.00. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
3. Rhymes of Our Planet. By Carleton. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. The Wise Woman. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
5. Bachelors' Christmas. By Grant. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
3. The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Hudson. $1.50. (McClurg.)
4. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
5. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
6. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Meadow-Grass. By Alice Brown. $1.50. (Copeland & Day.)
3. About Paris. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. The Village Watch Tower. By Wiggin. $1.00. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

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5. Bachelors' Christmas. By Grant. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Zoraida. By Le Queux. $1.50. (Stokes.)

DENVER, COL.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Zoraida. By Le Queux. $1.50. (Stokes.)
3. Her Majesty. By Tompkins. $1.00. (Putnam.)
4. Joan Haste. By Rider Haggard. $1.25. (Longmans)
5. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans.)
6. About Paris. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)

DES MOINES, IA.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. The Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. The Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
4. Lilac Sunbonnet. By Crockett. $1.25. (Appleton.)
5. About Paris. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)

HARTFORD, CONN.

1. The Village Watch-Tower. By Wiggin. $1.00. (Houghton.)
2. The Wise Woman. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton)
3. Men of the Moss Hags. By Crockett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Hope. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. A Singular Life. Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Marriage Contract. By Balzac. $1.50. (Roberts.)
2. Start in Life. By Balzac. $1.50. (Roberts.)
3. The Head of a Hundred. By Goodwin. $1.25. (Little, Brown.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans.)
6. The Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
4. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans.)
6. About Paris. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)

Considerable demand again for *Trilby* during latter part of month, to be accounted for by the recent visit of the Palmer Company.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. College Girls. By Goodloe. $1.25. (Scribner.)
2. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans.)
3. Recollections of Lincoln. By Lamon. $1.50. (McClurg.)
4. About Paris. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Wise Woman. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton.)
2. Coming of Theodora. By White. $1.25. (Houghton.)
3. Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Hope. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Miscellaneous Studies. By Pater. $1.75. (Macmillan.)
5. The Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Joan Haste. By Haggard. $1.25. (Longmans.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longman.)
2. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton)
3. Heart of Life. By Mallock. $1.25. (Putnam.)
4. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Count Antonio. By Hope. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Joan Haste. By Haggard. $1.25. (Longman.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Meadow Grass. By Alice Brown. $1.50. (Copeland & Day.)
5. Fort Frayne. By King. $1.25. (Neeley.)
6. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Village Watch Tower. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
5. Revolution of 1848. By St. Amand. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. Rhode Island Flowers. By W. W. Bailey. 75 cts. (Preston & Rounds.)

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans.)
3. The Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. About Paris. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
5 Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. AnErrant Wooing. By Harrison. $1.50. (Century Co.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans.)
5. The Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Wise Woman. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
2. Princess Sonia. By Magruder. $1.25. (Century Co.)
3. Count Antonio. By Hope. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Bachelors' Christmas. By Grant. $1.50. (Scribners.)
6. Village Watch Tower. By Wiggin. $1.00. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Wise Woman. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
2. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Singular Life. By Phelps. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
4. Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Joan Haste. By Haggard. $1.50. (Longmans.)
6. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Count Antonio. By Hope. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. $1 50. (Macmillan.)
4. Heart of Life. By Mallock. $1.25. (Putnam.)
5. About Paris. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Bachelors' Christmas. By Grant. $1.50. (Scribner.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Bachelors' Christmas. By Grant. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Princess Sonia. By Julia Magruder. $1.25. (Century Co.)
3 Edible Toadstools and Mushrooms. By Gibson. $7.50. (Harper.)
4. Uncle Remus. By Harris. $2.00. (Appleton.)
5. Life of Nancy. By Jewett. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Letters of Celia Thaxter. $1.50. (Houghton,)

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE MONTH.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGY, AND PHILOSOPHY.

BIGGS, S. R. H.—Glimpses of Truth along the Boundary of Thought. 16mo, pp. 160, $1.00. Beale Pub. Co.

CARR, E. S.—The Development of Modern Religious Thought; especially in Germany. 12mo, pp. xv–276, $1.00. Cong. S. S. & Pub. Soc.

DOUGALL, LILY.—A Question of Faith. 12mo, pp. iii–290, $1.25.....Houghton, M.

GREEN, W. H.—The Unity of the Book of Genesis. 12mo, pp. xvii–583, $3.00. Scribner

HALL, J.—Light Unto My Path; being Divine Directions for Daily Walk. Chosen and Applied by John Hall, D.D. 16mo, pp. vi–365, $1.50.....Brentano's

JOHNSON, E. H.—An Outline of Systematic Theology, and of Ecclesiology, by H. G. Weston. 2nd Ed. 8vo, pp. xviii–383, $2.50. Amer. Baptist Pub. Soc.

MEYER, F. B.—The Shepherd Psalm. 12mo, pp. 193, $1.25.....Revell

MURRAY, Rev. A.—Have Mercy Upon Me: the Prayer of the Penitent in the Fifty-first Psalm Explained and Applied. 12mo, pp. 197, $1.00.....Randolph

WAKELING, G.—The Oxford Church Movement: Sketches and Recollections. 8vo, $2.25. Macmillan

FICTION.

ALGER, HORATIO, JR.—Adrift in the City; or, Oliver Conrad's Plucky Fight. 12mo, pp. iv–325, $1.25.....Coates

ALLEN, W. B.—The Mammoth Hunters. 12mo, pp. iii–141, 75 cts.....Lothrop

ARCHER, T., ATKINSON, Rev. J. C., CHELTENHAM, C. S., and others. Every Boy's Stories. 12mo, pp. iii–518, $2.00.....Routledge

AUSTIN, CAROLINE.—Hugh Herbert's Inheritance. 12mo, pp. 288, $1.25.....Scribner

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BALDWIN, JAMES.—The Horse Fair. 8vo, pp. iii–412, $1.50.....Century Co.

BALFOUR, H. F.—Cherryfield Hall. 16mo, paper, pp. iii. 434, 50 cents.....Putnam

BARR, AMELIA E.—Bernicia. 12mo, pp. iv–306, $1.25.....Dodd, M.

BEHRENS, BERTHA.—Beetzen Manor. Translated by Elise Lathrop. 12mo, pp. iii–333, $1.25; paper, 50 cts. International News Co.

BENEDICT, ANNE KENDRICK.—An Island Story. 16mo, pp. 200, $1.00.
Amer. Baptist Pub. Soc.

BENNING, HOWE.—Goshen Hill; or, a Life's Broken Pieces. 12mo, pp. 319, $1.25.
American Tract Soc.

BLACK, ALEX.—Miss Jerry. 16mo, pp. x–121, $1.00.....Scribner

BLANCHARD, AMY E.—Girls Together. 12mo, pp. 259, $1.25.....Lippincott

BLUE, KATE LILY.—THE Hand of Fate: a Romance of the Navy. 12mo, pp. iii–202, $1.00.....Kerr

BOARDMAN, G. D.—Coronation of Love. 8vo, pp. v–58, 75 cts.....Amer. Baptist Pub. Soc.

BOLDREWOOD, ROLF.—The Crooked Stick; or, Pollie's Probation. 12mo, pp. ii–306, $1.25.
Macmillan

BOOTH, Mrs. ELIZA M. J. GOLLAN.—A Woman in it: a Sketch of Feminine Misadventures. 12mo, pp. iv–285, $1.00.....Lippincott

BOOTHBY, GUY.—A Bid for Fortune: a Novel. pp. iv–201, $1.00; paper, 50 cts....Appleton

BOULTON, HELEN M.—Josephine Crewe: a Novel. 12mo, pp. iii–200, $1.25.....Longmans

BOURGOIN, SAIDEE.—Sarah Martha in Paris: a Novel. 12mo, pp. 229, paper, 50 cts.
Merriam

BOURGET, PAUL.—The Land of Promise. 12mo, pp. 372, $1.50.....Neely

BOYLE, ELEANOR VERE.—A Garden of Pleasure. 16mo, pp. xvi–220, $2.00.....Roberts

BRANCH, MARY L. B.—The Kanter Girls. 8vo, pp. viii–219, $1.50.....Scribner

BRIGHTWEN, Mrs.—Inmates of my House and Garden. 12mo, pp. v–277, $1.25..Macmillan

BROOKS, ELDRIDGE S.—A Boy of the First Empire. 12mo, pp. vii–320, $1.50.Century Co.

BROWN, HELEN DAWES.—Little Miss Phœbe Gay. 12mo, pp. v–139, $1.00.....Houghton, M.

BUCHAN, J.—Sir Quixote of the Moors. 16mo, pp. viii–228, 75 cts.....Holt & Co.

BUCHANAN, R., and MURRAY H.—The Charlatan. 12 mo, pp. viii–272, $1.25.....Neely

CAREY, ROSA NOUCHETTE.—Cousin Mona. 12mo, pp. iii–337, $1.25.....Lippincott

CASTLEMON, H.—The Missing Pocketbook; or, Tom Mason's Luck. 12mo, pp. iii–370, $1.25.
Coates

CHAMPFLUERY.—The Faïence Violin. From the French by Helen B. Dole. 16mo, pp. xviii–205, $1.00.....Crowell

CHAMPNEY, Mrs. E. W.—Paddy O'Leary and His Learned Pig. 16mo, pp. iii–171, $1.00.
Dodd, M.

CHENEY, C. EMMA.—Number 49 Tinkham Street. 12mo, pp. 267, $1.00.....McClurg

COX, PALMER.—The Brownies through the Union. 4to, pp. ix–144, $1.50..Century Co.

DOUGLAS, AMANDA M.—A Sherburne Romance. 12mo, pp. vi–409, $1.50.....Dodd, M.

DOWNING, MARLTON.—The Young Cascarillero: a Story of Bark-hunters in the Ecuador Forests, etc. 12mo, pp. iv–183, $1.00.
Lothrop

EDWARDS, GEORGE WHARTON.—The Rivalries of Long and Short Codiac. 24mo, pp. iv–156, $1.00.....Century

EICKMEYER, C. and WESTCOTT, LILIAN.—Among the Pueblo Indians. 8vo, pp. v–195, $1.75.
Merriam

ELLIS, E. S.—Comrades True; or, Perseverance versus Genius. 12mo, pp. 319, $1.25.
Penn. Pub. Co.

ELLIS, E. S.—The Young Ranchers; or, Fighting the Sioux. 12mo, pp. iv–284, $1.25.
Coates

ELLIS, E. S.—Jack Midwood; or, Bread Cast Upon the Waters. 8vo, pp. ii–263, $1.25.
Merriam

FINLEY, MARTHA F.—Elsie's Journey on Inland Waters. 12mo, pp. ii–283, $1.25..Dodd, M.

FLETCHER, J. S.—Where Highways Cross. 16mo, pp. vi–194, 75 cts.....Macmillan

FOX, JOHN, JR.—A Cumberland Vendetta, and Other Stories. 12mo, pp. 221, $1.25..Harper

FRANCIS, FRANCIS.—Wild Rose: A Tale of the Mexican Frontier. 12mo, pp. iv.–381, $1.00.
Macmillan

GREEN, EVELYN EVERETT.—In Taunton Town: a Story of the Rebellion of James, Duke of Monmouth in 1685. 12mo, pp. vi–502, $1.75.
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